

**T H E C A X T O N
S H A K E S P E A R E
I N T W E N T Y V O L U M E S**

**TWELFTH NIGHT, OR
WHAT YOU WILL
MEASURE FOR MEASURE**

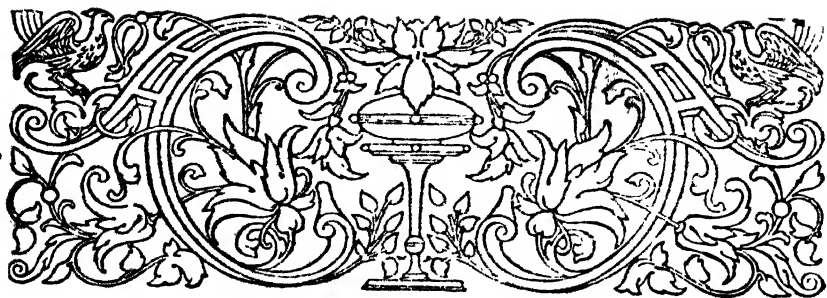
VOLUME VI

The annotations at the foot of the page are intended to explain difficult phrases or allusions. Single words, which are no longer in common use, appear only in the glossary, which is printed in Volume XX.

The numbering of the lines follows that of the Cambridge Edition, the text of which is used in this edition.







**THE CAXTON EDITION OF
THE COMPLETE WORKS OF
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE**

WITH ANNOTATIONS AND
A GENERAL INTRODUCTION
BY SIDNEY LEE

VOLUME VI

TO BE HAD OF ALL BOOKSELLERS
MEASURE FOR MEASURE

CAXTON PUBLISHING COMPANY
41, CLUN HOUSE SURREY STREET LONDON W.C.

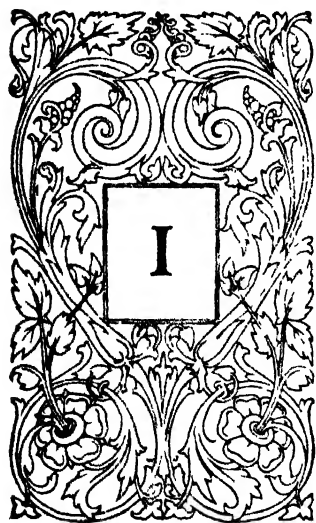
**TWELFTH NIGHT; OR
WHAT YOU WILL**

CONTENTS

	PAGE
INTRODUCTION TO TWELFTH NIGHT BY MAURICE HEWLETT . . .	ix
TEXT OF THE PLAY	I



INTRODUCTION



IN considering with any kind of closeness a play of Shakespeare's, the student is thrown very much upon the probabilities of what he might or might not have got as a base for the work he was about ; and when it comes to a question of theory, it is idle and perfectly unnecessary to push the probabilities too far. The enquiry, for instance, rises to the mind after a first reading of "Twelfth Night," Had Shakespeare any theory of a difference, an essential difference, between a comedy and a tragedy ? and many subsequent perusals do but urge it more persistently. Personally, I greatly doubt whether the poet troubled himself with definitions. whether, in fact, he had not something better to do ; but if he did, the probabilities surely are that he went no deeper into that particular affair than Dante did once, in his famous

TWELFTH NIGHT

letter to Can Grande of Verona. In order, wrote he there, to understand the title of his epic, "one must know that" Comoedia is named from κώμη, *villa*, and ὠδή, which means *cantus*; so that *comoedia* is a sort of *villanus cantus*. It differs from tragedy in this, that tragedy in the commencement is full of admiration and calm, but in the end is stinking and harsh; whence it is named from τράγος, which is *hircus*, and ὠδή, as it were *cantus hircinus*, that is, stinking like a goat -- as appears in Seneca's tragedies; whereas comedy begins with something harsh, but has a prosperous ending, as is seen in the Comedies of Terence. In like manner the style of tragedy and comedy are different; that of tragedy is heightened and sublime, that of comedy more lax and unpretending whence," he concludes, "we see why my work is called *Comoedia*." This is very well. "Twelfth Night" does begin -- or almost begins -- with something harsh: indeed a shipwreck; it ends prosperously with three weddings; in style and texture it is lax and unpretending. The play is assuredly a comedy within the meaning of these requisitions; whether it be so in those qualities which we have now come to think essential to such a piece of art is another matter, and a matter in which, as I began by saying, Shakespeare probably took no interest. But the question is whether we, when we read or behold such a play, do or do not take that interest. Is our laughter, if we have any, over the misfortunes of Malvolio "nothing else but a sudden glory, arising from a sudden conception of some eminency in ourselves by comparison of the infirmity of others"?

INTRODUCTION

That was what a learned man, the Philosopher of Malnesbury, living not so long after Shakespeare, thought we ought to find in comedy. If we laugh at Malvolio in his cellar, is that a sudden glory? Can we say that here "the comic mask is ugly and distorted, but does not cause pain?" No doubt but a Jacobean audience could. Can an Edwardian?

More of this presently, and of the curious fate of the play: let me consider for a moment, first, the structure of "*Twelfth Night, or What you Will*." A twin brother and sister, exactly alike, are in shipwreck; the brother supposed lost, the sister palpably alive. She, for sufficient reasons, disguises herself as a young man and takes service as page with the Duke of Illyria. She falls in love with her master; but he dotes upon a Lady Olivia, who scorns him. The Duke employs his supposed page as ambassador to Donna Olivia, with the result that lady now falls in love with lady; so here we have three persons at the sort of deadlock contrived by Mr. Puff in "*The Spanish Armada*," and the time seems ripe for the recovery of the lost brother. He duly appears, and contents Olivia; the passionate Duke pairs off with his pretended page; she—and this is important, for everybody is the slave of Viola—is actually the only person on the scene who wins her original desire. So much for the main plot of a comedy, whose scheme, lax and unpretending enough, is rendered still more so by the underplot, relating the buffooneries played upon Olivia's steward, Malvolio, by a set of immortal clowns, as irresponsible, capering, madcap wags as ever delighted this easy world

TWELFTH NIGHT

— an underplot, be it added, which its author was at no pains to connect with his main theme; an underplot — and this is extraordinary — which, by the force and bent of Shakespeare's genius for character, has so taken hold of the play that it has usurped the interest, outshone the fantasy, forced the title to abdicate, and (for the last hundred and fifty years at least) turned a comedy into something uncommonly like a tragedy. These are perverse reflections, but they all appear to be true.

It would be curious, and it would be long, to enquire into the sources of those conventions of literature — widely departing from the facts of life — which are dear to us, to which we cling, not because they deceive us, for they do not attempt to deceive us, but partly for the sake of old acquaintance, and partly, no doubt, because we love make-believe and find that the more we have of it to make the better we do it. One of these, which we now call Sir Walter Scott's convention, — the habit of expressing violent emotion in terms of stately and deliberate rhetoric, — is at least as old as Homer. "My post," says Norna of the Fitful Head, "must be high on yon lofty headland, where never stood human foot save mine — or I must sleep at the bottom of the unfathomable ocean, its white billows booming over my senseless corpse. 'The parricide shall never also be denounced as the impostor.'" This is what Sir Walter called his "big bow-wow" style, and is certainly very unlike life. But if that is in itself an objection, the answer to it is, Why should we suppose life to be so fine a thing that the poet

INTRODUCTION

should never aim at a finer? Is rhetoric inadmissible? Is Turner's palette ruled out? Never in the world, we say, so long as they persuade. Socrates had the root of this matter, and so had Gorgias the rhapsodist, though he did not know it until the sage made it clear. So much for a convention of manner: here in "Twelfth Night" is a convention of matter, in Shakespeare's favourite notion of having a young woman dress like a young man, and of letting her go far into the logical consequences of the adventure. There is no doubt at all but that the Elizabethans considered that highly romantic; and as perversion is strange, and strangeness pleasurable, very likely it is romantic. There is this to be said of it, at any rate, that if we don't like it we shall never like "Twelfth Night," or a great part of Shakespeare's comedy. Once more—Pope Joan apart—we are nowhere near life, and it may then once more become a question whether we are near something better or something a good deal worse. It is very much a matter of taste. If the notion of maid wooing maid please us, stir us pleasurably, all is said; but I may add that the opposite notion, unless treated with an almost impossible tact, would not please us at all. Shakespeare never touched upon that in a play, but Bandello did in a novel, as we shall see; and it seems to have been from Bandello that our poet got his main plot for "Twelfth Night."¹ I

¹ This is my personal belief, though it ought to be said that the experts are not so sure. The Academy of the *Intronati* of Siena produced a play in 1531, first printed in 1537, called *Gl'Ingannati*, which has precisely the same plot as Bandello's tale (published at Lucca in 1554), and is equally like "Twelfth Night." Mr. Lee's supposition that the Siense play was derived from the novel, is beaten

TWELFTH NIGHT

don't know how old is this particular romantic device, nor can remember having found it in anything earlier than Boccaccio. There is something not unlike it in one of Lucian's Dialogues, and it probably is, like most notions, of Greek invention.

It is a delicate subject, treated by Shakespeare — in "Twelfth Night" at least — with beautiful, delicate discretion. If I am right in thinking that he took the story from Bandello, one can admire his honesty without reserve; for Bandello — a thick-fingered, heavy-handed prelate — was at no pains to refine away what he thought helpful to a good story. He prefixes the following argument to his tale: *How Nicuola, being in love with Lattanzio, goes to serve him dressed as a page, and after many adventures marries him; and what happened to a brother of hers.*

It should be added to that, for the fact is, that Nicuola and a brother Paolo are twins, and as like as two peas in a pod; and one may be pardoned for thinking that

upon that matter of dates: the probabilities point to a common origin for both, but it is not yet clear from which Shakespeare drew his profit. I should have said, myself, that Bandello would have been the more accessible, and I remember that our man quarried from him more than once. This is curious, perhaps, that *Gl'Ingannati*, or rather *Il Sacrificio*, which is the "induction" to it, contains a character called Malevolti, a well-known Siense family name — name, in fact, of the historian of the city. Mr. Morton Luce suggests that Olivia's steward may be scented here; but Malvolio has nothing else in common with Malevolti except that first syllable of his name, and against the vantage of that I can set the fact that in Bandello's story the phrase *Mala Voglia* occurs on nearly every page — so much so as to become an eyesore and offence. It is impossible to read the tale and not be conscious of this "damn'd iteration;" and *Mala Voglia* is much nearer Malvolio than Malevolti is. The question of origin has only an academic interest, except in the case of the Malvolio underplot — and here the learned fail me.

INTRODUCTION

Shakespeare's version would have gained in probability if he had contrived to hint at some such previous inclination of Viola to Orsino as Nicuola had to Lattanzio. But Shakespeare thought otherwise ; or wanted his shipwreck ; or did not trouble himself in the matter ; and Bandello, as might be expected, must needs wreck his own invention by another, and fatal, touch, whereby he asks us to believe that Lattanzio had also been in love with Nicuola before the story opens. This necessitates the extreme absurdity that he has totally forgotten her, and can go so far as to talk to her of his former mistress Nicuola. The incredible postulate is too much ; imagination boggles at it, and finds all that depends upon such a shift a weariness. Such as it is, however, the rest of the story is nearly preserved in "Twelfth Night" : there is much interwoven love-making. Nicuola, as a page, goes the embassy to Catella, whom her oblivious Lattanzio now loves ; Catella falls in love with her ; Paolo arrives and takes his sister's place in Catella's heart ; Lattanzio returns to his Nicuola ; the bells ring. Instead of the complications of Antonio and Sebastian in our play, Bandello has some not too savoury intrigues of an old Gherardo, who wants to marry Nicuola and mistakes her brother for herself. The novel becomes, indeed, as it proceeds, highly Bandellian, and shows clearly enough in what, to the likes of him, lay the attractiveness of the theme. Shakespeare saves us all that, and gives us instead some of his most delicate love-music. The growth of the emotion in Olivia, from her "Why, what would you ?" to her serious, "You might do much," and

TWELFTH NIGHT

almost final “What is your parentage?” is surely as subtle a thing as one can find in Shakespeare. Directly we catch the drift of the pondered words, see that they tend to a confession of love, they become charged with significance, a significance which really, in themselves, they do not hold; and it is an instance of the admirable frugality of Shakespeare’s literary economy that he contents himself with a bare disclosure of their import, and confidently leaves us to do the rest. What Olivia has said is in truth almost nothing — yet there is no abrupt transition into her swift, following rush of soliloquy, when after she has mused over her questions and Cesario’s answers —

“‘What’s your parentage?’
‘Above my fortunes, yet my state is well;
‘I am a gentleman’”

she breaks out,

“I’ll be sworn thou art:
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions and spirit,
Do give thee five-fold blazon. Not too fast: soft! soft!”

The woman is in an ecstasy of love; we accept it as a matter of course; and there’s the work of a master. Equally fine, equally delicate and gradual, is the same sort of suggestion of the dawn of Viola’s love for Orsino, if we except, as surely we must, her tag at the end of I, iv, —

. . . “a barful strife!
Whoe’er I woo, myself would be his wife.”

INTRODUCTION

That was for the ears of the groundlings ; and it is one of the puzzles of the play that an audience needing such italics as those before they could grasp at a plot could be made to understand the subtle revealing of Olivia's heart-trouble. Once over that shoal, Viola's story is exquisitely displayed. She is too eloquent one day ; she nearly betrays herself—when to her Duke's "How dost thou like this tune ?" she thrills her answer,

"It gives a very echo to the seat
Where love is thron'd."

Orsino hears : that is indeed to "speak masterly !" Says he :

"My life upon 't, young though thou art, thine eye
Hath stayed upon some favour that it loves ;
Hath it not, boy ?"

She owns to it. What kind of a woman ? he asks her. Of his complexion, saith she, of about his years—and so on. Here is wonderful comedy, full of "sudden glory" for us ; which deepens, when Feste and his wailing song—

"Not a flower, not a flower sweet
On my black coffin let there be strown"—

have departed, into the lovely gravity, the measured words of the girl-page—

"My father had a daughter loved a man,
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,
I should your lordship"—

and then music which will never die so long as the English have ears and hearts. This too is comedy, even

TWELFTH NIGHT

as "Come away, Death," is comedy; for there is nothing to prevent our sudden glory of laughter ending in a lump in the throat.

All the scenes that follow between these three were never to be surpassed by their poet. There is a dainty perfume about them, a noble discretion, a parsimony beyond words exciting. It is with the introduction of Sebastian that interest threatens to flag: one has had no chance of loving the young man; one would have him get out of the garden and leave us alone with our enchanted trio. As things are, the business ends with unmannerly haste. In IV, i, which is the first meeting of Sebastian with Olivia, he falls in love with her; in IV, iii, he marries her. This will never do! Let be for Sebastian, in whom our only interest is that he is Viola's brother; let be for Bandello, whose Paolo thought Catella a lady of the town, and behaved accordingly; but for Olivia, whose privilege had been to love Viola, to slip so lightly into wedlock with a mere surface image of that lovely person — this, for Viola's lovers, is too much. We feel that we have been tricked into it. It is almost an affront that Shakespeare, having suffered us to linger in a garden of delights, should on a sudden give a smack with his wand. The yew-tree bowers fall down and discover pasteboard; the flowers droop their heads and show us canvas-backing; the moon is a lantern behind a cloth. Or we have been at our dreaming, our make-believe: he tells us there's nothing in it, and hardly feigns an interest in his own magic.

But he has dealt so with us during four acts that

INTRODUCTION

a gracious image remains on the mind, too largely gracious even for Malvolio's wrongs to disturb. Seen in reminiscence, "Twelfth Night" appears as one of those lovely things, "wrought of moonbeams and flowing water," which will not bear, and is not meant to bear, examination through a magnifying glass. That way you may enlarge defects, but you dissipate beauties, not enhance them. These romantic figures passing and re-passing over the sward, sighing and longing, bowing, curtsying, in hedged gardens, in a green shade; this Countess love-lorn for a girl, this page adoring his master, these pert, peering maids, and recluse dreamers of states too lofty, and pranked gallants, and "dogs at a catch" — fantasies, things of gossamer: we know that now, but an hour ago could not have dreamed it. Perhaps they are as vain as Ferrarese pictures by Cosimo Tura or Dosso Dossi; they are of the same tender and immature charm. "The earth hath bubbles as the water hath;" this may be of them and needs to make no greater claim.

Lamb has a good saying about "Twelfth Night": "Then a music-piece by Titian — a thousand-pound picture — five figures standing behind a piano, the sixth playing; none of the heads, as M. observed, indicating great men, or affecting it, but so sweetly disposed, all leaning separate ways, but so easy — like a flock of some divine shepherd; the colouring, like the economy of the picture, so sweet and harmonious — as good as Shakespeare's 'Twelfth Night' — almost, that is." So sweetly disposed, so easy, so sweet and harmonious! One may always trust Elia to get the rights of a Shakespeare play.

TWELFTH NIGHT

Now we come to Malvolio and the clowns, upon whose part in the piece there are many things to say; and the first of them is to record the consideration that while, in our day, Shakespeare's tragedy still stands entire and unquestioned, his comedy frequently does not. I explain myself ill, for I mean rather that what Shakespeare shows us to be tragic we think tragic still, but what he found to be comical does not always so appear to us. The Shylock story may be comedy, but we cannot find it comical; Caliban is by no means comical; "Twelfth Night" gives us another case. The contention, if it could seriously be made, that Malvolio is still a comic personage throughout, and his discomfiture a comical episode, is sufficiently answered by the fact that whenever the part is played by a good actor, the play becomes a kind of tragedy. This is not only the experience of those of our generation who may have had the fortune to see Mr. Phelps as Malvolio, it was equally the case with Charles Lamb when Bensley played it. "I confess," he says, "that I never saw the catastrophe of this character while Bensley played it without a kind of tragic interest."¹ The objection that to play it so is to throw the comedy out of balance is beside the point. It must be played so, more or less, nowadays, because so we feel it. Malvolio is too much of a gentleman that such treatment of him

¹ All that Lamb says of Malvolio, and of Bensley, is much to the point. It is in "On some of the old Actors" (ed. Lucas, Vol. II, pp. 280 *seq.*). See especially p. 282 — "Bensley threw over the part an air of Spanish loftiness" . . . — Elia at his highest. He does not forget either that Malvolio had an exemplar in Antonio, steward to the Duchess of Malfy, whom that unhappy lady wedded, to her undoing. That play also, be it noted, came from Bandello.

INTRODUCTION

should be tolerable to us. Perhaps, as Lamb says, he *is* too serious, perhaps "his morality and his manners are misplaced in Illyria," perhaps he *is* "opposed to the proper levities of the piece, and falls in the unequal contest." I think all that is quite true. Up to the scene where he is to pick up the letter we have been watching one who seems to be a grave and punctilious gentleman. In that scene Shakespeare shows him indulging in extravagant dreams — before he finds the letter — for which we are unprepared ; but from the moment he goes into his cell he resumes his gentle blood, and wins our pity. In Shakespeare's day, it may well be, there was something comical in the notion that a servant should be a gentleman. Gentleness was then a matter of hard and fast category : either you were born a gentleman, or you were a menial. At that rate our times are out of joint ; we now agree with Mr. Lang — or *diabolus* — who to the caviller against Dickens's ability to portray a gentleman set up Joe Gargery, and was unanswerable. The comic element in Malvolio is actually more out of our reach than what there may be of it in Shylock, where the Jew is a bogey, acting inhumanly in the beginning that he may be inhumanly treated in the end. Caliban is perhaps more tragic : but Malvolio's sufferings are gratuitous ; there is assuredly nothing like them in comedy. We are scandalised, not tickled ; we fatally miss our "sudden glory." Hazlitt, who felt the difficulty, as Lamb did, but never confessed it, was driven to a very halting defence. "If poor Malvolio's treatment," says he, "is a little hard, poetical justice is done in

TWELFTH NIGHT

the uneasiness which Olivia suffers," etc., etc. Poetical justice !¹

It is worth remarking — it is important to remark — that Malvolio and the plot woven about him took the lead of the main story at once. The famous diary of John Manningham, under date February 2, 1601, has this : —

At our feast (in Middle Temple Hall) wee had a play called 'Twelve Night, or What you Will,' much like the Commedy of Errores, or Menechmi in Plautus, but most like and neere to that in Italian called *Inganni*. A good practise in it to make the steward beleieve his Lady widdowe was in love with him, by counterfayting a letter as from his Lady in generall termes, telling him what shee liked best in him, and prescribing his gesture in smiling, his appaile, &c., and then when he came to practice, making him beleieve they tooke him to be mad."²

Here it is obvious which part of the play struck the diarist in 1601, and equally obvious that he was diverted by it; in 1623, when it was done at Court, for the Candlemas revels, it was called "Malvolio" outright, and evidently so known in general. Charles I annotated his folio — the second — in his own hand, and against Shakespeare's title, "Twelfth Night," scored "Malvolio" in the

¹ If Campbell, as I am told is the case, really considered Malvolio "an exquisitely vulgar coxcomb," why, then, Campbell's memory must pay the shot.

² Let not the unwary be deceived by the *Inganni*, here referred to, into thinking he has a proof that Shakespeare must have used *Gl'Ingannati*. There were many plays called *Gl'Inganni* or *L'Inganno*. The word meant *cheat, deception*, and it is probable that Manningham used it generically, to describe a class of plays. *Inganno* is a cheat, *ingannare* to cheat, *ingannati*, the cheated.

INTRODUCTION

margin. All this learning comes from Professor Aldis Wright, who also cites Digges, writing in 1640,

. . . "lo, in a trice
The cockpit, galleries, boxes, all are full
To hear *Malvolio*, that cross-gartered Gull."

A Gull! That was what Shakespeare meant him for, and what we must assume he appeared to be to Caroline audiences. He was not so acceptable to the Restoration play-goer, if Pepys was a type. By Professor Aldis Wright's direction once more we may open the Diary twice. Pepys saw "*Twelfth Night*" in January, 1663: "but a silly play," he judges it. Perhaps it was a hard winter. Yet six years later, again in January, he again sat it out. "One of the weakest plays that ever I saw on the stage."

The learned consider the underplot to be Shakespeare's invention, and I cannot urge anything to the contrary. Perhaps he knew Bandello's story, from which Webster afterwards took his sombre tragedy, and took it lightly. I think he took everything in "*Twelfth Night*" lightly, as lightly as he chose the titles. For the titles of the beautiful, flimsy, iridescent, provoking thing are two: the first, from the occasion of its first performance, *Twelfth Night*: the second, *What you Will*. Is it extravagant to say that a deal of Shakespeare's shrouded history is unveiled in this? Is it not plain that he wrote to order, and equally plain that he set little store by his achievement — set little store by Viola? Great Apollo herded cattle for King Admetus, we know. He had his

TWELFTH NIGHT

reasons, but need not be supposed to have been proud of the feat. So here, the divine hack, having written for hire a play of no value in his own eyes, gave it a flick of the finger, and let it go. A name for the thing? *What you will!*

MAURICE HEWLETT.^{author}

TWELFTH NIGHT
OR,
WHAT YOU WILL.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ¹

ORSINO, Duke of Illyria.

SEBASTIAN, brother to Viola.

ANTONIO, a sea captain, friend to Sebastian.

A Sea Captain, friend to Viola.

VALENTINE, } gentlemen attending on the Duke.

CURIO, }

SIR TOBY BELCH, uncle to Olivia.

SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK.

MALVOLIO, steward to Olivia.

FABIAN,

FESTE, a Clown, } servants to Olivia.

OLIVIA.

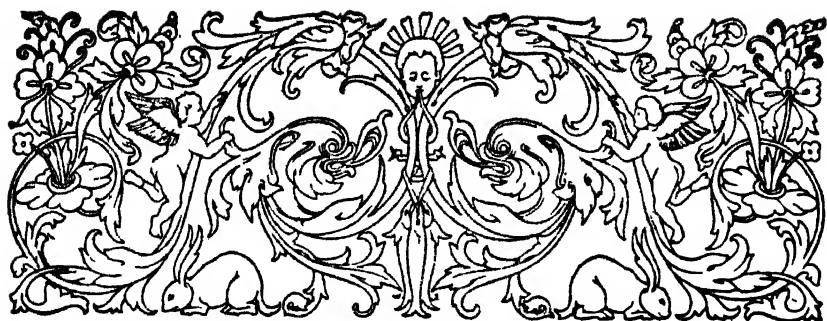
VIOLA.

MARIA, Olivia's woman.

Lords, Priests, Sailors, Officers, Musicians, and other Attendants.

SCENE: *A city in Illyria, and the sea-coast near it*

¹ The piece was printed for the first time in the First Folio of 1623. It is there divided into acts and scenes. Rowe in his edition of 1709 was the first to supply a list of characters with an indication of the "Scene."

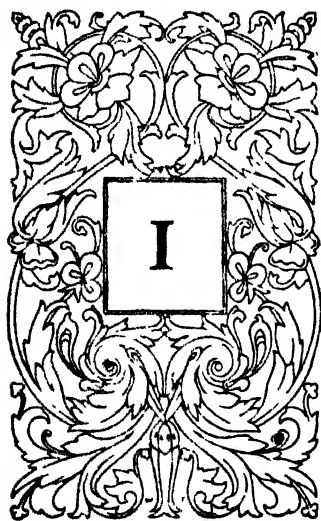


ACT FIRST—SCENE I

AN APARTMENT IN THE DUKE'S PALACE

Enter DUKE, CURIO, and other Lords; Musicians attending

DUKE



IF MUSIC BE THE FOOD

of love, play on;

Give me excess of it, that, sur-
feiting,

The appetite may sicken, and so
die.

That strain again! it had a dy-
ing fall:

O, it came o'er my ear like the
sweet sound,

That breathes upon a bank of
violets,

Stealing and giving odour!

Enough; no more:

'T is not so sweet now as it was before.

5 sound] This is the reading of the Folios, for which Pope, followed by many other editors, substituted *south*, i. e., the south wind. But

O spirit of love, how quick and fresh art thou!
 That, notwithstanding thy capacity ‘ 10
 Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there,
 Of what validity and pitch soe’er,
 But falls into abatement and low price,
 Even in a minute! so full of shapes is fancy,
 That it alone is high fantastical.

CUR. Will you go hunt, my lord?

DUKE. What, Curio?

CUR. The hart.

DUKE. Why, so I do, the noblest that I have:
 O, when mine eyes did see Olivia first,
 Methought she purged the air of pestilence! 20
 That instant was I turn’d into a hart;
 And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,
 E’er since pursue me.

Enter VALENTINE

How now! what news from her?

VAL. So please my lord, I might not be admitted;
 But from her handmaid do return this answer:

there is no need for any alteration. The sweet low hum (of the summer air) may well be imagined by poets to give forth an “odour.” Cf. Milton’s *Comus*, 555–557: “At last a soft and solemn-breathing sound Rose like a steam of rich distilled perfumes, and stole upon the air.”

11 *Receiveth as the sea*] Cf. Sonnet cxxxv, 9: “The sea, all water, yet receives rain still.”

21–23 *turn’d into a hart*] A vague reminiscence of the story of Actæon. See note on *M. Wives*, II, i, 106. The precise imagery of the “hart,”

The element itself, till seven years' heat,
 Shall not behold her face at ample view;
 But, like a cloistress, she will veiled walk
 And water once a day her chamber round
 With eye-offending brine: all this to season 30
 A brother's dead love, which she would keep fresh
 And lasting in her sad remembrance.

'DUKE. O, she that hath a heart of that fine frame
 To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
 How will she love, when the rich golden shaft
 Hath kill'd the flock of all affections else
 That live in her; when liver, brain and heart,
 These sovereign thrones, are all supplied, and fill'd
 Her sweet perfections with one self king!
 Away before me to sweet beds of flowers: 40
 Love-thoughts lie rich when canopied with bowers.

[*Exeunt.*]

pursued by "thoughts like hounds," figures in Daniel's *Delia* (1592). Sonnet, v. The common quibble, "hart" and "heart," is repeated, IV, i, 58, *infra*.

26 *The element . . . heat*] The sky, till the heat of seven years, seven summers, have passed away. The word "element" was in hackneyed use for "the sky." Cf. III, i, 55-56, *infra*: "out of my welkin, I might say *element*, but the word is over-worn." In III, iv, 118, *infra*, Malvolio uses the word in the sense of "sphere" or "rank in life."

38-39 *fill'd . . . king!*] The verb ("fill'd") and its subject ("perfections") are inverted. The sentence means: Her sweet perfections, all her perfect qualities, are "filled," complemented, completed, by submission to one and the same "king" or master-passion. For this use of "perfections" cf. 3 *Hen. VI*, III, ii, 86: "All her *perfections* challenge sovereignty."

TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, ACT I

SCENE II—THE SEA-COAST

Enter VIOLA, a Captain, and Sailors

VIO. What country, friends, is this?

CAP. This is Illyria, lady.

VIO. And what should I do in Illyria?

My brother he is in Elysium.

Perchance he is not drown'd: what think you, sailors?

CAP. It is perchance that you yourself were saved.

VIO. O my poor brother! and so perchance may he be.

CAP. True, madam: and, to comfort you with chance,
Assure yourself, after our ship did split,
When you and those poor number saved with you 10
Hung on our driving boat, I saw your brother,
Most provident in peril, bind himself,
Courage and hope both teaching him the practice,
To a strong mast that lived upon the sea;
Where, like Arion on the dolphin's back,
I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves
So long as I could see.

VIO. For saying so, there's gold:
Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope,
Whereto thy speech serves for authority, 20
The like of him. Know'st thou this country?

10 *those . . . number*] The noun of multitude is treated as a plural. Cf. I, v, 83, *infra*, "*these set kind of fools*."

15 *like Arion*] The familiar story of the rescue from drowning by a dolphin of the poet Arion is told by Ovid, *Fasti*, II, 83, *seq.*, and is alluded to by many Elizabethan poets, notably by Spenser, *Fairie Queene* IV, xi, 23.

Till I had made mine own occasion mellow,
What my estate is!

CAP. That were hard to compass;
Because she will admit no kind of suit,
No, not the Duke's.

VIO. There is a fair behaviour in thee, captain;
And though that nature with a beauteous wall
Doth oft close in pollution, yet of thee 50
I will believe thou hast a mind that suits
With this thy fair and outward character.
I prithee, and I 'll pay thee bounteously,
Conceal me what I am, and be my aid
For such disguise as haply shall become
The form of my intent. I 'll serve this Duke:
Thou shalt present me as an eunuch to him:
It may be worth thy pains; for I can sing,
And speak to him in many sorts of music,
That will allow me very worth his service.
What else may hap to time I will commit; 60
Only shape thou thy silence to my wit.

CAP. Be you his eunuch, and your mute I 'll be:
When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not see.

VIO. I thank thee: lead me on. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III—OLIVIA'S HOUSE

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH and MARIA

SIR TO. What a plague means my niece, to take the
death of her brother thus? I am sure care's an enemy
to life.

MAR. By my troth, Sir Toby, you must come in earlier o' nights: your cousin, my lady, takes great exceptions to your ill hours.

SIR TOBY. Why, let her except, before excepted.

MAR. Ay, but you must confine yourself within the modest limits of order.

SIR TO. Confine! I'll confine myself no finer than I am: these clothes are good enough to drink in; and so be these boots too: an they be not, let them hang themselves in their own straps.

MAR. That quaffing and drinking will undoe you: I heard my lady talk of it yesterday; and of a foolish knight that you brought in one night here to be her wooer.

SIR TO. Who, Sir Andrew Aguecheek?

MAR. Ay, he.

SIR TO. He's as tall a man as any's in Illyria.

MAR. What's that to the purpose?

SIR TO. Why, he has three thousand ducats a year. ²⁰

MAR. Ay, but he'll have but a year in all these ducats: he's a very fool and a prodigal.

SIR TO. Fie, that you'll say so! he plays o' the viol-de-gamboys, and speaks three or four languages word

⁶ *except, before excepted*] This is a legal tag common in leases. Like many of Sir Toby's drunken repartees, it is introduced here without much point.

²⁰ *ducats*] the most familiar coin in the silver currency of Venice. Its value approximated to the American dollar, and the term was colloquially used in England in much the same way as "dollar" is nowadays.

for word without book, and hath all the good gifts of nature.

MAR. He hath indeed, almost natural: for besides that he's a fool, he's a great quarreller; and but that he hath the gift of a coward to allay the gust he hath in quarrelling, 't is thought among the prudent he would quickly have the gift of a grave. 30

SIR TO. By this hand, they are scoundrels and substractors that say so of him. Who are they?

MAR. They that add, moreover, he's drunk nightly in your company.

SIR TO. With drinking healths to my niece: I'll drink to her as long as there is a passage in my throat and drink in Illyria: he's a coward and a coystroll that will not drink to my niece till his brains turn o' the toe like a parish-top. What, wench! Castiliano vulgo; for here comes Sir Andrew Agueface. 40

26 *indeed, almost natural*] Thus the First Folio. Much is to be said for the emendation *indeed all, most natural*, which seems logically to follow Toby's remark, "He hath *all* the good gifts of *nature*," and Maria's earlier comment, "He's a very *fool*." There is an obvious quibble on "natural" in the sense of "idiotic."

28 *allay the gust*] qualify the gusto or taste.

37 *coystroll*] This is a common term of contempt, meaning "a base fellow." Cf. Jonson, *Every Man in his Humour*, IV, ii, "You whoreson bragging *coystril*." It seems to have been specially applied to a low kind of camp follower.

38 *parish-top*] A large top provided by the parochial authorities in Shakespeare's day for the boys to play with. Cf. Jonson's *New Inn*, II, ii, "Spins like the *parish-top*."

39 *Castiliano vulgo*] literally, the Spanish for "Castilian people." Apparently a meaningless bacchanalian exclamation, intended to turn

Enter Sir ANDREW AGUECHEEK

SIR AND. Sir Toby Belch! how now, Sir Toby Belch!

SIR TO. Sweet Sir Andrew!

SIR AND. Bless you, fair shrew.

MAR. And you too, sir.

SIR TO. Accost, Sir Andrew, accost.

SIR AND. What 's that?

SIR TO. My niece's chambermaid.

SIR AND. Good Mistress Accost, I desire better acquaintance.

MAR. My name is Mary, sir. 50

SIR AND. Good Mistress Mary Accost, —

SIR TO. You mistake, knight: "accost" is front her, board her, woo her, assail her.

SIR AND. By my troth, I would not undertake her in this company. Is that the meaning of "accost"?

MAR. Fare you well, gentlemen.

SIR TO. An thou let part so, Sir Andrew, would thou mightst never draw sword again.

SIR AND. An you part so, mistress, I would I might never draw sword again. Fair lady, do you think you ⁶⁰ have fools in hand?

the conversation, like Christopher Sly's "*paucas pallabris*," *T. of Shrew*, Ind., i, 5. Hanmer substitutes for *vulgo*, *vulto* or *volto*. The phrase would then mean "a Castilian face," a grave, solemn countenance, and might be an ironical direction to Maria to be serious as Sir Andrew enters. But it is unwise to press the meaning far.

45 *Accost*] The meaning of the word is sufficiently explained in lines 52, 53, below.

MAR. Sir, I have not you by the hand.

SIR AND. Marry, but you shall have; and here's my hand.

MAR. Now, sir, "thought is free": I pray you, bring your hand to the buttery-bar and let it drink.

SIR AND. Wherefore, sweet-heart? what's your metaphor?

MAR. It's dry, sir.

SIR AND. Why, I think so: I am not such an ass but ⁷⁰ I can keep my hand dry. But what's your jest?

MAR. A dry jest, sir.

SIR AND. Are you full of them?

MAR. Ay, sir, I have them at my fingers' ends: marry, now I let go your hand, I am barren. [*Exit.*]

SIR TO. O knight, thou lackest a cup of canary: when did I see thee so put down?

SIR AND. Never in your life, I think; unless you see canary put me down. Methinks sometimes I have no more wit than a Christian or an ordinary man has: but I ⁸⁰

65 "*thought is free*") a common proverbial apology for good-natured effrontery.

65-66 *bring . . . drink*] Maria would seem to offer to kiss Sir Andrew's hand, and to suggest at the same time a gift of money.

69 *It's dry*] A dry hand was commonly held to be a sign of indifference to love, as well as of debility and old age. A moist hand was commonly taken to be the sign of an amorous disposition. Cf. *Othello*, III, iv, 33-35: "This *hand is moist*, my lady . . . This argues fruitfulness, and liberal heart."

72 *A dry jest*] An insipid jest. Cf. I, v, 37, *infra*: "you're a *dry* fool."

75 *barren*] dull, witless, tedious: used in the same sense as "dry" at line

69. Cf. I, v, 78, *infra*.

am a great eater of beef and I believe that does harm to my wit.

SIR TO. No question.

SIR AND. An I thought that, I 'ld forswear it. I 'll ride home to-morrow, Sir Toby.

SIR TO. Pourquoi, my dear knight?

SIR AND. What is "pourquoi"? do or not do? I would I had bestowed that time in the tongues that I have in fencing, dancing and bear-baiting: O, had I but followed the arts!

SIR TO. Then had'st thou had an excellent head of ⁹⁰ hair.

SIR AND. Why, would that have mended my hair?

SIR TO. Past question; for thou seest it will not curl by nature.

SIR AND. But it becomes me well enough, does 't not?

SIR TO. Excellent; it hangs like flax on a distaff; and I hope to see a housewife take thee between her legs and spin it off.

SIR AND. Faith, I 'll home to-morrow, Sir Toby: ⁹⁹ your niece will not be seen; or if she be, it 's four to one she 'll none of me: the count himself here hard by woos her.

SIR TO. She 'll none o' the count: she 'll not match

⁸⁷ *in the tongues*] This word was often written and commonly pronounced as "tongs," and Sir Toby's retort about Sir Andrew's "head of hair" obviously shows that a pun on "tongs" in the sense of curling irons was intended.

⁹⁹ *curl by*] This is Theobald's brilliant emendation of the original reading *cool my*.

above her degree, neither in estate, years, nor wit; I have heard her swear 't. Tut, there 's life in 't, man.

SIR AND. I 'll stay a month longer. I am a fellow o' the strangest mind i' the world; I delight in masques and revels sometimes altogether.

SIR TO. Art thou good at these kickshawses, knight?

SIR AND. As any man in Illyria, whatsoever he be, under the degree of my betters; and yet I will not compare with an old man. 111

SIR TO. What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight?

SIR AND. Faith, I can cut a caper.

SIR TO. And I can cut the mutton to 't.

SIR AND. And I think I have the back-trick simply as strong as any man in Illyria. 116

SIR TO. Wherefore are these things hid? wherefore have these gifts a curtain before 'em? are they like to take dust, like Mistress Mall's picture? why dost thou

111 *an old man*] Theobald tentatively suggested a *nobleman*. Sir Andrew's language is intentionally foolish, and he is clumsily expressing a youth's conventional respect for age.

115 *back-trick*] Apparently a caper backwards in dancing, with a quibbling hint at turning one's back in fight. No other example of the word is found.

119 *Mistress Mall's picture*] Any lady's picture; Mall, the familiar abbreviation of Mary, was the commonest of all female Christian names. It is improbably suggested that reference is made to the famous woman cutpurse, Mary Frith, who was, early in the seventeenth century, widely known as Moll Cutpurse; she was not born before 1584, and did not achieve notoriety until some nine years after this play was written. For another reference to a picture concealed by a curtain, see I, v, 218, *infra*.

not go to church in a galliard and come home in a coranto? My very walk should be a jig; I would not so much as make water but in a sink-a-pace. What dost thou mean? Is it a world to hide virtues in? I did think, by the excellent constitution of thy leg, it was formed under the star of a galliard.

SIR AND. Ay, 't is strong, and it does indifferent well in a flame-coloured stock. Shall we set about some revels?

SIR TO. What shall we do else? were we not born under Taurus?

SIR AND. Taurus! That's sides and heart.

130

SIR TO. No, sir; it is legs and thighs. Let me see thee caper: ha! higher: ha, ha! excellent! [*Exeunt.*]

120 *galliard . . . coranto*] names of lively dances.

122 *sink-a-pace*] a phonetic spelling of "cinque pace," a lively dance. See note on *Much Ado*, II, i, 66.

125 *under the star of a galliard*] an astrological reference to the controlling influences of the stars at birth. See line 29 below, and line 34 of the next scene. Cf. *Much Ado*, II, i, 302: "a star danced, and under that was I born."

127 *flame-colour'd*] This is Rowe's emendation of the original reading of the Folios, *dam'd coloured*, which is unintelligible. "Damned" as an adverbial imprecation does not seem known to Shakespeare's era. "Flame-coloured" occurs in *1 Hen. IV*, I, ii, 9: "a fair hot wench in *flame-coloured* taffeta."

130 *Taurus*] Astrology assumed that each part of the body was under the control of one or other signs of the zodiac. But both Sir Andrew and Sir Toby are in error in their reference to Taurus, who, according to the authorities, controls neither the "sides and hearts" nor the "legs and thighs," but the neck and throat.

SCENE IV—THE DUKE'S PALACE

Enter VALENTINE, and VIOLA in man's attire

VAL. If the Duke continue these favours towards you, Cesario, you are like to be much advanced: he hath known you but three days, and already you are no stranger.

VIO. You either fear his humour or my negligence, that you call in question the continuance of his love: is he constant, sir, in his favours?

VAL. No, believe me.

VIO. I thank you. Here comes the count.

Enter DUKE, CURIO, and Attendants

DUKE. Who saw Cesario, ho?

VIO. On your attendance, my lord; here.

10

DUKE. Stand you a while aloof. Cesario,
Thou know'st no less but all; I have unclasp'd
To thee the book even of my secret soul:
Therefore, good youth, address thy gait unto her;
Be not denied access, stand at her doors,
And tell them, there thy fixed foot shall grow
Till thou have audience.

VIO. Sure, my noble lord,
If she be so abandon'd to her sorrow
As it is spoke, she never will admit me.

8 *the count*] In the stage directions throughout the play, Orsino is called "Duke," and is so spoken of at I, ii, 25. But everywhere else in the text he is referred to as "the count."

DUKE. Be clamorous and leap all civil bounds 20
Rather than make unprofited return.

VIO. Say I do speak with her, my lord, what
then?

DUKE. O, then unfold the passion of my love,
Surprise her with discourse of my dear faith:
It shall become thee well to act my woes;
She will attend it better in thy youth
Than in a nuncio's of more grave aspect.

VIO. I think not so, my lord.

DUKE. 30
Dear lad, believe it;
For they shall yet belie thy happy years,
That say thou art a man: Diana's lip
Is not more smooth and rubious: thy small pipe
Is as the maiden's organ, shrill and sound;
And all is semblative a woman's part.
I know thy constellation is right apt
For this affair. Some four or five attend him;
All, if you will; for I myself am best
When least in company. Prosper well in this,
And thou shalt live as freely as thy lord,
To call his fortunes thine.

27 *nuncio's*] This, the original reading, is hardly grammatical, but there is a colloquial ellipse of "person," which is suggested by "thy youth," i. e., "thy youthful person" of the previous line.

31 *rubious*] apparently a once-used word; formed from "ruby."

33 *semblative*] also a once-used word, though "semblable" and "semblably" appear elsewhere in the same sense of "like" or "similar to." Cf. *2 Hen. IV*, v, i, 72, and *1 Hen. IV*, v, iii, 21.

34 *constellation*] See note on I, iii, 124-125, *supra*.

VIO. I'll do my best
 To woo your lady: [*Aside*] yet, a barful strife! 40
 Whoe'er I woo, myself would be his wife. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V—OLIVIA'S HOUSE

Enter MARIA and Clown

MAR. Nay, either tell me where thou hast been, or I will not open my lips so wide as a bristle may enter in way of thy excuse: my lady will hang thee for thy absence.

CLO. Let her hang me: he that is well hanged in this world needs to fear no colours.

MAR. Make that good.

CLO. He shall see none to fear.

MAR. A good lenten answer: I can tell thee where that saying was born, of "I fear no colours."

CLO. Where, good Mistress Mary? 10

MAR. In the wars; and that may you be bold to say in your foolery.

CLO. Well, God give them wisdom that have it; and those that are fools, let them use their talents.

MAR. Yet you will be hanged for being so long ab-

40 *barful*] another once-used word, meaning "full of obstacles."

9 "*I fear no colours*"] According to line 11 below, the saying was born "in the wars," and clearly means "I fear no enemy." It is a common phrase expressive of boldness. There is an obvious quibble here with "collars" (cf. l. 6).

13 *that have it*] that have repute for it.

sent; or, to be turned away, is not that as good as a hanging to you?

CLO. Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage; and, for turning away, let summer bear it out.

MAR. You are resolute, then? 20

CLO. Not so, neither; but I am resolved on two points.

MAR. That if one break, the other will hold; or, if both break, your gaskins fall.

CLO. Apt, in good faith; very apt. Well, go thy way; if Sir Toby would leave drinking, thou wert as witty a piece of Eve's flesh as any in Illyria.

MAR. Peace, you rogue, no more o' that. Here comes my lady: make your excuse wisely, you were best. [Exit.

CLO. Wit, an't be thy will, put me into good fooling! Those wits, that think they have thee, do very oft prove ³⁰ fools; and I, that am sure I lack thee, may pass for a wise man: for what says Quinapalus? "Better a witty fool than a foolish wit."

19 *for turning away . . . out*] If I am threatened with dismissal, — no uncommon experience, — let us wait for next season, — next summer, — and see if the threat take effect, *i.e.*, wait awhile and see.

21 *points*] a pun on the word "point" in the sense of metal hook or tag, which attaches the gaskins, *i.e.*, breeches or hose, to the doublet.

25-26 *as witty . . . Illyria*] Cf. *Much Ado*, IV, ii, 76: "as pretty a *piece of flesh as any* is in Messina."

32 *Quinapalus*] An apocryphal philosopher invented for the occasion, somewhat in the Rabelaisian vein, which reappears in II, iii, 22-24, in Sir Andrew's talk of "Pigrogromitus," etc.

TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, ACT I

Enter LADY OLIVIA with MALVOLIO

God bless thee, lady!

OLI. Take the fool away.

CLO. Do you not hear, fellows? Take away the lady.

OLI. Go to, you 're a dry fool; I 'll no more of you: besides, you grow dishonest.

CLO. Two faults, madonna, that drink and good counsel will amend: for give the dry fool drink, then is ⁴⁰ the fool not dry: bid the dishonest man mend himself; if he mend, he is no longer dishonest; if he cannot, let the botcher mend him. Any thing that 's mended is but patched: virtue that transgresses is but patched with sin; and sin that amends is but patched with virtue. If that this simple syllogism will serve, so; if it will not, what remedy? As there is no true cuckold but calamity, so beauty 's a flower. The lady bade take away the fool; therefore, I say again, take her away.

OLI. Sir, I bade them take away you.

CLO. Misprision in the highest degree! Lady, cucul- ⁵⁰

37 *a dry fool*] Cf. I, iii, 72, *supra*, "A dry [*i.e.*, insipid] jest."

39 *seq. Two faults, etc*] The clown's whimsical wit is hardly capable of literal paraphrase. Many of his remarks are nearly allied to nonsense, and he seems talking against time, in order to escape rebukes which his freedom of speech invites.

46 *cuckold*] apparently a wilful blunder for "school" or "counsellor."

50 *Misprision*] Legally the term. "misprision," which literally means "contempt," was applied to evil speaking of the sovereign, and was synonymous with "lèse majesté."

50-51 *cucullus . . . monachum*] "The cowl does not make the monk," a proverb in vogue throughout Europe.

lus non facit monachum; that's as much to say as I wear not motley in my brain. Good madonna, give me leave to prove you a fool.

OLI. Can you do it?

CLO. Dexteriously, good madonna.

OLI. Make your proof.

CLO. I must catechize you for it, madonna: good my mouse of virtue, answer me.

OLI. Well, sir, for want of other idleness, I'll bide your proof. 60

CLO. Good madonna, why mournest thou?

OLI. Good fool, for my brother's death.

CLO. I think his soul is in hell, madonna.

OLI. I know his soul is in heaven, fool.

CLO. The more fool, madonna, to mourn for your brother's soul being in heaven. Take away the fool, gentlemen.

OLI. What think you of this fool, Malvolio? doth he not mend?

MAL. Yes, and shall do till the pangs of death shake him: infirmity, that decays the wise, doth ever make the better fool. 70

CLO. God send you, sir, a speedy infirmity, for the better increasing your folly! Sir Toby will be sworn that I am no fox; but he will not pass his word for two pence that you are no fool.

OLI. How say you to that, Malvolio?

55 *Dexteriously*] This form of "dexterously" seems to have been a common vulgarism, like the modern "mischevious" for "mischievous."

MAL. I marvel your ladyship takes delight in such a barren rascal: I saw him put down the other day with an ordinary fool that has no more brain than a stone. Look⁸⁰ you now, he 's out of his guard already; unless you laugh and minister occasion to him, he is gagged. I protest, I take these wise men, that crow so at these set kind of fools, no better than the fools' zanies.

OLI. O, you are sick of self-love, Malvolio, and taste with a distempered appetite. To be generous, guiltless and of free disposition, is to take those things for bird-bolts that you deem cannon-bullets: there is no slander in an allowed fool, though he do nothing but rail; nor no railing in a known discreet man, though he do nothing but reprove.⁹⁰

CLO. Now Mercury endue thee with leasing, for thou speakest well of fools!

Re-enter MARIA

MAR. Madam, there is at the gate a young gentleman much desires to speak with you.

OLI. From the Count Orsino, is it?

MAR. I know not, madam: 't is a fair young man, and well attended.

79 *barren*] dull, witless. Cf. I, iii, 75, *supra*.

83 *these . . . kind*] Cf. I, i, 10, *supra*, and note, and *Lear*, II, ii, 96: "These kind of knaves I know."

84 *fools' zanies*] Cf. Jonson's *Every Man out of his Humour*, IV, i: "The other gallant is his *zany* [i.e., the servant mimicking his master], and doth most of these tricks after him."

91 *Mercury . . . leasing*] May the god of cheats or liars endow thee, to thy profit, with the gift of lying.

OLI. Who of my people hold him in delay?

MAR. Sir Toby, madam, your kinsman.

99

OLI. Fetch him off, I pray you; he speaks nothing but madman: fie on him! [*Exit Maria.*] Go you, Malvolio: if it be a suit from the count, I am sick, or not at home; what you will, to dismiss it. [*Exit Malvolio.*] Now you see, sir, how your fooling grows old, and people dislike it.

CLO. Thou hast spoke for us, madonna, as if thy eldest son should be a fool; whose skull Jove cram with brains! for, — here he comes, — one of thy kin has a most weak pia mater.

Enter Sir TOBY

OLI. By mine honour, half drunk. What is he at the gate, cousin?

110

SIR TO. A gentleman.

OLI. A gentleman! what gentleman?

SIR TO. 'Tis a gentelman here — a plague o' these pickle-herring! How now, sot!

CLO. Good Sir Toby!

OLI. Cousin, cousin, how have you come so early by this lethargy?

SIR TO. Lechery! I defy lechery. There's one at the gate.

OLI. Ay, marry, what is he?

SIR TO. Let him be the devil, an he will, I care not: give me faith, say I. Well, it's all one. [*Exit.*]

121

OLI. What's a drunken man like, fool?

113 *pickle-herring*] The favourite relish for drunkards.

TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, ACT I

CLO. Like a drowned man, a fool and a mad man: one draught above heat makes him a fool; the second mads him; and a third drowns him.

OLI. Go thou and seek the crowner, and let him sit o' my coz; for he's in the third degree of drink, he's drowned: go look after him.

CLO. He is but mad yet, madonna; and the fool shall look to the madman. [Exit. 130]

Re-enter MALVOLIO

MAL. Madam, yond young fellow swears he will speak with you. I told him you were sick; he takes on him to understand so much, and therefore comes to speak with you. I told him you were asleep; he seems to have a foreknowledge of that too, and therefore comes to speak with you. What is to be said to him, lady? he's fortified against any denial.

OLI. Tell him he shall not speak with me.

MAL. Has been told so; and he says, he'll stand at your door like a sheriff's post, and be the supporter to a bench, but he'll speak with you. 141

OLI. What kind o' man is he?

MAL. Why, of mankind.

OLI. What manner of man?

MAL. Of very ill manner; he'll speak with you, will you or no.

124 *above heat*] above ordinary strength.

140 *sheriff's post*] A post which was often carved with elaborate ornament stood before the door of the house occupied by a city mayor and sheriff.

OLI. Of what personage and years is he?

MAL. Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy; as a squash is before 't is a peascod, or a codling when 't is almost an apple: 't is with him in standing water, between boy and man. He is very well-favoured and he speaks very shrewishly; one would think his mother's milk were scarce out of him. 153

OLI. Let him approach: call in my gentlewoman.

MAL. Gentlewoman, my lady calls. [Exit.

Re-enter MARIA

OLI. Give me my veil: come, throw it o'er my face. We 'll once more hear Orsino's embassy. 157

Enter VIOLA, and Attendants

VIO. The honourable lady of the house, which is she?

OLI. Speak to me; I shall answer for her. Your will?

VIO. Most radiant, exquisite and unmatchable beauty, — I pray you, tell me if this be the lady of the house, for I never saw her: I would be loath to cast away my speech, for besides that it is excellently well penned, I have taken great pains to con it. Good beauties, let me sustain no scorn; I am very comptible, even to the least sinister usage.

OLI. Whence came you, sir?

VIO. I can say little more than I have studied, and

149 *squash . . . codling*] terms respectively for an unripe peascod and an unripe apple.

150 *in standing water*] just at the turn of the tide, in the condition of stationary water that neither ebbs nor flows.

that question's out of my part. Good gentle one, give me modest assurance if you be the lady of the house, that I may proceed in my speech. 170

OLI. Are you a comedian?

VIO. No, my profound heart: and yet, by the very fangs of malice I swear, I am not that I play. Are you the lady of the house?

OLI. If I do not usurp myself, I am.

VIO. Most certain, if you are she, you do usurp yourself; for what is yours to bestow is not yours to reserve. But this is from my commission: I will on with my speech in your praise, and then show you the heart of my message.

OLI. Come to what is important in 't: I forgive you the praise. 181

VIO. Alas, I took great pains to study it, and 't is poetical.

OLI. It is the more like to be feigned: I pray you, keep it in. I heard you were saucy at my gates, and allowed your approach rather to wonder at you than to hear you. If you be not mad, be gone; if you have reason, be brief: 't is not that time of moon with me to make one in so skipping a dialogue.

MAR. Will you hoist sail, sir? here lies your ¹⁹⁰ way.

VIO. No, good swabber; I am to hull here a little

172 *my profound heart*] An ironical compliment on Olivia's sagacious suggestion that the speaker is acting a part.

191 *swabber*] one who mops the ship's deck at sea.

hull] drift with the sails furled.

longer. Some mollification for your giant, sweet lady. Tell me your mind: I am a messenger.

OLI. Sure, you have some hideous matter to deliver, when the courtesy of it is so fearful. Speak your office.

VIO. It alone concerns your ear. I bring no overture of war, no taxation of homage: I hold the olive in my hand; my words are as full of peace as matter.

OLI. Yet you began rudely. What are you? what would you? 200

VIO. The rudeness that hath appeared in me have I learned from my entertainment. What I am, and what I would, are as secret as maidenhead; to your ears, divinity, to any other's, profanation.

OLI. Give us the place alone: we will hear this divinity. [*Excunt Maria and Attendants.*] Now, sir, what is your text?

VIO. Most sweet lady, --

OLI. A comfortable doctrine, and much may be said of it. Where lies your text?

VIO. In Orsino's bosom. 210

OLI. In his bosom! In what chapter of his bosom?

VIO. To answer by the method, in the first of his heart.

OLI. O, I have read it: it is heresy. Have you no more to say?

192 *giant*] an ironical reference to Maria, the diminutive guardian of her mistress. Cf. *infra*, II, iii, 166, "Penthesilea," II, v, 11, "the little villain," and III, ii, 62, "wren of nine."

193 *Tell . . . messenger*] This is the original reading. But most editors credit Olivia with this speech, "Tell me your mind," and Viola with the words, "I am a messenger."

203 *maidenhead*] maidenhood. Cf. "maidhood," III, i, 147, *infra*.

VIO. Good madam, let me see your face.

OLI. Have you any commission from your lord to negotiate with my face? You are now out of your text: but we will draw the curtain and show you the picture. Look you, sir, such a one I was this present: is 't not well done? [Unveiling. 220

VIO. Excellently done, if God did all.

OLI. 'Tis in grain, sir; 't will endure wind and weather.

VIO. 'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on:
Lady, you are the cruell'st she alive,
If you will lead these graces to the grave
And leave the world no copy.

OLI. O, sir, I will not be so hard-hearted; I will give out divers schedules of my beauty: it shall be inventoried, and every particle and utensil labelled to my will: as, item, two lips, indifferent red; item, two grey eyes, with lids to them; item, one neck, one chin, and so forth. Were you sent hither to praise me? 233

218 *draw the curtain*] Cf. I, ii, 118-119, and note.

219 *such a one . . . present*] I was this a moment ago, when you expressed doubt of my identity. See line 176, *supra*.

221 *if God did all*] a hint at the liberal use of cosmetics, to which Elizabethan ladies were prone.

222 *in grain*] of a fast dye that will not wash out. Cf. Milton, *Il Penseroso*, 33, "robe of darkest grain."

225-227 *Lady . . . copy*] The same idea is elaborated in Shakespeare's opening sonnets, especially *Sonnets* iii, iv, ix, xiii. Cf. "She [*i.e.*, nature] carved thee for her seal, and meant thereby 'Thou shouldst print more, not let that copy die'" (*Sonnet* xi, 13,14).

VIO. I see you what you are, you are too proud;
But, if you were the devil, you are fair.
My lord and master loves you: O, such love
Could be but recompensed, though you were crown'd
The nonpareil of beauty!

OLI. How does he love me?

VIO. With adorations, fertile tears,
With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire. 240

OLI. Your lord does know my mind; I cannot love
him:

Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble,
Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth;
In voices well divulged, free, learn'd and valiant;
And in dimension and the shape of nature
A gracious person: but yet I cannot love him;
He might have took his answer long ago.

VIO. If I did love you in my master's flame,
With such a suffering, such a deadly life,
In your denial I would find no sense; 250
I would not understand it.

OLI. Why, what would you?

VIO. •Make me a willow cabin at your gate,
And call upon my soul within the house;
Write loyal cantons of contemned love
And sing them loud even in the dead of night;
Halloo your name to the reverberate hills,
And make the babbling gossip of the air

244 *well divulged*] well spoken of by the world.

245 *dimension*] proportion, form. Cf. v, i, 229.

249 *deadly life*] life charged with the pangs of death.

Cry out "Olivia!" O, you should not rest
Between the elements of air and earth,
But you should pity me!

OLI. You might do much. 260

What is your parentage?

VIO. Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:
I am a gentleman.

OLI. Get you to your lord;
I cannot love him: let him send no more;
Unless, perchance, you come to me again,
To tell me how he takes it. Fare you well:
I thank you for your pains: spend this for me.

VIO. I am no fee'd post, lady; keep your purse:
My master, not myself, lacks recompense.
Love make his heart of flint that you shall love; 270
And let your fervour, like my master's, be
Placed in contempt! Farewell, fair cruelty. [Exit.

OLI. "What is your parentage?"

"Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:
I am a gentleman." I'll be sworn thou art;
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and spirit,
Do give thee five-fold blazon: not too fast: soft, soft!
Unless the master were the man. How now!
Even so quickly may one catch the plague?

268 *fee'd post*] hired messenger.

277 *five-fold blazon*] Cf. *Sonnet* cvi, 5-6: "Then, in the *blazon* [*i.e.*, description] of sweet beauty's best, Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow."

278 *Unless . . . man*] Olivia seems to be thinking almost unconsciously of the Duke whose suit she could not bring herself to entertain, unless the master were like the man.

Methinks I feel this youth's perfections
 With an invisible and subtle stealth
 To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be.
 What ho, Malvolio!

280

Re-enter MALVOLIO

MAL. Here, madam, at your service.

OLI. Run after that same peevish messenger,
 The county's man: he left this ring behind him,
 Would I or not: tell him I'll none of it.
 Desire him not to flatter with his lord,
 Nor hold him up with hopes: I am not for him:
 If that the youth will come this way to-morrow,
 I'll give him reasons for 't: hie thee, Malvolio.

290

MAL. Madam, I will.

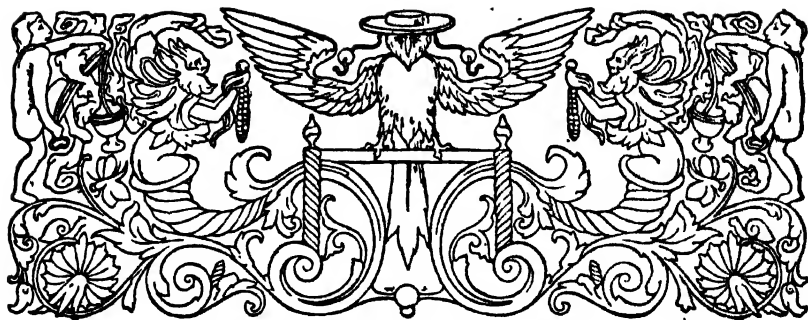
[*Exit.*

OLI. I do I know not what, and fear to find
 Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind.
 Fate, show thy force: ourselves we do not owe;
 What is decreed must be, and be this so.

[*Exit.*

285 *The county's man*] This is Capell's emendation, for metrical reasons,
 of the First Folio reading *countes* and the later Folios' reading
counte. Cf. *Rom. and Jul.*, IV, v, 6, "The County Paris."

293 *Mine eye . . . mind*] My eye may take too flattering a view of the
 youth's beauty for my reason to resist the effect.



ACT SECOND — SCENE I
THE SEA-COAST

Enter ANTONIO and SEBASTIAN

ANTONIO



WILL YOU STAY NO longer? nor will you not that I go with you?

SEB. By your patience, no. My stars shine darkly over me: the malignancy of my fate might perhaps distemper yours; therefore I shall crave of you your leave that I may bear my evils alone: it were a bad recompense for your love, to lay any of them on you.

ANT. Let me yet know of you whither you are bound.

SEB. No, sooth, sir: my determinate voyage is mere extravagancy. But I perceive in you so excellent a ¹⁰

9-10 *determinate . . . extravagancy*] The voyage I have resolved upon is mere vagrancy, mere roaming.

touch of modesty, that you will not extort from me what I am willing to keep in; therefore it charges me in manners the rather to express myself. You must know of me then, Antonio, my name is Sebastian, which I called Roderigo. My father was that Sebastian of Messaline, whom I know you have heard of. He left behind him myself and a sister, both born in an hour: if the heavens had been pleased, would we had so ended! but you, sir, altered that; for some hour before you took me from the breach of the sea was my sister drowned. 20

ANT. Alas the day!

SEB. A lady, sir, though it was said she much resembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful: but, though I could not with such estimable wonder overfar believe that, yet thus far I will boldly publish her; she bore a mind that envy could not but call fair. She is drowned already, sir, with salt water, though I seem to drown her remembrance again with more.

ANT. Pardon me, sir, your bad entertainment.

SEB. O good Antonio, forgive me your trouble. 30

ANT. If you will not murder me for my love, let me be your servant.

12-13 *charges me . . . myself*] good manners compel me to reveal myself.

15 *Messaline*] An imaginary place, for which editors sometimes substitute *Metelin*, the modern name of Mitylene. (Cf. V. i. 224, *infra*.)

24 *with such estimable wonder*] in view of such estimable and wondrous beauty.

31-32 *If you . . . servant*] If you do not wish to kill me because I love you, let me be your servant.

TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, ACT II

SEB. If you will not undo what you have done, that is, kill him whom you have recovered, desire it not. Fare ye well at once: my bosom is full of kindness, and I am yet so near the manners of my mother, that upon the least occasion more mine eyes will tell tales of me. I am bound to the Count Orsino's court: farewell. [Exit.]

ANT. The gentleness of all the gods go with thee!
I have many enemies in Orsino's court, 40
Else would I very shortly see thee there.
But, come what may, I do adore thee so,
That danger shall seem sport, and I will go. [Exit.]

SCENE II—A STREET

Enter VIOLA, MALVOLIO following

MAL. Were not you even now with the Countess Olivia?

VIO. Even now, sir; on a moderate pace I have since arrived but hither.

MAL. She returns this ring to you, sir: you might have saved me my pains, to have taken it away yourself. She adds, moreover, that you should put your lord into a desperate assurance she will none of him: and one thing more, that you be never so hardy to come again in his

36 so near . . . my mother] of so womanish a temperament. Cf. *Hen. V*, IV, vi, 31: "And all my mother came into mine eyes."

affairs, unless it be to report your lord's taking of this.
Receive it so. 10

VIO. She took the ring of me: I'll none of it.

MAL. Come, sir, you peevishly threw it to her; and her will is, it should be so returned: if it be worth stooping for, there it lies in your eye; if not, be it his that finds it.
[Exit.

VIO. I left no ring with her : what means this lady?
Fortune forbid my outside have not charm'd her!
She made good view of me; indeed, so much,
That methought her eyes had lost her tongue,
For she did speak in starts distractedly.
She loves me, sure; the cunning of her passion 20
Invites me in this churlish messenger.
None of my lord's ring! why, he sent her none.
I am the man: if it be so, as 't is,
Poor lady, she were better love a dream.
Disguise, I see, thou art a wickedness,
Wherein the pregnant enemy does much.
How easy is it for the proper-false
In women's waxen hearts to set their forms!
Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we!
For such as we are made of, such we be. 30

11 *She took the ring of me*] This is the original reading. Viola is screening Olivia, and forbears to question Malvolio's statement. Malone needlessly substituted *She took no ring of me*.

26 *the pregnant enemy*] the alert enemy of mankind, i.e., the devil.

27-28 *How easy . . . forms!*] How easy is it for the handsome deceivers to make an impression on women's waxen hearts! Cf. *Lucrece*, 1240, 1241: "For men have marble, women waxen, minds, And therefore are they form'd as marble will."

TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, ACT II

How will this fadge? my master loves her dearly;
 And I, poor monster, fond as much on him;
 And she, mistaken, seems to dote on me.
 What will become of this? As I am man,
 My state is desperate for my master's love;
 As I am woman, — now alas the day! —
 What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe!
 O time! thou must untangle this, not I;
 It is too hard a knot for me to untie! [*Exit.*]

SCENE III—OLIVIA'S HOUSE

Enter SIR TOBY and SIR ANDREW

SIR To. Approach, Sir Andrew: not to be a-bed after midnight is to be up betimes; and “*diluculo surgere*,” thou know'st, —

SIR AND. Nay, by my troth, I know not: but I know, to be up late is to be up late.

SIR To. A false conclusion: I hate it as an unfilled can. To be up after midnight and to go to bed then, is early: so that to go to bed after midnight is to go to bed betimes. Does not our life consist of the four elements?

31 [*fade*] turn out. Cf. Florio's *Ital.-Eng. Dict.*: “*Andár* a vānga, to *fade* or prosper with.”

2 “*diluculo surgere*”] *sc.* saluberrimum est, “To rise at dawn is very healthy,” — an adage drawn from Lily's Grammar, which was the standard text-book in Elizabethan schools.

9 [*four elements*] earth, water, fire, and air, according to the popular learning of the day. Cf. *Hen. V.*, III, vii, 21–22, “he is pure air and fire; and the dull elements of earth and water never appear in him.”

SIR AND. Faith, so they say; but I think it rather ¹⁰ consists of eating and drinking.

SIR TO. Thou'rt a scholar; let us therefore eat and drink. Marian, I say! a stoup of wine!

Enter Clown

SIR AND. Here comes the fool, i' faith.

CLO. How now, my hearts! did you never see the picture of "we three"?

SIR TO. Welcome, ass. Now let's have a catch.

SIR AND. By my troth, the fool has an excellent breast. I had rather than forty shillings I had such a leg, and so sweet a breath to sing, as the fool has. In sooth, thou ²⁰ wast in very gracious fooling last night, when thou spokest of Pigrogromitus, of the Vapians passing the equinoctial of Queubus: 't was very good, i' faith. I sent thee sixpence for thy leman: hadst it?

CLO. I did impetecos thy gratillity; for Malvolio's

16 *picture of "we three"]* A common ale-house sign on which was painted the heads of two fools, or two asses, with the legend "We three logger-heads be." The spectator makes up the trio.

22-23 *Pigrogromitus . . . Queubus]* These proper names, which seem to be invented for the occasion, are in the vein of Rabelais, and suggest some acquaintance with *Pantagruel's Voyage de la Dive Bouceille*. Cf. I. v, 32 *supra*, "Quinapalus."

25-27 *I did impetecos . . . houses]* The clown talks nonsense to something of this effect: "I impocketed thy diminutive gratuity (or I gave it to my petticoat companion). Malvolio's inquisitive nose may smell out our sins, but cannot punish them. My sweetheart is a lady of refinement, and the myrmidons, the humbler retainers of a noble household, are not of the vulgar and coarse character attaching to pot-houses."

TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, ACT II

nose is no whipstock: my lady has a white hand, and the Myrmidons are no bottle-ale houses.

SIR AND. Excellent! why, this is the best fooling, when all is done. Now, a song.

SIR TO. Come on; there is sixpence for you: let's³⁰ have a song.

SIR AND. There's a testril of me too: if one knight give a —

CLO. Would you have a love-song, or a song of good life?

SIR TO. A love-song, a love-song.

SIR AND. Ay, ay: I care not for good life.

CLO. [*Sings*]

O mistress mine, where are you roaming?

O, stay and hear; your true love's coming,

That can sing both high and low:

40

Trip no further, pretty sweeting;

Journeys end in lovers meeting,

Every wise man's son doth know.

SIR AND. Excellent good, i' faith.

SIR TO. Good, good.

CLO. [*Sings*]

What is love? 't is not hereafter;

Present mirth hath present laughter;

What's to come is still unsure:

38 *seq. O mistress mine*] This song figures — words and music — in Morley's *Consort Lessons*, 1599. It was probably borrowed by Shakespeare, and is not his own composition.

In delay there lies no plenty;
Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty,
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

50

SIR AND. A mellifluous voice, as I am true knight.

SIR To. A contagious breath.

SIR AND. Very sweet and contagious, i' faith.

SIR To. To hear by the nose. it is dulcet in contagion.
But shall we make the welkin dance indeed? shall we
rouse the night-owl in a catch that will draw three souls
out of one weaver? shall we do that?

SIR AND. An you love me, let's do 't: I am dog at a
catch. 60

CLO. By 'r lady, sir, and some dogs will catch well.

SIR AND. Most certain. Let our catch be, "Thou
knave."

CLO. "Hold thy peace, thou knave," knight? I shall
be constrained in 't to call thee knave, knight.

SIR AND. 'T is not the first time I have constrained
one to call me knave. Begin, fool: it begins "Hold thy
peace."

CLO., I shall never begin if I hold my peace.

SIR AND. Good, i' faith. Come, begin. [*Catch sung.*

50 *sweet and twenty*] sweetly and twenty times.

57-58 *catch . . . weaver*] Cf. *1 Hen. IV.* II, iv, 125-126: "I would I were
a *weaver*; I could sing psalms or any thing." Weavers were com-
monly held to be good singers. The "catch that will draw three souls
out of one weaver" must have rare powers of enchantment.

62-63 "*Thou knave*") The music of this catch is given in a music book
called *Deuteromelia*, 1609.

TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, ACT II

Enter MARIA

MAR. What a caterwauling do you keep here! If my⁷⁰ lady have not called up her steward Malvolio and bid him turn you out of doors, never trust me.

SIR TO. My lady's a Cataian, we are politicians, Malvolio's a Peg-a-Ramsey, and "Three merry men be we." Am not I consanguineous? am I not of her blood? Tillyvally. Lady! [*Sings*] "There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady!"

CLO. Beshrew me, the knight's in admirable fooling.

SIR AND. Ay, he does well enough if he be disposed, and so do I too: he does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural. 80

SIR TO. [*Sings*] "O, the twelfth day of December," —

MAR. For the love o' God, peace!

Enter MALVOLIO

MAL. My masters, are you mad? or what are you? Have you no wit, manners, nor honesty, but to gabble

73 *Cataian*] Cf. *M. Wives*, II, i, 129: "I will not believe such a *Cataian*" (i.e., "Heathen Chinese," impostor).

74 *Peg-a-Ramsey*] A popular tune. An early version of the notes without words is in William Ballet's Lute-book, an early Elizabethan manuscript volume in Trinity College, Dublin.

"*Three merry men, etc.*"] This burden of an old song figures in Peele's *Old Wives' Tale* (1598), I, i, 22. The original tune is given in Chappell's *Popular Music*.

76 *There dwelt a man in Babylon*] See note on *M. Wives*, III, i, 22, where the ballad to which this line belongs is again quoted.

81 *O, the twelfth day of December*] A line from some lost ballad.

like tinkers at this time of night? Do ye make an ale-house of my lady's house, that ye squeak out your coziers' catches without any mitigation or remorse of voice? Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time in you?

SIR TO. We did keep time, sir, in our catches. Sneck up! 90

MAL. Sir Toby, I must be round with you. My lady bade me tell you, that, though she harbours you as her kinsman, she's nothing allied to your disorders. If you can separate yourself and your misdemeanours, you are welcome to the house; if not, an it would please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell.

SIR TO. "Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs be gone."

MAL. Nay, good Sir Toby.

CLO. "His eyes do show his days are almost done."

MAL. Is't even so? 100

SIR TO. "But I will never die."

CLO. Sir Toby, there you lie.

MAL. This is much credit to you.

SIR TO. "Shall I bid him go?"

CLO. "What an if you do?"

SIR TO. "Shall I bid him go, and spare not?"

86 *coziers'* cobbler's. Cf. Minsheu's *Dict.*, "Cosier or sowter from the Spanish word *coser*, i.e., to sew. *Vide* Butcher, Souter or Cobler."

97 "*Farewell, dear heart, etc.*"] A popular ballad first found in print (with words and music) in Robert Jones' *Booke of Ayres*, 1601. All the lines in quotations in the next eight lines are drawn from this piece. In later poetical miscellanies it is entitled "Corydon's farewell to Phillis."

CLO. "O no, no, no, no, you dare not."

SIR TO. Out o' tune, sir: ye lie. Art any more than a steward? Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale? 110

CLO. Yes, by Saint Anne, and ginger shall be hot i' the mouth too.

SIR TO. Thou 'rt i' the right. Go, sir, rub your chain with crums. A stoup of wine, Maria!

MAL. Mistress Mary, if you prized my lady's favour at any thing more than contempt, you would not give means for this uncivil rule: she shall know of it, by this hand. [Exit.

MAR. Go shake your ears.

SIR AND. 'T were as good a deed as to drink when a man's a-hungry, to challenge him the field, and then to break promise with him and make a fool of him. 121

SIR TO. Do 't, knight: I 'll write thee a challenge; or I 'll deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth.

MAR. Sweet Sir Toby, be patient for to-night: since the youth of the count's was to-day with my lady, she is much out of quiet. For Monsieur Malvolio, let me alone

113-114 *rub your chain with crums*] Stewards wore gold chains round their necks in right of their office. In Webster's *Duchess of Malfy*, III, ii, 229, it was said of a steward that he "scours his gold chain" with "the chippings of the buttery."

117 *uncivil rule*] revelry; cf. *Mids. N. Dr.*, III, ii, 5, "night-rule."

118 *shake your ears*] A common phrase, usually meaning "go away," "good riddance to you." Cf. *Jul. Cæs.*, IV, i, 25-26: "turn him off, Like to the empty ass, to *shake his ears*."

with him: if I do not gull him into a nayword, and make him a common recreation, do not think I have wit enough to lie straight in my bed: I know I can do it. 129

SIR TO. Possess us, possess us; tell us something of him.

MAR. Marry, sir, sometimes he is a kind of puritan.

SIR AND. O, if I thought that, I 'ld beat him like a dog!

SIR TO. What, for being a puritan? thy exquisite reason, dear knight?

SIR AND. I have no exquisite reason for 't, but I have reason good enough. 136

MAR. The devil a puritan that he is, or any thing constantly, but a time-pleaser; an affectioned ass, that cons state without book and utters it by great swarths: the best persuaded of himself, so crammed, as he thinks, with excellencies, that it is his grounds of faith that all that look on him love him; and on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cause to work. 143

SIR TO. What wilt thou do?

MAR. I will drop in his way some obscure epistles of love; wherein, by the colour of his beard, the shape of his leg, the manner of his gait, the expressure of his eye,

127 *gull him . . . nayword*] hoax him so that he become a byword or laughing-stock. Rowe first substituted a *nayword* for the original reading an *ayword*. The latter form seems unknown. "Nayword" is used both for "by-word" and "password." Cf. *M. Wives*, II, ii, 131

131 *puritan*] See II, v, 7, *infra*.

138-139 *cons . . . swarths*] learns by heart gossip of state affairs and spouts it in great lengths or masses.

forehead, and complexion, he shall find himself most feelingly personated. I can write very like my lady your niece: on a forgotten matter we can hardly make distinction of our hands. 151

SIR TO. Excellent! I smell a device.

SIR AND. I have 't in my nose too.

SIR TO. He shall think, by the letters that thou wilt drop, that they come from my niece, and that she's in love with him.

MAR. My purpose is, indeed, a horse of that colour.

SIR AND. And your horse now would make him an ass.

MAR. Ass, I doubt not.

SIR AND. O, 't will be admirable! 160

MAR. Sport royal, I warrant you: I know my physic will work with him. I will plant you two, and let the fool make a third, where he shall find the letter: observe his construction of it. For this night, to bed, and dream on the event. Farewell. [Exit.]

SIR TO. Good night. Penthesilea.

SIR AND. Before me, she's a good wench.

SIR TO. She's a beagle, true-bred, and one that adores me: what o' that?

SIR AND. I was adored once too. 170

SIR TO. Let's to bed, knight. Thou hadst need send for more money.

166 *Penthesilea*] Queen of the Amazons, mentioned by Ovid in his *Ars Amatoria*, III, 2, and *Heroides*, XXI, 118. Maria's diminutive stature gives ironical point to the exclamation. Cf. I, v, 192, "your giant."

SIR AND. If I cannot recover your niece, I am a foul way out.

SIR TO. Send for money, knight: if thou hast her not i' the end, call me cut.

SIR AND. If I do not, never trust me, take it how you will.

SIR TO. Come, come, I 'll go burn some sack; 't is too late to go to bed now: come, knight; come, knight. ¹⁸⁰

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV—THE DUKE'S PALACE

Enter DUKE, VIOLA, CURIO, and others

DUKE. Give me some music. Now, good morrow, friends.

Now, good Cesario, but that piece of song.
That old and antique song we heard last night:
Methought it did relieve my passion much,
More than light airs and recollected terms
Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times:
Come, but one verse.

176 *cut*] A common expression of contempt, "cut" meaning a bobtailed horse. Cf. Falstaff's "spit in my face; call me *horse*," *1 Hen. IV*, II, iv, 187.

179 *burn . . . sack*] Cf. *M. Wives*, II, i, 191: "a pottle of *burnt sack*," and note.

5 *recollected terms*] studied or stilted expressions; phrases lacking spontaneity. Cf. *L. L. L.*, V, ii, 406, "'Taffeta phrases, silken terms precise.'"

CUR. He is not here, so please your lordship, that should sing it.

DUKE. Who was it? 10

CUR. Feste, the jester, my lord; a fool that the lady Olivia's father took much delight in. He is about the house.

DUKE. Seek him out, and play the tune the while.

[*Exit Curio. Music plays.*]

Come hither, boy: if ever thou shalt love,
In the sweet pangs of it remember me;
For such as I am all true lovers are,
Unstaid and skittish in all motions else,
Save in the constant image of the creature
That is beloved. How dost thou like this tune?

VIO. It gives a very echo to the seat 20
Where Love is throned.

DUKE. Thou dost speak masterly:
My life upon 't, young though thou art, thine eye
Hath stay'd upon some favour that it loves:
Hath it not, boy?

VIO. A little, by your favour.

DUKE. What kind of woman is 't?

VIO. Of your complexion.

DUKE. She is not worth thee, then. What years, i'
faith?

VIO. About your years, my lord.

DUKE. Too old, by heaven; let still the woman
take

An elder than herself; so wears she to him,
So sways she level in her husband's heart:

30

For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
 Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
 More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn,
 Than women's are.

VIO. I think it well, my lord.

DUKE. Then let thy love be younger than thyself,
 Or thy affection cannot hold the bent;
 For women are as roses, whose fair flower
 Being once display'd, doth fall that very hour.

VIO. And so they are: alas, that they are so;
 To die, even when they to perfection grow!

40

Re-enter CUNIO and Clown

DUKE. O, fellow, come, the song we had last night.
 Mark it, Cesario, it is old and plain;
 The spinsters and the knitters in the sun
 And the free maids that weave their thread with bones
 Do use to chant it: it is silly sooth,
 And dallies with the innocence of love,
 Like the old age.

CLO. Are you ready, sir?

DUKE. Ay; prithee, sing.

[*Music.*

33 *lost and worn*] This is the original reading, for which Hanmer, followed by other editors, substitutes *lost and won*. "Worn" in the sense of "worn out," "exhausted," "past," is common. Cf. "*worn times*," in *Wint. Tale*, V, i, 142.

44 *And the free maids . . . bones*] And the happy maids, free from care, who weave bone lace, make lace with bone bobbins.

47 *Like the old age*] Cf. *Sonnet* cxxvii, 1: "In the old age [*i. e.*, past time] black was not counted fair."

TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, ACT II

SONG

CLO. Come away, come away, death, 50
 And in sad cypress let me be laid;
 Fly away, fly away, breath;
 I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
 My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
 O, prepare it!
 My part of death, no one so true
 Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
 On my black coffin let there be strown;
 Not a friend, not a friend greet 60
 My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown.
 A thousand thousand sighs to save,
 Lay me, O, where
 Sad true lover never find my grave,
 To weep there!

DUKE. There 's for thy pains.

CLO. No pains, sir; I take pleasure in singing, sir.

DUKE. I 'll pay thy pleasure then.

CLO. Truly, sir, and pleasure will be paid, one time or another.

DUKE. Give me now leave to leave thee.

CLO. Now, the melancholy god protect thee; and the tailor make thy doublet of changeable taffeta, for thy mind is a very opal. I would have men of such constancy put to sea, that their business might be every thing and their intent every where; for that 's it that always makes a good voyage of nothing. Farewell. [Exit.

51 *cypress*] coffin of cypress wood.

DUKE. Let all the rest give place.

[*Curio and Attendants retire.*]

Once more, Cesario,

Get thee to yond same sovereign cruelty:

Tell her, my love, more noble than the world, 80

Prizes not quantity of dirty lands:

The parts that fortune hath bestow'd upon her,

Tell her, I hold as giddily as fortune;

But 't is that miracle and queen of gems

That nature pranks her in attracts my soul.

VIO. But if she cannot love you, sir?

DUKE. I cannot be so answer'd.

VIO. Sooth, but you must.

Say that some lady, as perhaps there is,

Hath for your love as great a pang of heart

As you have for Olivia: you cannot love her; 90

You tell her so; must she not then be answer'd?

DUKE. There is no woman's sides

Can bide the beating of so strong a passion

As love doth give my heart: no woman's heart

So big, to hold so much; they lack retention.

Alas, their love may be call'd appetite, —

No motion of the liver, but the palate, —

That suffer surfeit, cloyment and revolt;

But mine is all as hungry as the sea,

And can digest as much: make no compare 100

95 *retention*] power of retaining. Cf. V, i, 75, *infra*, "without *retention*,"
and *Sonnet* cxii, 9: "That poor *retention* could so much hold."

98 *cloyment*] A word meaning "satiety," of Shakespeare's invention.
It is found nowhere else.

Between that love a woman can bear me
And that I owe Olivia.

VIO. Ay, but I know, —

DUKE. What dost thou know?

VIO. Too well what love women to men may owe:
In faith, they are as true of heart as we.
My father had a daughter loved a man,
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,
I should your lordship.

DUKE. And what 's her history?

VIO. A blank, my lord. She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud, 110
Feed on her damask cheek: she pined in thought;
And with a green and yellow melancholy
She sat like patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief. Was not this love indeed?
We men may say more, swear more: but indeed
Our shows are more than will: for still we prove
Much in our vows, but little in our love.

DUKE. But died thy sister of her love, my boy?

VIO. I am all the daughters of my father's house,
And all the brothers too: and yet I know not. 120
Sir, shall I to this lady?

DUKE. Ay, that 's the theme.
To her in haste; give her this jewel: say,
My love can give no place, bide no deny. [*Excunt.*]

113 *like patience on a monument*] Cf. *Pericles*, V, i, 136-138: "yet thou dost look Like *Patience* gazing on kings' graves, and *smiling Extremity* out of act."

SCENE V—OLIVIA'S GARDEN

Enter SIR TOBY, SIR ANDREW, and FABIAN

SIR TO. Come thy ways, Signior Fabian.

FAB. Nay, I'll come: if I lose a scruple of this sport, let me be boiled to death with melancholy.

SIR TO. Wouldst thou not be glad to have the niggardly rascally sheep-biter come by some notable shame?

FAB. I would exult, man: you know, he brought me out o' favour with my lady about a bear-baiting here.

SIR TO. To anger him we'll have the bear again; and we will fool him black and blue: shall we not, Sir Andrew?

SIR AND. An we do not, it is pity of our lives.

10

SIR TO. Here comes the little villain.

Enter MARIA

How now, my metal of India!

MAR. Get ye all three into the box-tree: Malvolio's coming down this walk: he has been yonder i' the sun practising behaviour to his own shadow this half hour: observe him, for the love of mockery; for I know this letter will make a contemplative idiot of him. Close,

5 *sheep-biter*] A contemptuous term derived from a dog that worries sheep by biting. Cf. *Meas. for Meas.*, V, i, 352: "your *sheep-biting* face."

7 *bear-baiting*] This form of sport was warmly condemned by Puritans, with whose sourness of disposition Malvolio has been already credited:

Act II, iii, 131, *supra*, "sometimes he is a kind of *puritan*."

12 *my metal of India*] my treasure of gold.

TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, ACT II

in the name of jesting! Lie thou there [*throws down a letter*]; for here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling. [*Exit.* 20

Enter MALVOLIO

MAL. 'T is but fortune; all is fortune. Maria once told me she did affect me: and I have heard herself come thus near, that, should she fancy, it should be one of my complexion. Besides, she uses me with a more exalted respect than any one else that follows her. What should I think on 't?

SIR TO. Here 's an overweening rogue!

FAB. O, peace! Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him: how he jets under his advanced plumes!

SIR AND. 'Slight, I could so beat the rogue! 30

SIR TO. Peace, I say.

MAL. To be Count Malvolio!

SIR TO. Ah, rogue!

SIR AND. Pistol him, pistol him.

SIR TO. Peace, peace!

MAL. There is example for 't; the lady of the Strachy married the yeoman of the wardrobe.

22 *she*] i. e., Olivia, Maria's mistress.

29 *jets . . . plumes*] proudly struts with his feathers uplifted.

36 *the lady of the Strachy*] Who this lady was, and why she was chosen as the type of a high-born and wealthy dame who married an officer of her household, are questions that have not been satisfactorily settled. The reading has been disputed, but no acceptable emendation has been proposed. The context indicates that "the Strachy" must be the name either of the lady's residence or of some high office at a royal court held by the lady herself or by her deceased husband.

SIR AND. Fie on him Jezebel!

FAB. O, peace! now he's deeply in: look how imagination blows him. 40

MAL. Having been three months married to her, sitting in my state, —

SIR To. O, for a stone-bow, to hit him in the eye!

MAL. Calling my officers about me, in my branched velvet gown; having come from a day-bed, where I have left Olivia sleeping, —

SIR To. Fire and brimstone!

FAB. O, peace, peace!

MAL. And then to have the humour of state; and after a demure travel of regard, telling them I know my 50
place as I would they should do theirs, to ask for my kinsman Toby. —

SIR To. Bolts and shackles!

FAB. O, peace, peace, peace! now, now.

MAL. Seven of my people, with an obedient start, make out for him: I frown the while; and perchance wind up my watch, or play with my — some rich jewel. Toby approaches; courtesies there to me, —

SIR To. Shall this fellow live?

But no place-name nor any designation of a titular court-office at home or abroad which has been suggested corresponds with sufficient verbal closeness to "the Strachy" to give it a hearing.

44 branched] Cotgrave in his *Fr.-Eng. Dict.* explains "velours figurés" as "branched velvet" (i. e., velvet ornamented with patterns of leaves and flowers).

49-50 to have the humour . . . regard] to assume the high air of authority, and after gravely scanning my attendants one by one.

FAB. Though our silence be drawn from us with cars,
yet peace. 60

MAL. I extend my hand to him thus, quenching my
familiar smile with an austere regard of control, —

SIR TO. And does not Toby take you a blow o' the
lips then?

MAL. Saying, "Cousin Toby, my fortunes having cast
me on your niece give me this prerogative of speech," —

SIR TO. What, what?

MAL. "You must amend your drunkenness."

SIR TO. Out, scab!

FAB. Nay, patience, or we break the sinews of our plot. 70

MAL. "Besides, you waste the treasure of your time
with a foolish knight," —

SIR AND. That 's me, I warrant you.

MAL. "One Sir Andrew," —

SIR AND. I knew 't was I; for many do call me fool.

MAL. What employment have we here?

[*Taking up the letter.*]

FAB. Now is the woodcock near the gin.

SIR TO. O, peace! and the spirit of humours intimate
reading aloud to him!

MAL. By my life, this is my lady's hand: these be her 80

59 *with cars*] The general meaning is that our silence must be preserved, though the heaviest strain be applied to draw it from us, or make us break it. The strain of "cars" pulling against one satisfies the context. The proposed substitutions of *carts*, *cables*, *racks*, *cords*, seem needless. Cf. *Two Gent.*, III, i, 265: "a *team of horse* shall not *pluck* that from me."

very C's, her U's, and her T's; and thus makes she her great P's. It is, in contempt of question, her hand.

SIR AND. Her C's, her U's and her T's: why that?

MAL. [*reads*] To the unknown beloved, this, and my good wishes:—her very phrases! By your leave, wax. Soft! and the impressure her Lucrece, with which she uses to seal: 't is my lady. To whom should this be?

FAB. This wins, him, liver and all.

MAL. [*reads*] Jove knows I love:

But who?

90

Lips, do not move;

No man must know.

"No man must know." What follows? the numbers altered! "No man must know:" if this should be thee, Malvolio?

SIR TO. Marry, hang thee, brock!

MAL. [*reads*] I may command where I adore;

But silence, like a Lucrece knife,

With bloodless stroke my heart doth gore:

M, O, A, I, doth sway my life.

FAB. • A fustian riddle!

100

SIR TO. Excellent wench, say I.

MAL. "M, O, A, I, doth sway my life." Nay, but first, let me see, let me see, let me see.

FAB. What dish o' poison has she dressed him!

86 *impressure her Lucrece*] Seals, bearing the figure of the Roman matron, Lucrece, were in common use. The figure of Lucrece was very familiar to Elizabethan Londoners as the sign of Purfoot's well-known printing-office in St. Paul's Churchyard.

SIR TO. And with what wing the staniel checks at it!

MAL. "I may command where I adore." Why, she may command me: I serve her; she is my lady. Why, this is evident to any formal capacity; there is no obstruction in this: and the end, — what should that alphabetical position portend? If I could make that resemble something in me, — Softly! M, O, A, I, — 111

SIR TO. O, ay, make up that: he is now at a cold scent.

FAB. Sowter will cry upon 't for all this, though it be as rank as a fox.

MAL. M, — Malvolio; M, — why, that begins my name.

FAB. Did not I say he would work it out? the cur is excellent at faults.

MAL. M, — but then there is no consonancy in the sequel; that suffers under probation: A should follow, but O does.

FAB. And O shall end, I hope. 120

SIR TO. Ay, or I'll cudgel him, and make him cry O!

MAL. And then I comes behind.

FAB. Ay, an you had any eye behind you, you might

105 *staniel*] The original reading is *stallion*, for which Hanmer cleverly substituted *staniel*, *i. e.*, a hawk. The mention of "wings" and "checking" renders "stallion" impossible. "Check," a technical term in falconry, is applied to the sudden swoop of the hawk in flight when she catches sight of winged prey. Cf. III, i, 61, *infra*.

108 *formal capacity*] well-regulated mind.

113-114 *Sowter . . . fox*] Fabian is here, as in his succeeding speech, ironical. "Sowter" (*i. e.*, botcher, cobbler) is used as the name of a bad, dull hound. So poor a cur, although capable of any amount of bungling, must take this scent.

see more detraction at your heels than fortunes before you.

MAL. M, O, A, I; this simulation is not as the former: and yet, to crush this a little, it would bow to me, for every one of these letters are in my name. Soft! here follows prose.

127

[*Reads*] If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my stars I am above thee; but be not afraid of greatness: some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon 'em. Thy Fates open their hands; let thy blood and spirit embrace them; and, to inure thyself to what thou art like to be, cast thy humble slough and appear fresh. Be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants; let thy tongue tang arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of singularity: she thus advises thee that sighs for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings, and wished to see thee ever cross-gartered: I say, remember. Go to; thou art made, if thou desirest to be so; if not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of servants, and not worthy to touch Fortune's fingers. Farewell. She that would alter services with thee,¹⁴⁰

THE FORTUNATE-UNHAPPY.

125 *this simulation . . . former*] this disguise is not quite so easy of detection as what went before.

129 *born*] The original reading is *become*, for which Rowe substituted *born*. The expression is so quoted in the Folios at the two other places of this play where it is repeated. See III, iv, 39, *infra*, and V, i, 357.

134 *the trick of singularity*] the affectation of eccentricity or originality.

136-137 *yellow stockings and . . . cross-gartered*] Yellow was at the time a popular colour of stockings. The boys of Christ's Hospital, whose dress dates from Edward VI's time, still wear yellow stockings. Men of fashion were in the habit of wearing their garters crossed both above and below the knee, with the ends fastened together behind the knee.

Daylight and champain discovers not more: this is open. I will be proud, I will read politic authors, I will baffle Sir Toby, I will wash off gross acquaintance, I will be point-devise the very man. I do not now fool myself, to let imagination jade me; for every reason excites to this, that my lady loves me. She did commend my yellow stockings of late, she did praise my leg being cross-gartered; and in this she manifests herself to my love, and with a kind of injunction drives me to these habits of her liking. I thank my stars I am happy. I will be strange, stout, in yellow stockings, and cross-gartered, even with the swiftness of putting on. Jove and my stars be praised! Here is yet a postscript.

[*Reads*] Thou canst not choose but know who I am. If thou entertainest my love, let it appear in thy smiling; thy smiles become thee well; therefore in my presence still smile, dear my sweet, I prithee.

Jove, I thank thee: I will smile; I will do every thing that thou wilt have me. [*Exit.*]

FAB. I will not give my part of this sport for a pension of thousands to be paid from the Sophy. 161

SIR TO. I could marry this wench for this device, —

SIR AND. So could I too.

SIR TO. And ask no other dowry with her but such another jest.

142 *Daylight . . . more*] Broad day and the open country cannot make things plainer.

143 *politic authors*] writers on statecraft.

161 *the Sophy*] the Shah of Persia. He is mentioned again, III, iv, 266, *infra*.

SIR AND. Nor I neither.

FAB. Here comes my noble gull-catcher.

Re-enter MARIA

SIR TO. Wilt thou set thy foot o' my neck?

SIR AND. Or o' mine either?

SIR TO. Shall I play my freedom at tray-trip, and become thy bond-slave? 171

SIR AND. I' faith, or I either?

SIR TO. Why, thou hast put him in such a dream, that when the image of it leaves him he must run mad.

MAR. Nay, but say true: does it work upon him?

SIR TO. Like aqua-vitæ with a midwife. 17

MAR. If you will then see the fruits of the sport, mark his first approach before my lady: he will come to her in yellow stockings, and 't is a colour she abhors, and cross-gartered, a fashion she detests: and he will smile upon her, which will now be so unsuitable to her disposition, being addicted to a melancholy as she is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt. If you will see it, follow me.

SIR TO. To the gates of Tartar, thou most excellent devil of wit!

SIR AND. I'll make one too. [*Exeunt.*]

170 *play my freedom at tray-trip*] stake my liberty at the game of dice, called tray [*i. e.*, trey-, three]-trip.

176 *aqua-vitæ*] strong spirit, "eau de vie." See *Wint. Tale*, IV, iv, 776.

184 *Tartar*] Hell. Cf. *Hen. V*, II, ii, 123: "vasty Tartar"

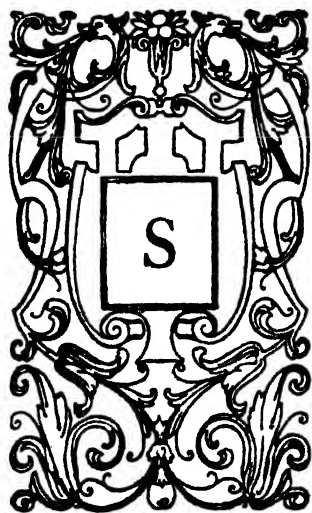


ACT THIRD — SCENE I

OLIVIA'S GARDEN

Enter VIOLA, and Clown with a tabor

VIOLA



SAVE THEE, FRIEND, AND
thy music: dost thou live by thy
tabor?

CLO. No, sir, I live by the
church.

VIO. Art thou a churchman?

CLO. No such matter, sir: I
do live by the church; for I do
live at my house, and my house
doth stand by the church.

VIO. So thou mayst say, the
king lies by a beggar, if a beggar
dwell near him; or, the church
stands by thy tabor, if thy tabor stand by the church.

CLO. You have said, sir. To see this age! A sen-¹⁰
tence is but a cheveril glove to a good wit: how quickly
the wrong side may be turned outward!

¹⁰ sentence] maxim. Cf. *Merch. of Ven.*, I, ii, 9.

VIO. Nay, that's certain; they that dally nicely with words may quickly make them wanton.

CLO. I would, therefore, my sister had had no name, sir.

VIO. Why, man?

CLO. Why, sir, her name's a word: and to dally with that word might make my sister wanton. But indeed words are very rascals since bonds disgraced them.

VIO. Thy reason, man? 20

CLO. Troth, sir, I can yield you none without words; and words are grown so false, I am loath to prove reason with them.

VIO. I warrant thou art a merry fellow and carest for nothing.

CLO. Not so, sir, I do care for something; but in my conscience, sir, I do not care for you: if that be to care for nothing, sir, I would it would make you invisible.

VIO. Art not thou the Lady Olivia's fool?

CLO. No, indeed, sir; the Lady Olivia has no folly: ³⁰ she will keep no fool, sir, till she be married; and fools are as like husbands as pilchards are to herrings; the husband's the bigger: I am indeed not her fool, but her corrupter of words.

VIO. I saw thee late at the Count Orsino's.

11 *cheveril glove*] Cf. *Rom. and Jul.*, II, iv, 80: "O, here's a *wit of cheveril* [i. e., kid leather], that stretches from an inch narrow to an ell broad!"

19 *words . . . rascals, etc.*] The clown, continuing his perverse and incoherent argument, concludes that words are capable of any rascality in order to escape from the bonds in which grammar and logic confine their significance. There is no ground for detecting in "bonds" an allusion to legislation of 1600, which placed new restrictions on the liberties of the actor's profession in London.

CLO. Foolery, sir, does walk about the orb like the sun, it shines every where. I would be sorry, sir, but the fool should be as oft with your master as with my mistress: I think I saw your wisdom there.

VIO. Nay, an thou pass upon me, I'll no more with thee. Hold, there's expenses for thee. 40

CLO. Now Jove, in his next commodity of hair, send thee a beard!

VIO. By my troth, I'll tell thee, I am almost sick for one; [*Aside*] though I would not have it grow on my chin. Is thy lady within?

CLO. Would not a pair of these have bred, sir?

VIO. Yes, being kept together and put to use.

CLO. I would play Lord Pandarus of Phrygia, sir, to bring a Cressida to this Troilus. 50

VIO. I understand you, sir; 't is well begged.

CLO. The matter, I hope, is not great, sir, begging but a beggar: Cressida was a beggar. My lady is within, sir. I will construe to them whence you come; who you are and what you would are out of my welkin, I might say "element," but the word is over-worn. [*Exit*.

37-38 *but the fool should be*] unless the fool were, if the fool were not.

40 *pass upon*] Cf. V, i, 339. *infra*, "This practice hath most shrewdly pass'd upon thee," where "pass upon" means "impose," "deceive," "trick." This may be the meaning here. But it is usually interpreted metaphorically as making a quick thrust or pass in fencing.

53 *Cressida was a beggar*] In Robert Henryson's *Testament of Cressid*, a poem often attributed in popular error to Chaucer, Cressida was condemned to a life of begging for her fickleness.

56 "element"] For an example of the use of this word for "sky," see I, i, 26, *supra*.

VIO. This fellow is wise enough to play the fool;
 And to do that well craves a kind of wit:
 He must observe their mood on whom he jests,
 The quality of persons, and the time. 60
 And, like the haggard, check at every feather
 That comes before his eye. This is a practice
 As full of labour as a wise man's art;
 For folly that he wisely shows is fit;
 But wise men, folly-fall'n, quite taint their wit.

Enter SIR TOBY, and SIR ANDREW

SIR TO. Save you, gentleman.

VIO. And you, sir.

SIR AND. Dieu vous garde, monsieur.

VIO. Et vous aussi; votre serviteur.

SIR AND. I hope, sir, you are; and I am yours. 70

SIR TO. Will you encounter the house? my niece is
 desirous you should enter, if your trade be to her.

VIO. I am bound to your niece, sir; I mean, she is the
 list of my voyage.

SIR TO. Taste your legs, sir; put them to motion.

61 *haggard. check*] Cf. *A*, v, 105, *supra*, and note.

65] The First Folio reads here *wisemens jolly false, quite taint*. The reading adopted here was suggested independently by both Theobald and Capell. The meaning seems to be that wise men who descend to folly imperil all their intelligence. Cf. *L. L. L.*, V, ii, 75-76: "Folly in fools bears not so strong a note *As foolery in the wise, when wit doth dote*."

74 *list*] bound, limit. Cf. *I Hen. IV*, IV, i, 51: "The very *list*, the very utmost bound." So in "lists" of a tournament

TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, ACT III

VIO. My legs do better understand me, sir, than I understand what you mean by bidding me taste my legs.

SIR TO. I mean, to go, sir, to enter.

VIO. I will answer you with gait and entrance. But we are prevented.

80

Enter OLIVIA and MARIA

Most excellent accomplished lady, the heavens rain odours on you!

SIR AND. That youth's a rare courtier: "Rain odours;" well.

VIO. My matter hath no voice, lady, but to your own most pregnant and vouchsafed ear.

SIR AND. "Odours," "pregnant," and "vouchsafed:" I'll get 'em all three all ready.

OLI. Let the garden door be shut, and leave me to my hearing. [*Exeunt Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Maria.*] Give⁹⁰ me your hand, sir.

VIO. My duty, madam, and most humble service.

OLI. What is your name?

VIO. Cesario is your servant's name, fair princess.

OLI. My servant, sir! 'T was never merry world Since lowly feigning was call'd compliment: You're servant to the Count Orsino, youth.

VIO. And he is yours, and his must needs be yours: Your servant's servant is your servant, madam.

90

OLI. For him, I think not on him: for his thoughts, Would they were blanks, rather than fill'd with me!

79 *gait and entrance*] going and entering.

VIO. Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts
On his behalf.

OLI. O, by your leave, I pray you;
I bade you never speak again of him:
But, would you undertake another suit,
I had rather hear you to solicit that
Than music from the spheres.

VIO. Dear lady, —

OLI. Give me leave, beseech you. I did send,
After the last enchantment you did here,
A ring in chase of you: so did I abuse 110
Myself, my servant and, I fear me, you:
Under your hard construction must I sit,
To force that on you, in a shameful cunning,
Which you knew none of yours: what might you
think?

Have you not set mine honour at the stake
And baited it with all the unmuzzled thoughts
That tyrannous heart can think? To one of your
receiving

Enough is shown: a cypress, not a bosom.
Hides my heart. So, let me hear you speak.

VIO. I pity you.

OLI. *That's a degree to love. 120

117 *That tyrannous heart . . . receiving*] The exceptional length of the line is sufficiently justified by Olivia's emotional disturbance. "Receiving" in the sense of "receptivity" is rare.

118 *cypress*] Cf. Milton's *Il Penseroso*, 35: "sable stole of cypress lawn" (i. e., mourning garments).

120-121 *degree . . . grize*] Both words here mean "step."

VIO. No, not a grize; for 't is a vulgar proof,
That very oft we pity enemies.

OLI. Why, then, methinks, 't is time to smile again.
O world, how apt the poor are to be proud!
If one should be a prey, how much the better
To fall before the lion than the wolf! [*Clock strikes.*
The clock upbraids me with the waste of time.
Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you:
And yet, when wit and youth is come to harvest,
Your wife is like to reap a proper man: 130
There lies your way, due west.

VIO. Then westward-ho!
Grace and good disposition attend your ladyship!
You 'll nothing, madam, to my lord by me?

OLI. Stay:
I prithee, tell me what thou think'st of me.

VIO. That you do think you are not what you are.

OLI. If I think so, I think the same of you.

VIO. Then think you right: I am not what I am.

OLI. I would you were as I would have you be!

VIO. Would it be better, madam, than I am? 140
I wish it might, for now I am your fool.

OLI. O, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful
In the contempt and anger of his lip!
A murderous guilt shows not itself more soon
Than love that would seem hid: love's night is noon.
Cesario, by the roses of the spring,
By maidenhood, honour, truth and every thing,
I love thee so, that, maugre all thy pride,
Nor wit nor reason can my passion hide.

Do not extort thy reasons from this clause, 150
 For that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause;
 But rather reason thus with reason fetter,
 Love sought is good, but given unsought is better.

VIO. By innocence I swear, and by my youth,
 I have one heart, one bosom and one truth,
 And that no woman has; nor never none
 Shall mistress be of it, save I alone.
 And so adieu, good madam: never more
 Will I my master's tears to you deplore.

OLI. Yet come again: for thou perhaps mayst move 160
 That heart, which now abhors, to like his love. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II – OLIVIA'S HOUSE

Enter SIR TOBY, SIR ANDREW, and FABIAN

SIR AND. No, faith, I'll not stay a jot longer.

SIR TO. Thy reason, dear venom, give thy reason.

FAB. You must needs yield your reason, Sir Andrew.

SIR AND. Marry, I saw your niece do more favours to
 the count's serving-man than ever she bestowed upon
 me; I saw 't i' the orchard.

SIR TO. Did she see thee the while, old boy? tell me
 that.

SIR AND. As plain as I see you now.

150-151 *Do not . . . cause*] From this clause, short sentence, or avowal
 that I woo you, do not wring the conclusion that you have no cause
 to woo me on your part.

152 *reason [fetter]* restrain one inference or reflection by another

TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, ACT III

FAB. This was a great argument of love in her toward¹⁰
you.

SIR AND. 'Slight, will you make an ass o' me?

FAB. I will prove it legitimate, sir, upon the oaths of
judgement and reason.

SIR TO. And they have been grand-jurymen since
before Noah was a sailor.

FAB. She did show favour to the youth in your sight
only to exasperate you, to awake your dormouse valour,
to put fire in your heart, and brimstone in your liver.
You should then have accosted her; and with some ex-²⁰
cellent jests, fire-new from the mint, you should have
banged the youth into dumbness. This was looked for at
your hand, and this was balked: the double guilt of this
opportunity you let time wash off, and you are now
sailed into the north of my lady's opinion; where you
will hang like an icicle on a Dutchman's beard, unless
you do redeem it by some laudable attempt either of
valour or policy.

SIR AND. An't be any way, it must be with valour;
for policy I hate: I had as lief be a Brownist as a
politician.

25-26 *like an icicle . . . beard*] This simile seems to have been suggested
by an English translation of a Dutch account of the discovery by a
Dutchman, Willem Barents, in 1596, of Nova Zembla, and of the ex-
plorer's sufferings from extremity of cold. The translation seems to
have been first published in 1598, though no copy earlier than 1600
has been met with.

29 *Brownist . . . politician*] Both terms are usually employed by the
dramatists in a contemptuous sense. A "politician" meant in Shake-

SIR TO. Why, then, build me thy fortunes upon the ³⁰
basis of valour. Challenge me the count's youth to fight
with him; hurt him in eleven places: my niece shall take
note of it; and assure thyself, there is no love-broker in
the world can more prevail in man's commendation with
woman than report of valour.

FAB. There is no way but this, Sir Andrew.

SIR AND. Will either of you bear me a challenge to
him?

SIR TO. Go, write it in a martial hand; be curst and
brief; it is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent and ⁴⁰
full of invention: taunt him with the license of ink: if
thou thou'st him some thrice, it shall not be amiss; and
as many lies as will lie in thy sheet of paper, although the
sheet were big enough for the bed of Ware in England,
set 'em down: go, about it. Let there be gall enough in
thy ink, though thou write with a goose-pen, no matter:
about it.

spears's vocabulary a venal political intriguer. "Brownist" was a member of the religious sect of Puritan separatists or independents, which was founded by Robert Brown about 1580, and rapidly spread in secret, despite efforts made to suppress it. Cf. *Ram Alley*, 1611 (I, i): "Pandarism! Why, 't is grown a liberal science, Or a new sect, and the good professors Will (like the *Brownist*) frequent gravel-pits shortly. For they use woods and obscure holes already." For scornful allusions to puritans, see *supra*, II, iii, 131, and II, v, 7.

41-42 *thou thou'st*] To address a person as "thou" was held to be insulting. Coke, at the trial of Sir Walter Raleigh in 1603, passionately denounced the prisoner with the words: "I *thou* thee, thou traitor."

44 *bed of Ware*] A bed of gigantic size, capable of holding twelve persons, long gave notoriety to an inn at Ware, a village in Hertfordshire. It is said to be now preserved at the Rye House in Epping Forest.

TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, ACT III

SIR AND. Where shall I find you?

SIR To. We'll call thee at the cubiculo: go.

[Exit Sir Andrew.]

FAB. This is a dear manakin to you, Sir Toby. 50

SIR To. I have been dear to him, lad, some two thousand strong, or so.

FAB. We shall have a rare letter from him: but you'll not deliver 't?

SIR To. Never trust me, then; and by all means stir on the youth to an answer. I think oxen and wainropes cannot hale them together. For Andrew, if he were opened, and you find so much blood in his liver as will clog the foot of a flea, I'll eat the rest of the anatomy.

FAB. And his opposite, the youth, bears in his visage 60
no great presage of cruelty.

Enter MARIA

SIR To. Look, where the youngest wren of nine comes.

MAR. If you desire the spleen, and will laugh yourselves into stitches, follow me. Yond gull Malvolio is turned heathen, a very renegado; for there is no Chris-

49 *the cubiculo*] Sir Toby's bombastic periphrasis for Sir Andrew's lodging or bedroom.

62 *wren of nine*] The original reading is *wren of mine*, and may be right. For *mine* Theobald substituted *nine*. The allusion is to Maria's diminutive stature. The wren is "the most diminutive of birds" (*Macb.*, IV, ii, 10), and lays at a time nine or ten eggs, usually of descending size.

63 *the spleen*] Cf. Holland's translation of *Pliny's Natural History*, XI, 37: "Intemperate laughers alwaies have great spleenes."

tian, that means to be saved by believing rightly, can ever believe such impossible passages of grossness. He's in yellow stockings.

SIR To. And cross-gartered?

MAR. Most villanously; like a pedant that keeps a⁷⁰ school i' the church. I have dogged him, like his murderer. He does obey every point of the letter that I dropped to betray him: he does smile his face into more lines than is in the new map with the augmentation of the Indies: you have not seen such a thing as 't is. I can hardly forbear hurling things at him. I know my lady will strike him: if she do, he'll smile and take 't for a great favour.

SIR To. Come, bring us. bring us where he is. [*Exeunt.* 78]

SCENE III—A STREET

Enter SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO

SEB. I would not by my will have troubled you;
But, since you make your pleasure of your pains,
I will no further chide you.

67 *passages of grossness*] acts of absurdity.

70-71 *pedant . . . church*] "Pedant" usually meant "pedagogue." In country places churches were often used as schoolhouses.

74 *new map . . . Indies*] A new map of the world was made in 1599 by Enmerie Mollineux. It is multilineal, and plainly marks recent exploration in both the East and the West hemispheres. It is sometimes, but very rarely, found inserted in copies of Hakluyt's *Navigations*, second edition, 1598. It was published quite separately. There is a facsimile in Maclehose's new edition of *Hakluyt*, 1903, vol. 1, at fn.

ANT. I could not stay behind you: my desire,
More sharp than filed steel, did spur me forth;
And not all love to see you, though so much
As might have drawn one to a longer voyage,
But jealousy what might befall your travel,
Being skillless in these parts; which to a stranger,
Unguided and unfriended, often prove
Rough and unhospitable: my willing love,
The rather by these arguments of fear,
Set forth in your pursuit. 10

SEB. My kind Antonio,
I can no other answer make but thanks,
And thanks; and ever . . . oft good turns
Are shuffled off with such uncurrent pay:
But, were my worth as is my conscience firm,
You should find better dealing. What 's to do?
Shall we go see the reliques of this town?

ANT. To-morrow, sir: best first go see your lodging. 20

SEB. I am not weary, and 't is long to night:
I pray you, let us satisfy our eyes
With the memorials and the things of fame
That do renown this city.

ANT. Would you 'ld pardon me;
I do not without danger walk these streets:
Once, in a sea-fight, 'gainst the count his galleys

15 *And thanks . . . turns*] The original reading is *And thanks: and ever oft good turnes*, a line from which a foot is missing. Theobald substituted *And thanks, and ever thanks; and oft good turns*, which seems a satisfactory emendation.

I did some service; of such note indeed,
That were I ta'en here it would scarce be answer'd.

SEB. Belike you slew great number of his people.

ANT. The offence is not of such a bloody nature; 30
Albeit the quality of the time and quarrel
Might well have given us bloody argument.
It might have since been answer'd in repaying
What we took from them; which, for traffic's sake,
Most of our city did: only myself stood out;
For which, if I be lapsed in this place,
I shall pay dear.

SEB. Do not then walk too open.

ANT. It doth not fit me. Hold, sir, here 's my purse.
In the south suburbs, at the Elephant.
Is best to lodge: I will bespeak our diet, 40

Whiles you beguile the time and feed your knowledge
With viewing of the town: there shall you have me.

SEB. Why I your purse?

ANT. Haply your eye shall light upon some toy

28 it . . . *answer'd*] the charge could hardly be met. In line 33 "*answer'd*" is used in the sense of "met by payment of compensation."

36 *lapsed*] There is no other example of "*lapsed*" in its present sense of "caught," "surprised." "*Latch*," in the sense of catch, is used elsewhere in Shakespeare. Cf. *Macb.*, IV. iii, 195, "words . . . in the desert air, *Where hearing* should not *latch* them," and *Sonnets* cxlii. 8 "*Latched*" may be the right reading here

39 *Elephant*] See *infra*, IV. iii, 5. Several taverns in Elizabethan England bore this sign. Tom Taylor, the water-poet, writing in 1636, mentions one at Wantage and another at Henley. The "*Elephant and Castle*," in Newington, a southern suburb of London, was almost as well known an inn in Shakespeare's day as at the present time.

TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, ACT III

You have desire to purchase; and your store, I think, is not for idle markets, sir.

SEB. I'll be your purse-bearer and leave you
For an hour.

ANT. To the Elephant.

SEB. I do remember. | *Exeunt.*

SCENE IV—OLIVIA'S GARDEN

Enter OLIVIA and MARIA

OLI. I have sent after him: he says he'll come;
How shall I feast him? what bestow of him?
For youth is bought more oft than begg'd or borrow'd.
I speak too loud.

Where is Malvolio? he is sad and civil,
And suits well for a servant with my fortunes:
Where is Malvolio?

MAR. He's coming, madam; but in very strange manner. He is, sure, possessed, madam.

OLI. Why, what's the matter? does he rave? 10

MAR. No, madam, he does nothing but smile: your ladyship were best to have some guard about you, if he come; for, sure, the man is tainted in 's wits

OLI. Go call him hither. [*Exit Maria.*] I am as mad
as he,
If sad and merry madness equal be.

1 *he says he'll come*] Olivia is anxiously deliberating with herself: suppose, she says, he promises to come.

2 *what bestow of him ?*] what shall I bestow on him, make him a present of?

5 *sad and civil*] grave and solemn

Re-enter MARIA, with MALVOLIO

How now, Malvolio!

MAL. Sweet lady, ho, ho.

OLI. Smilest thou?

I sent for thee upon a sad occasion.

MAL. Sad, lady! I could be sad: this does make some²⁰ obstruction in the blood, this cross-gartering; but what of that? if it please the eye of one, it is with me as the very true sonnet is, "Please one, and please all."

OLI. Why, how dost thou, man? what is the matter with thee?

MAL. Not black in my mind, though yellow in my legs. It did come to his hands, and commands shall be executed: I think we do know the sweet Roman hand.

OLI. Wilt thou go to bed, Malvolio?

MAL. To bed! ay, sweet-heart, and I'll come to thee.³⁰

OLI. God comfort thee! Why dost thou smile so and kiss thy hand so oft?

MAR. How do you, Malvolio?

MAL. At your request! yes; nightingales answer daws. *

MAR. Why appear you with this ridiculous boldness before my lady?

23 sonnet . . . "Please one, and please all"] The title of a popular ballad, a composition which was often termed a "sonnet." It seems to have been first published in 1591. An original copy is in the Huth Library. There are seventeen stanzas.

30 ay, sweet-heart . . . to thee] A line from an old ballad, also quoted in *Tarleton's Jests* (1611), ed. Halliwell, p. 39, and *Brodae's English Moor* (1659), Act I, Sc. iii, ed. Pearson, vol. II, p. 13.

MAL. "Be not afraid of greatness:" 't was well writ.

OLI. What meanest thou by that, Malvolio?

MAL. "Some are born great," —

OLI. Ha!

40

MAL. "Some achieve greatness," —

OLI. What sayest thou?

MAL. "And some have greatness thrust upon them."

OLI. Heaven restore thee!

MAL. "Remember who commended thy yellow stockings," —

OLI. Thy yellow stockings!

MAL. "And wished to see thee cross-gartered."

OLI. Cross-gartered!

MAL. "Go to, thou art made, if thou desirest to beso;" — 50

OLI. Am I made?

MAL. "If not, let me see thee a servant still."

OLI. Why, this is very midsummer madness.

Enter Servant

SER. Madam, the young gentleman of the Count Orsino's is returned: I could hardly entreat him back: he attends your ladyship's pleasure.

OLI. I'll come to him. [*Exit Servant.*] Good Maria, let this fellow be looked to. Where's my cousin Toby? Let some of my people have a special care of him: I would not have him miscarry for the half of my dowry. 60

[*Exeunt Olivia and Maria.*]

MAL. O, ho! do you come near me now? no worse man than Sir Toby to look to me! This concurs directly

61 *come near*] understand.

with the letter: she sends him on purpose, that I may appear stubborn to him; for she incites me to that in the letter. "Cast thy humble slough," says she: "be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants: let thy tongue tang with arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of singularity;" and consequently sets down the manner how; as, a sad face, a reverend carriage, a slow tongue, in the habit of some sir of note, and so forth. I have limed ⁷⁰ her; but it is Jove's doing, and Jove make me thankful! And when she went away now, "Let this fellow be looked to:" fellow! not Malvolio, nor after my degree, but fellow. Why, every thing adheres together, that no dram of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple, no obstacle, no incredulous or unsafe circumstance -- What can be said? Nothing that can be can come between me and the full prospect of my hopes. Well, Jove, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

Re-enter MARIA, with SIR TOBY and FABIAN

SIR TO. Which way is he, in the name of sanctity? If all the devils of hell be drawn in little, and Legion him-⁸⁰self possessed him, yet I'll speak to him.

FAB. Here he is, here he is. How is 't with you, sir? how is 't with you, man?

⁷⁰ *some sir of note*] Cf. *Wint. Tale*, IV, iv, 352: "O, hear me breathe my life Before this ancient *sir*."

⁷² *fellow*] often used for companion, and implying equal social standing.

⁸⁰ *drawn in little*] contracted into a narrow space, into a small compass. The context does not admit the meaning "depicted in miniature," which these words bear elsewhere.

Legion] Cf. *Mark* v, 9: "My name is *Legion*."

MAL. Go off; I discard you: let me enjoy my private: go off.

MAR. Lo, how hollow the fiend speaks within him! did not I tell you? Sir Toby, my lady prays you to have a care of him.

MAL. Ah, ha! does she so?

SIR TO. Go to, go to; peace, peace; we must deal ⁹⁰ gently with him: let me alone. How do you. Malvolio? how is 't with you? What, man! defy the devil: consider, he 's an enemy to mankind.

MAL. Do you know what you say?

MAR. La you, an you speak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart! Pray God, he be not bewitched!

FAB. Carry his water to the wise woman.

MAR. Marry, and it shall be done to-morrow morning, if I live. My lady would not lose him for more than I 'll say. 100

MAL. How now, mistress!

MAR. O Lord!

SIR TO. Prithee, hold! thy peace; this is not the way: do you not see you move him? let me alone with him.

FAB. No way but gentleness; gently, gently: the fiend is rough, and will not be roughly used.

SIR TO. Why, how now, my bawcock! how dost thou, chuck?

MAL. Sir! 109

SIR TO. Ay, Biddy, come with me. What, man! 't is

110 *Ay, Biddy, come with me*] Probably a fragment of a song.

not for gravity to play at cherry-pit with Satan: hang him, foul collier!

MAR. Get him to say his prayers, good Sir Toby, get him to pray.

MAL. My prayers, minx!

MAR. No, I warrant you, he will not hear of godliness.

MAL. Go, hang yourselves all! you are idle shallow things: I am not of your element: you shall know more hereafter. [Exit.

SIR TO. Is 't possible? 120

FAB. If this were played upon a stage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction.

SIR TO. His very genius hath taken the infection of the device, man.

MAR. Nay, pursue him now, lest the device take air and taint.

FAB. Why, we shall make him mad indeed.

MAR. The house will be the quieter. 128

SIR TO. Come, we'll have him in a dark room and bound. My niece is already in the belief that he's mad: we may carry it thus, for our pleasure and his penance, till our very pastime, tired out of breath, prompt us to have mercy on him: at which time we will bring the de-

111 *cherry-pit*] A child's game of pitching cherry stones into a little hole. Cf. Rowley's *Witch of Edmonton*, III, i: "I have loved a witch ever since *I played at cherry-pit*."

118 *element*] sphere, or rank in life. Elsewhere in the play, I, i, 26, and III, i, 56, *supra*, the word is used in the sense of "sky."

123-124 *His very genius, . . . device*] His very soul has got grip of the plot.

vice to the bar and crown thee for a finder of madmen.
But see, but see.

Enter SIR ANDREW

FAB. More matter for a May morning.

SIR AND. Here 's the challenge, read it: I warrant
there 's vinegar and pepper in 't.

FAB. Is 't so saucy?

SIR AND. Ay, is 't, I warrant him: do but read. 140

SIR TO. Give me. [*Reads*] Youth, whatsoever thou art,
thou art but a scurvy fellow.

FAB. Good, and valiant.

SIR TO. [*reads*] Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind,
why I do call thee so, for I will show thee no reason for 't.

FAB. A good note; that keeps you from the blow of
the law.

SIR TO. [*reads*] Thou comest to the lady Olivia, and in my
sight she uses thee kindly: but thou liest in thy throat; that is
not the matter I challenge thee for. 150

FAB. Very brief, and to exceeding good sense — less.

SIR TO. [*reads*] I will waylay thee going home; where if it
be thy chance to kill me, —

FAB. Good.

SIR TO. [*reads*] Thou killest me like a rogue and a villain.

FAB. Still you keep o' the windy side of the law: good.

134 *a finder of madmen*] Under the writ “de lunatico inquirendo,” “finders
of madmen,” were appointed to report on persons suspected of mad-
ness, after the manner of the modern “commissioners in lunacy.”

136 *More matter for a May morning*] On May Day it was the custom to
perform comic interludes or fantastic dances.

156 *windy side*] Cf. note on *Much Ado*, II, i, 283: “On the windy side
of care.”

SIR TO. [*reads*] Fare thee well; and God have mercy upon one of our souls! He may have mercy upon mine; but my hope is better, and so look to thyself. Thy friend, as thou usest him, and thy sworn enemy, ANDREW AGUECHECK. 160

If this letter move him not, his legs cannot: I'll give 't him.

MAR. You may have very fit occasion for 't: he is now in some commerce with my lady, and will by and by depart.

SIR TO. Go, Sir Andrew; scout me for him at the corner of the orchard like a bum-bailly: so soon as ever thou seest him, draw; and, as thou drawest, swear horrible; for it comes to pass oft that a terrible oath, with a swaggering accent sharply twanged off, gives manhood more approbation than ever proof itself would have earned him. Away! 173

SIR AND. Nay, let me alone for swearing. [*Exit*.]

SIR TO. Now will not I deliver his letter: for the behaviour of the young gentleman gives him out to be of good capacity and breeding; his employment between his lord and my niece confirms no less: therefore this letter, being so excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth: he will find it comes from a clodpole. But, sir, I will deliver his challenge by word of mouth; set upon Aguecheck a notable report of valour; and drive the gentleman, as I know his youth will aptly receive it, into a most hideous opinion of his rage, skill, fury, and impetuosity. This will so fright them both, that they will kill one another by the look, like cockatrices. 186

TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, ACT III

Re-enter OLIVIA, with VIOLA

FAB. Here he comes with your niece: give them way till he take leave, and presently after him.

SIR TO. I will meditate the while upon some horrid message for a challenge. 190

[Exeunt Sir Toby, Fabian, and Maria.]

OLI. I have said too much unto a heart of stone,
And laid mine honour too unchary out:
There 's something in me that reproves my fault;
But such a headstrong potent fault it is,
That it but mocks reproof.

VIO. With the same 'haviour that your passion bears
Goes on my master's grief.

OLI. Here, wear this jewel for me, 't is my picture;
Refuse it not; it hath no tongue to vex you;
And I beseech you come again to-morrow. 200
What shall you ask of me that I 'll deny,
That honour saved may upon asking give?

VIO. Nothing but this; - your true love for my master.

OLI. How with mine honour may I give him that
Which I have given to you?

VIO. I will acquit you.

OLI. Well, come again to-morrow: fare thee well:
A fiend like thee might bear my soul to hell. *[Exit.]*

192 *And laid . . . out*] *Out* is Theobald's emendation of the original reading *on 't*, and is hardly open to question. Olivia has exposed her honour too prodigally. Cf. *Hamlet*, I, iii, 36: "The *chariest* [*i. e.*, strictest] maid" is prodigal enough.

Re-enter SIR TOBY and FABIAN

SIR TO. Gentleman, God save thee.

VIO. And you, sir.

209

SIR TO. That defence thou hast, betake thee to 't: of what nature the wrongs are thou hast done him, I know not; but thy interceptor, full of despise, bloody as the hunter, attends thee at the orchard-end: dismount thy tuck, be yare in thy preparation, for thy assailant is quick, skilful and deadly.

VIO. You mistake, sir; I am sure no man hath any quarrel to me: my remembrance is very free and clear from any image of offence done to any man.

218

SIR TO. You'll find it otherwise, I assure you: therefore, if you hold your life at any price, betake you to your guard; for your opposite hath in him what youth, strength, skill and wrath can furnish man withal.

VIO. I pray you, sir, what is he?

SIR TO. He is knight, dubbed with unhatched rapier and on carpet consideration; but he is a devil in private

213 214 *dismount thy tuck*] draw thy sword or rapier.

224-225 *knight . . . on carpet consideration*] Cf. *Much Ado*, V. ii, 29: *carpet-rangers*, i. e., carpet knights, whose title is not derived from military service. *Unhatched rapier* is obviously "rapier that has seen no genuine service." Pope needlessly substituted *unhack'd*, which gives the same sort of sense. "Hatch" has often the technical sense, as in cross-hatching, of "engrave," "ornament," and both blade and hilt of a good serviceable rapier were more or less richly "hatched." "Unhatched" might well be applied figuratively to a weapon which bore no marks of usage in battle. Cf. Fletcher's *Knight of Malta*, II, v: "I am no soldier . . . *unhatcht* [i. e., unmarked] with blood."

brawl: souls and bodies hath he divorced three; and his incensement at this moment is so implacable, that satisfaction can be none but by pangs of death and sepulchre. Hob, nob, is his word; give 't or take 't. 229

VIO. I will return again into the house and desire some conduct of the lady. I am no fighter. I have heard of some kind of men that put quarrels purposely on others, to taste their valour: belike this is a man of that quirk.

SIR TO. Sir, no; his indignation derives itself out of a very competent injury: therefore, get you on and give him his desire. Back you shall not to the house, unless you undertake that with me which with as much safety you might answer him: therefore, on, or strip your sword stark naked; for meddle you must. that 's certain, or forswear to wear iron about you. 240

VIO. This is as uncivil as strange. I beseech you, do me this courteous office, as to know of the knight what my offence to him is: it is something of my negligence, nothing of my purpose.

SIR TO. I will do so. Signior Fabian, stay you by this gentleman till my return. [Exit.

VIO. Pray you, sir, do you know of this matter?

FAB. I know the knight is incensed against you, even to a mortal arbitrement; but nothing of the circumstance more. 250

VIO. I beseech you, what manner of man is he?

FAB. Nothing of that wonderful promise, to read him

223 *quirk*] caprice, odd humour. Cf. *All 's Well*, III, ii, 47: "*quirks* of joy and grief."

by his form, as you are like to find him in the proof of his valour. He is, indeed, sir, the most skilful, bloody and fatal opposite that you could possibly have found in any part of Illyria. Will you walk towards him? I will make your peace with him if I can.

VIO. I shall be much bound to you for 't: I am one that had rather go with sir priest than sir knight: I care not who knows so much of my mettle. [*Exeunt.* 260

Re-enter SIR TOBY. *with* SIR ANDREW

SIR TO. Why, man, he 's a very devil; I have not seen such a firago. I had a pass with him, rapier, scabbard and all, and he gives me the stuck in with such a mortal motion, that it is inevitable; and on the answer, he pays you as surely as your feet hit the ground they step on. They say he has been fencer to the Sophy.

SIR AND. Pox on 't, I 'll not meddle with him.

SIR TO. Ay, but he will not now be pacified: Fabian can scarce hold him yonder. 269

SIR AND. Plague on 't, an I thought he had been valiant and so cunning in fence, I 'ld have seen him damned ere I 'ld have challenged him. Let him let the matter slip, and I 'll give him my horse, grey Capilet.

SIR TO. I 'll make the motion: stand here, make a

263 *stuck in*] Sir Toby has already miscalled "virago," "firago." Now he corrupts the Italian fencing term for "thrust," "stoccata," into "stuck in."

266 *Sophy*] the Shah of Persia. Cf. II, v, 161, *supra*.

273 *Capilet*] apparently a diminutive, formed from "capul" or "caple," a north-country word for a horse.

good show on 't: this shall end without the perdition of souls. [*Aside*] Marry, I 'll ride your horse as well as I ride you.

Re-enter FABIAN and VIOLA

[*To Fab.*] I have his horse to take up the quarrel: I have persuaded him the youth 's a devil.

FAB. He is as horribly conceited of him; and pants and looks pale, as if a bear were at his heels. 280

SIR TO. [*To Vio.*] There 's no remedy, sir; he will fight with you for 's oath sake: marry, he hath better be-thought him of his quarrel, and he finds that now scarce to be worth talking of: therefore draw, for the support-ance of his vow; he protests he will not hurt you.

VIO. [*Aside*] Pray God defend me! A little thing would make me tell them how much I lack of a man.

FAB. Give ground, if you see him furious. 288

SIR TO. Come, Sir Andrew, there 's no remedy; the gentleman will, for his honour's sake, have one bout with you; he cannot by the duello avoid it: but he has promised me, as he is a gentleman and a soldier, he will not hurt you. Come on; to 't.

SIR AND. Pray God, he keep his oath!

VIO. I do assure you, 't is against my will. [*They draw.*

277 *take up*] Cf. *As You Like It*, V, iv, 92, 93: "I knew when seven justices could not *take up* [*i. e.*, make up] a quarrel."

279 *He is . . . of him*] He has formed as horrible or terrifying an idea of him.

291 *duello*] The code of the duel which Shakespeare had studied in Vincentio Saviolo's *Practise*, 1595. Cf. *As You Like It*, V, iv, 81, *seq.*

Enter ANTONIO

ANT. Put up your sword. If this young gentleman
Have done offence, I take the fault on me:
If you offend him, I for him defy you.

SIR TO. You, sir! why, what are you?

ANT. One, sir, that for his love dares yet do more
Than you have heard him brag to you he will. 301

SIR TO. Nay, if you be an undertaker, I am for you.
[*They draw.*]

Enter Officers

FAB. O good Sir 'Toby, hold! here come the officers.

SIR TO. I'll be with you anon.

VIO. Pray, sir, put your sword up, if you please.

SIR AND. Marry, will I, sir; and, for that I promised
you, I'll be as good as my word: he will bear you easily
and reins well.

FIRST OFF. This is the man; do thy office.

SEC. OFF. Antonio, I arrest thee at the suit of Count
Orsino. 311

ANT. You do mistake me, sir.

FIRST OFF. No, sir, no jot; I know your favour well,
Though now you have no sea-cap on your head.
Take him away: he knows I know him well.

302 *undertaker*] Cf. Cotgrave's *Fr.-Engl. Dict.*, "Entrepreneur. An . . .
undertaker, Broker, Pettifogger, or intermedler in other mens con-
trouersies."

308 *reins well*] Cf. Lyly's *Euphues* (ed. Arber, p. 244): "Youth never
reineth well [*i. e.*, answers to the rein], but when age holdeth the
bridle." Sir Andrew refers to his horse (see l. 273).

TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, ACT III

ANT. I must obey. [*To Vio.*] This comes with seeking
you:

But there 's no remedy; I shall answer it.

What will you do, now my necessity

Makes me to ask you for my purse? It grieves me

Much more for what I cannot do for you

320

Than what befalls myself. You stand amazed;

But be of comfort.

SEC. OFF. Come, sir, away.

ANT. I must entreat of you some of that money.

Vio. What money, sir?

For the fair kindness you have show'd me here,

And, part, being prompted by your present trouble,

Out of my lean and low ability

I'll lend you something: my having is not much;

I 'll make division of my present with you:

330

Hold, there 's half my coffer.

ANT. Will you deny me now?

Is 't possible that my deserts to you

Can lack persuasion? Do not tempt my misery,

Lest that it make me so unsound a man

As to upbraid you with those kindnesses

That I have done for you.

V10. I know of none;

Nor know I you by voice or any feature:

I hate ingratitude more in a man

Than lying vainness, babbling drunkenness,

329 *having*] property, fortune. Cf. *M. Wives*, III, ii,

330 *my present*] my present store.

339 *lying vainness*] lying boastfulness.

Or any taint of vice whose strong corruption 340
Inhabits our frail blood.

ANT. O heavens themselves!

SEC. OFF. Come, sir, I pray you, go.

ANT. Let me speak a little. This youth that you see
here

I snatch'd one half out of the jaws of death;
Relieved him with such sanctity of love;
And to his image, which methought did promise
Most venerable worth, did I devotion.

FIRST OFF. What 's that to us? The time goes by:
away!

ANT. But O how vile an idol proves his god!
Thou hast, Sebastian, done good feature shame. 350
In nature there 's no blemish but the mind;
None can be call'd deform'd but the unkind:
Virtue is beauty; but the beautiful evil
Are empty trunks, o'erflourish'd by the devil.

FIRST OFF. The man grows mad: away with him!
Come, come, sir.

ANT. Lead me on. [Exit with Officers.]

VIO. Methinks his words do from such passion fly,
That he believes himself: so do not I.
Prove true, imagination, O prove true,
That I, dear brother, be now ta'en for you! 360

SIR TO. Come hither, knight; come hither, Fabian:
we 'll whisper o'er a couplet or two of most sage saws.

VIO. He named Sebastian: I my brother know

354 *o'erflourish'd*] ornamented with scroll work. Cf. *Sonnet* 1x, 9:

"Time doth transfix the *flourish* set on youth."

Yet living in my glass; even such and so
In favour was my brother, and he went
Still in this fashion, colour, ornament,
For him I imitate: O, if it prove,
Tempests are kind and salt waves fresh in love! [*Exit.*

SIR TO. A very dishonest paltry boy, and more a coward than a hare: his dishonesty appears in leaving his friend here in necessity and denying him; and for his cowardship, ask Fabian. 37

FAB. A coward, a most devout coward, religious in it.

SIR AND. 'Slid, I 'll after him again and beat him.

SIR TO. Do; cuff him soundly, but never draw thy sword.

SIR AND. An I do not, — [*Exit.*

FAB. Come, let 's see the event.

SIR TO. I dare lay any money 't will be nothing yet.
[*Exeunt.*

364 *Yet living in my glass*] Still surviving in the reflection of my own face in the glass.

373 *religious in it*] religiously practising it, *i. e.*, cowardice.



ACT FOURTH — SCENE I

BEFORE OLIVIA'S HOUSE

Enter SEBASTIAN and Clown

CLOWN



WILL YOU MAKE ME BELIEVE that I am not sent for you?

SEB. Go to, go to, thou art a foolish fellow:

Let me be clear of thee.

CLO. Well held out, i' faith! No, I do not know you; nor I am not sent to you by my lady, to bid you come speak with her; nor your name is not Master Cesario; nor this is not my nose neither. Nothing that is so is so.

SEB. I prithee, vent thy folly somewhere else:
Thou know'st not me.

CLO. Vent my folly! he has heard that word of some great man and now applies it to a fool. Vent my folly! I am afraid this great lubber, the world, will prove a

TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, ACT IV

cockney. I prithee now, ungird thy strangeness and tell me what I shall vent to my lady: shall I vent to her that thou art coming?

SEB. I prithee, foolish Greek, depart from me:
There 's money for thee: if you tarry longer,
I shall give worse payment.

CLO. By my troth, thou hast an open hand. These ²⁰
wise men that give fools money get themselves a good
report — after fourteen years' purchase.

Enter SIR ANDREW, SIR TOBY, and FABIAN

SIR AND. Now, sir, have I met you again? there 's for you.

SEB. Why, there 's for thee, and there, and there.
Are all the people mad?

SIR To. Hold, sir, or I 'll throw your dagger o'er the house.

CLO. This will I tell my lady straight: I would not be
in some of your coats for two pence. [Exit. 30]

12-13 *Vent my folly!* . . . *cockney*] If affected mincing words, like "vent," are to come into common use, then this great awkward lubber, the mass of mankind, is likely to prove a simpering fool. "Cockney" is an ordinary synonym for "an effeminate fellow."

14 *ungird thy strangeness*] put off, have done with this reserve, this stand-offish manner.

17 *Greek*] Greek, like Trojan, was in colloquial use for "fellow" or "companion."

22 *after . . . purchase*] at a very extravagant rate. The current price of land or houses—commodities ordinarily valued at so many years' purchase — was estimated at only twelve years' rent.

SIR TO. Come on, sir; hold.

SIR AND. Nay, let him alone: I'll go another way to work with him; I'll have an action of battery against him, if there be any law in Illyria: though I struck him first, yet it's no matter for that.

SEB. Let go thy hand.

SIR TO. Come, sir, I will not let you go. Come, my young soldier, put up your iron: you are well fleshed; come on.

SEB. I will be free from thee. What wouldst thou now? 40

If thou darest tempt me further, draw thy sword.

SIR TO. What, what? Nay, then I must have an ounce or two of this malapert blood from you.

Enter OLIVIA

OLI. Hold, Toby; on thy life, I charge thee, hold!

SIR TO. Madam!

OLI. Will it be ever thus? Ungracious wretch,
Fit for the mountains and the barbarous caves,
Where manners ne'er were preach'd! out of my sight!
Be not offended, dear Cesario.
Rudesby, be gone! [*Exeunt Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.*]

50

I prithee, gentle friend,
Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, sway
In this uncivil and unjust extent

50 *Rudesby*] Cf. Guazzo's *Civile Conversation* (translated by Pettie, 1581, p. 78): "A clowne, a *rudesby* [*i. e.*, a boor], or a countenour of others."

52 *extent*] properly a legal term for seizure of property under a writ of

Against thy peace. Go with me to my house;
 And hear thou there how many fruitless pranks
 This ruffian hath botch'd up, that thou thereby
 Mayst smile at this: thou shalt not choose but go:
 Do not deny. Beshrew his soul for me,
 He started one poor heart of mine in thee.

SEB. What relish is in this? how runs the stream?
 Or I am mad, or else this is a dream:
 Let fancy still my sense in Lethe steep;
 If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep!

60

OLI. Nay, come, I prithee: would thou 'ldst be ruled
 by me!

SEB. Madam, I will.

OLI. O, say so, and so be! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II—OLIVIA'S HOUSE

Enter MARIA and Clown

MAR. Nay, I prithee, put on this gown and this beard;
 make him believe thou art Sir Topas the curate: do it
 quickly; I'll call Sir Toby the whilst. [*Exit.*]

execution. Cf. *As you like it*, III, i, 17, and note. Here the word is employed without legal significance in the general sense of violent assault.

58 *He started one poor heart*] There is a slight quibble here on "hunting the hart," and "touching the heart," as at I, i, 21, *supra*. The suggestion is that one of Olivia's hearts or half her heart is housed in her lover, and that what touches him affects her.

59 *What relish is in this?*] How does this taste? What does this mean?

2 *Sir Topas the curate*] Sir Tophas or Sir Topas is the name of the "foolish braggart" in Lyly's *Endimion*, a play familiar to Shakespeare. See *L. L. L.*, Introduction. "Sir," the title ordinarily conferred on

CLO. Well, I'll put it on, and I will dissemble myself in 't; and I would I were the first that ever dissembled in such a gown. I am not tall enough to become the function well, nor lean enough to be thought a good student; but to be said an honest man and a good housekeeper goes as fairly as to say a careful man and a great scholar. The competitors enter. 10

Enter SIR TOBY and MARIA

SIR TO. Jove bless thee, master Parson.

CLO. Bonos dies, Sir Toby: for, as the old hermit of Prague, that never saw pen and ink, very wittily said to a niece of King Gorboduc, "That that is is;" so I, being master Parson, am master Parson; for, what is "that" but "that," and "is" but "is"?

SIR TO. To him, Sir Topas.

CLO. What, ho, I say! peace in this prison!

SIR TO. The knave counterfeits well; a good knave.

MAL. [*within*] Who calls there? 20

CLO. Sir Topas the curate, who comes to visit Malvolio the lunatic.

MAL. Sir Topas, Sir Topas, good Sir Topas, go to my lady.

CLO. Out, hyperbolical fiend! how vexest thou this man! talkest thou nothing but of ladies?

Elizabethan clergy, translates "dominus," the academic title of bachelors of arts in Cambridge University.

- 14 a niece of King [Gorboduc] The clown's nonsense suggests Shakespeare's familiarity with the first regular English tragedy of *Ferrex and Porrex* (1561), in which King Gorboduc of Britain was a chief character.

SIR TO. Well said, master Parson.

MAL. Sir Topas, never was man thus wronged: good Sir Topas, do not think I am mad: they have laid me here in hideous darkness. 30

CLO. Fie, thou dishonest Satan! I call thee by the most modest terms; for I am one of those gentle ones that will use the devil himself with courtesy: sayest thou that house is dark?

MAL. As hell, Sir Topas.

CLO. Why, it hath bay windows transparent as barricadoes, and the clearstories toward the south north are as lustrous as ebony; and yet complainest thou of obstruction?

MAL. I am not mad, Sir Topas: I say to you, this house is dark. 40

CLO. Madman, thou errest: I say, there is no darkness but ignorance; in which thou art more puzzled than the Egyptians in their fog.

MAL. I say, this house is as dark as ignorance, though ignorance were as dark as hell; and I say, there was never man thus abused. I am no more mad than you are: make the trial of it any constant question.

CLO. What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wild fowl?

37 *clearstories*] The First Folio reads *cleere stores*. The Second and later Folios read blunderingly *clear stones*. "Clearstories" [*i. e.*, "clerestories"] was first adopted in the variorum edition of 1821.

47 *constant question*] serious coherent conversation.

48 *Pythagoras*] Cf. *Merch. of Ven.*, IV, i, 131, and *As You Like It*, III, ii, 164.

MAL. That the soul of our grandam might haply⁶⁰
inhabit a bird.

CLO. What thinkest thou of his opinion?

MAL. I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve
his opinion.

CLO. Fare thee well. Remain thou still in darkness:
thou shalt hold the opinion of Pythagoras ere I will
allow of thy wits; and fear to kill a woodcock, lest thou
dispossess the soul of thy grandam. Fare thee well.

MAL. Sir Topas, Sir Topas!

SIR TO. My most exquisite Sir Topas! 60

CLO. Nay, I am for all waters.

MAR. Thou mightst have done this without thy beard
and gown: he sees thee not.

SIR TO. To him in thine own voice, and bring me
word how thou findest him: I would we were well rid of
this knavery. If he may be conveniently delivered, I
would he were; for I am now so far in offence with my
niece, that I cannot pursue with any safety this sport to
the upshot. Come by and by to my chamber.

[*Exeunt Sir Toby and Maria.*

CLO. [*Singing*] Hey, Robin, jolly Robin, 70

Tell me how thy lady does.

MAL. Fool, —

CLO. My lady is unkind, perdy.

61 *I am for all waters*] I can swim in any sort of stream, & can turn my
hand to anything.

70 *Hey, Robin*] This song was in circulation as early as the reign of Henry
VIII. Music dating from the sixteenth century is extant.

MAL. Fool, —

CLO. Alas, why is she so?

MAL. Fool, I say, —

CLO. She loves another — Who calls, ha?

MAL. Good fool, as ever thou wilt deserve well at my hand, help me to a candle, and pen, ink and paper: as I am a gentleman, I will live to be thankful to thee for 't. ⁸⁰

CLO. Master Malvolio!

MAL. Ay, good fool.

CLO. Alas, sir, how fell you besides your five wits?

MAL. Fool, there was never man so notoriously abused: I am as well in my wits, fool, as thou art.

CLO. But as well? then you are mad indeed, if you be no better in your wits than a fool.

MAL. They have here propertied me; keep me in darkness, send ministers to me, asses, and do all they can to face me out of my wits. ⁹⁰

CLO. Advise you what you say; the minister is here. Malvolio, Malvolio, thy wits the heavens restore! endeavour thyself to sleep, and leave thy vain bibble babble.

MAL. Sir Topas, —

CLO. Maintain no words with him, good fellow.

83 *five wits*] The wits were reckoned of the same number as the senses. Cf. *Sonnet* cxli, 9: "But my *five wits* nor my five senses can." The "five wits" were common wit or intellectual power, imagination, fancy, estimation, and memory.

88 *propertied*] "Property" is sometimes used as a verb, "to make property of," "to make a tool of." But here there seems a sly allusion to "property" in a theatrical sense. "They have used me as a theatrical 'property' for purposes of sport."

Who, I, sir? not I, sir. God be wi' you, good Sir Topas. Marry, amen. I will, sir, I will.

MAL. Fool, fool, fool, I say, —

CLO. Alas, sir, be patient. What say you, sir? I am shent for speaking to you. 100

MAL. Good fool, help me to some light and some paper: I tell thee, I am as well in my wits as any man in Illyria.

CLO. Well-a-day that you were, sir!

MAL. By this hand, I am. Good fool, some ink, paper and light: and convey what I will set down to my lady: it shall advantage thee more than ever the bearing of letter did.

CLO. I will help you to 't. But tell me true, are you not mad indeed? or do you but counterfeit? 110

MAL. Believe me, I am not: I tell thee true.

CLO. Nay, I'll ne'er believe a madman till I see his brains. I will fetch you light and paper and ink.

MAL. Fool, I'll requite it in the highest degree: I prithee, be gone.

CLO. [*Singing*] I am gone, sir,

And anon, sir,

I'll be with you again,

In a trice,

Like to the old vice,

116 *I am gone, sir*] Another old song, of which the original music is extant. Shakespeare probably borrowed the words.

120-122 *the old vice . . . dagger of lath*] The Vice was a conventional comic character or buffoon in attendance on the devil in the old morality plays. Ben Jonson refers to the "wooden dagger," — the mock weapon of the Vice in *The Devil is an Ass*, I, i, 84-85.

TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, ACT IV

Your need to sustain;
 Who, with dagger of lath,
 In his rage and his wrath,
 Cries, ah, ha! to the devil:
 Like a mad lad,
 Pare thy nails, dad;
 Adieu, goodman devil. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III—OLIVIA'S GARDEN

Enter SEBASTIAN

SEB. This is the air; that is the glorious sun;
 This pearl she gave me, I do feel 't and see 't;
 And though 't is wonder that enwraps me thus,
 Yet 't is not madness. Where 's Antonio, then?
 I could not find him at the Elephant:
 Yet there he was; and there I found this credit,

126 *Pare thy nails*] The devil owed it to his popular reputation to keep his nails unpared. According to *Hen. V*, IV, iv, 76, the "roaring devil i' th' old play" becomes an object of scorn when "every one may pare his nails with a wooden dagger."

127 *Adieu, goodman devil*] This, the original reading, is a playful ejaculation—"good-bye, Mister Devil"—which doubtless concludes the old song. On the gratuitous assumption that the words were the clown's parting salute to Malvolio and that the speaker had no reason to address him as "devil," many feeble changes have been suggested, *e. g.*, *goodman Civil* and *goodman Drivel*.

5 *the Elephant*] See *supra*, III, iii, 39, and note.

6 *this credit*] this belief or opinion. At line 15 "trust" is used in much the same sense.

That he did range the town to seek me out.
 His counsel now might do me golden service;
 For though my soul disputes well with my sense,
 That this may be some error, but no madness, 10
 Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune
 So far exceed all instance, all discourse,
 That I am ready to distrust mine eyes
 And wrangle with my reason, that persuades me
 To any other trust but that I am mad,
 Or else the lady 's mad; yet, if 't were so,
 She could not sway her house, command her followers,
 Take and give back affairs and their dispatch
 With such a smooth, discreet, and stable bearing
 As I perceive she does: there 's something in 't 20
 That is deceivable. But here the lady comes.

Enter OLIVIA and Priest

OLI. Blame not this haste of mine. If you mean well,
 Now go with me and with this holy man
 Into the chantry by: there, before him,
 And underneath that consecrated roof,
 Plight me the full assurance of your faith;
 That my most jealous and too doubtful soul

12 *all instance, all discourse*] all example and argument.

18 *Take . . . dispatch*] The first verb seems to govern only the first noun, and the second verb the second noun. "Take affairs and give back their dispatch" means "take up business affairs and see to their discharge."

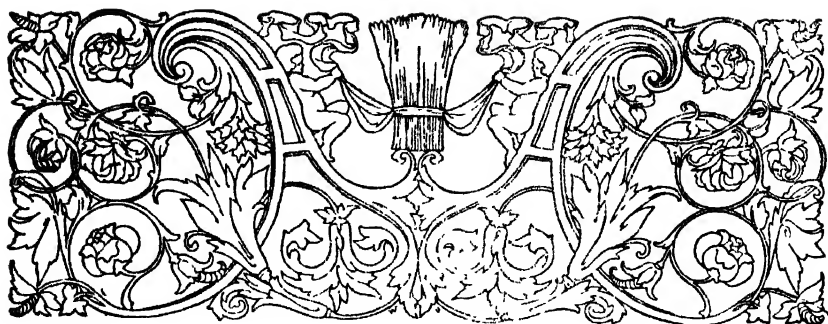
21 *deceivable*] Cf. Sidney's *Arcadia*, Bk. II, p. 179, l. 29: "the *deceivable* [i. e., deceiving, deceptive] style of affection"

May live at peace. He shall conceal it
 Whiles you are willing it shall come to note,
 What time we will our celebration keep 30
 According to my birth. What do you say?

SEB. I'll follow this good man, and go with you;
 And, having sworn truth, ever will be true.

OLI. Then lead the way, good father; and heavens so
 shine,
 That they may fairly note this act of mine! [Exeunt.

- 29 *Whiles . . . note*] Until you are willing that it shall be announced.
 30 *our celebration*] the marriage ceremony, the preliminary to which —
 the plighting of troth — is alone arranged for in this scene.
 34-35 *heavens . . . act of mine!*] Cf. *Rom. and Jul.*, II, vi, 1-2: "So smile
 the heavens upon this holy act, That after hours with sorrow chide
 us not."



ACT FIFTH -- SCENE I

BEFORE OLIVIA'S HOUSE

Enter Clown and FABIAN

FABIAN



OW, AS THOU LOVEST
me, let me see his letter.

CLO. Good Master Fabian,
grant me another request.

FAB. Any thing.

CLO. Do not desire to see this
letter.

FAB. This is, to give a dog,
and in recompense desire my
dog again.

*Enter DUKE, VIOLA, CURIO,
and Lords*

DUKE. Belong you to the Lady Olivia, friends?

CLO. Ay, sir; we are some of her trappings.

DUKE. I know thee well: how dost thou, my good
fellow?

CLO. Truly, sir, the better for my foes and the worse¹⁰
for my friends.

DUKE. Just the contrary; the better for thy friends.

CLO. No, sir, the worse.

DUKE. How can that be?

CLO. Marry, sir, they praise me and make an ass of
me; now my foes tell me plainly I am an ass: so that by
my foes, sir, I profit in the knowledge of myself; and by
my friends I am abused: so that, conclusions to be as
kisses, if your four negatives make your two affirmatives,
why then, the worse for my friends, and the better for²⁰
my foes.

DUKE. Why, this is excellent.

CLO. By my troth, sir, no; though it please you to be
one of my friends.

DUKE. Thou shalt not be the worse for me: there's gold.

CLO. But that it would be double-dealing, sir, I would
you could make it another.

DUKE. O, you give me ill counsel.

CLO. Put your grace in your pocket, sir, for this once,
and let your flesh and blood obey it.

18 *conclusions to be as kisses*] conclusions (in a syllogism) being like kisses
(because duality is characteristic of both). Conclusions (in logic) come
from the meeting of two premises as kisses come from the meeting of
two persons' lips. The clown subtly quibbles in the words that follow
on the grammatical rule, — "two negatives affirm," — which Sidney
in *Astrophel and Stella*, Sonnet lxiii, had already turned to poetic uses.
28-29 *your grace . . . obey it*] "Grace" is quibblingly used in the double
sense of "a ducal title of courtesy" and "claim to salvation" in the theo-
logical meaning. The last suggestion is continued in "let your flesh and
blood obey it" (i.e., let your unregenerate being obey your "ill counsel").

DUKE. Well, I will be so much a sinner, to be a³⁰ double-dealer: there's another.

CLO. Primo, secundo, tertio, is a good play; and the old saying is, the third pays for all: the triplex, sir, is a good tripping measure; or the bells of Saint Bennet, sir, may put you in mind; one, two, three.

DUKE. You can fool no more money out of me at this throw: if you will let your lady know I am here to speak with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my bounty further.

CLO. Marry, sir, lullaby to your bounty till I come⁴⁰ again. I go, sir; but I would not have you to think that my desire of having is the sin of covetousness: but, as you say, sir, let your bounty take a nap, I will awake it anon. [Exit]

VIO. Here comes the man, sir, that did rescue me.

Enter ANTONIO and Officers

DUKE. That face of his I do remember well;
Yet, when I saw it last, it was besmear'd
As black as Vulcan in the smoke of war:
A bawbling vessel was he captain of,
For shallow draught and bulk unprizable;

34 *bells of Saint Bennet*] a reference to the chimes sounded by the bells of St. Bennet's Church on Paul's Wharf, which was destroyed in the great fire of London.

48-49 *bawbling . . . unprizable*] Both words mean "trifling" of "small value." "Unprizable," like "inestimable" and "unvalued," is sometimes used in the sense of "valueless," and sometimes in that of "invaluable." See *Cymb.*, I, iv, 86, "*unprizable* estimations," where the word seems to mean "invaluable."

With which such scathful grapple did he make 50
 With the most noble bottom of our fleet,
 That very envy and the tongue of loss
 Cried fame and honour on him. What's the matter?

FIRST OFF. Orsino, this is that Antonio
 That took the Phoenix and her fraught from Candy;
 And this is he that did the Tiger board,
 When your young nephew Titus lost his leg:
 Here in the streets, desperate of shame and state,
 In private brabble did we apprehend him.

VIO. He did me kindness, sir, drew on my side; 60
 But in conclusion put strange speech upon me:
 I know not what 't was but distraction.

DUKE. Notable pirate! thou salt-water thief!
 What foolish boldness brought thee to their mercies,
 Whom thou, in terms so bloody and so dear,
 Hast made thine enemies?

ANT. Orsino, noble sir,
 Be pleased that I shake off these names you give me:
 Antonio never yet was thief or pirate,
 Though I confess, on base and ground enough,
 Orsino's enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither: 70
 That most ingrateful boy there by your side,
 From the rude sea's enraged and foamy mouth

50-53 *scathful grapple . . . on him*] He grappled with such destructive
 violence with the finest ship of our fleet that those who had best
 right to hate him and loudly lamented their loss, extolled him.

58 *desperate of shame and state*] reckless of disgrace and oblivious of his
 rank.

65 *dear*] dire, grievous. Cf. *Timon*, V, i, 226, "dear peril."

Did I redeem; a wreck past hope he was;
 His life I gave him and did thereto add
 My love, without retention or restraint,
 All his in dedication; for his sake
 Did I expose myself, pure for his love,
 Into the danger of this adverse town;
 Drew to defend him when he was beset:
 Where being apprehended, his false cunning, 80
 Not meaning to partake with me in danger,
 Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance,
 And grew a twenty years removed thing
 While one would wink; denied me mine own purse,
 Which I had recommended to his use
 Not half an hour before.

VIO. How can this be?

DUKE. When came he to this town?

ANT. To-day, my lord; and for three months before,
 No interim, not a minute's vacancy,
 Both day and night did we keep company. 90

Enter OLIVIA and Attendants

DUKE. Here comes the countess: now heaven walks
 on earth.

But for thee, fellow; fellow, thy words are madness:
 Three months this youth hath tended upon me;
 But more of that anon. Take him aside.

75 *retention*] power of retaining (a part). See II, iv, 95. and note

76 *All his in dedication*] The whole dedicated, made over, to him.

77 *pure*] the adjective used adverbially, "purely" : "solely."

82 *face me . . . acquaintance*] brazenly deny knowledge of me.

OLI. What would my lord, but that he may not have,
Wherein Olivia may seem serviceable?
Cesario, you do not keep promise with me.

VIO. Madam!

DUKE. Gracious Olivia, —

OLI. What do you say, Cesario? Good my lord, — 100

VIO. My lord would speak; my duty hushes me.

OLI. If it be aught to the old tune, my lord,
It is as fat and fulsome to mine ear
As howling after music.

DUKE. Still so cruel?

OLI. Still so constant, lord.

DUKE. What, to perverseness? you uncivil lady,
To whose ingrate and unauspicious altars
My soul the faithfull'st offerings hath breathed out
That e'er devotion tender'd! What shall I do?

OLI. Even what it please my lord, that shall become
him. 110

DUKE. Why should I not, had I the heart to do it,
Like to the Egyptian thief at point of death,
Kill what I love? — a savage jealousy
That sometimes savours nobly. But hear me this:
Since you to non-regardance cast my faith,

103 *fat and fulsome*] nauseous and cloying.

112 *the Egyptian thief*] A reference to the story of Theagenes and Chariclea in Heliodorus, *Æthiopica* (translated by Thomas Underdowne, 1569), where Thyamis, an Egyptian thief, slays a captive whom he mistakes for the object of his affection, in the fear that he is about to be robbed of her.

115 *to non-regardance cast my faith*] destine my loyalty to neglect.

And that I partly know the instrument
That screws me from my true place in your favour,
Live you the marble-breasted tyrant still;
But this your minion, whom I know you love,
And whom, by heaven I swear, I tender dearly, 120
Him will I tear out of that cruel eye.
Where he sits crowned in his master's spite.
Come, boy, with me; my thoughts are ripe in mischief:
I'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love,
'To spite a raven's heart within a dove.

VIO. And I, most jocund, apt and willing,
'To do you rest, a thousand deaths would die.

OLI. Where goes Cesario?

VIO. After him I love
More than I love these eyes, more than my life,
More, by all mores, than e'er I shall love wife. 130
If I do feign, you witnesses above
Punish my life for tainting of my love!

OLI. Ay me, detested! how am I beguiled!

VIO. Who does beguile you? who does do you wrong?

OLI. Hast thou forgot thyself? is it so long?
Call forth the holy father.

DUKE. Come, away!

OLI. Whither, my lord? Cesario, husband, stay.

DUKE. Husband!

OLI. Ay, husband: can he that deny?

DUKE. Her husband, sirrah!

VIO. No, my lord, not I.

OLI. Alas, it is the baseness of thy fear 140

That makes thee strangle thy propriety:
 Fear not, Cesario; take thy fortunes up;
 Be that thou know'st thou art, and then thou art
 As great as that thou fear'st.

Enter Priest

O, welcome, father!

Father, I charge thee, by thy reverence,
 Here to unfold, though lately we intended
 To keep in darkness what occasion now
 Reveals before 't is ripe, what thou dost know
 Hath newly pass'd between this youth and me.

PRIEST. A contract of eternal bond of love, 150
 Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your hands,
 Attested by the holy close of lips,
 Strengthen'd by interchangement of your rings;
 And all the ceremony of this compact
 Seal'd in my function, by my testimony:
 Since when, my watch hath told me, toward my grave
 I have travell'd but two hours.

DUKE. O thou dissembling cub! what wilt thou be
 When time hath sow'd a grizzle on thy case?
 Or will not else thy craft so quickly grow, 160
 That thine own trip shall be thine overthrow?
 Farewell, and take her; but direct thy feet
 Where thou and I henceforth may never meet.

141 *strangle thy propriety*] suppress or deny thy identity or individuality.
 150 *A contract . . . love*] The priest described the ordinary ceremony of
 a betrothal, which preceded the marriage rite.
 155 *in my function*] in the discharge of my office as chaplain to Olivia.
 159 *a grizzle on thy case*] a touch of grey on thy skin.

VIO. My lord, I do protest —

OLI. O, do not swear!

Hold little faith, though thou hast too much fear.

Enter SIR ANDREW

SIR AND. For the love of God, a surgeon! Send one presently to Sir Toby.

OLI. What 's the matter?

SIR AND. He has broke my head across and has given Sir Toby a bloody coxcomb too: for the love of God, your help! I had rather than forty pound I were at home. 171

OLI. Who has done this, Sir Andrew?

SIR AND. The count's gentleman, one Cesario: we took him for a coward, but he's the very devil incarnadine.

DUKE. My gentleman, Cesario?

SIR AND. 'Od's feelings, here he is! You broke my head for nothing; and that that I did, I was set on to do 't by Sir Toby.

VIO. Why do you speak to me? I never hurt you: You drew your sword upon me without cause; 180
But I bespake you fair, and hurt you not.

SIR AND. If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you have hurt me: I think you set nothing by a bloody coxcomb.

Enter SIR TOBY and CLOWN

Here comes Sir Toby halting; you shall hear more: but if he had not been in drink, he would have tickled you othergates than he did.

DUKE. How now, gentleman! how is 't with you?

SIR TO. That 's all one: has hurt me, and there 's the end on 't. Sot, didst see Dick surgeon, sot?

CLO. O, he 's drunk, Sir Toby, an hour ago; his eyes were set at eight i' the morning. 191

SIR TO. Then he 's a rogue, and a passy measures pavin: I hate a drunken rogue.

OLI. Away with him! Who hath made this havoc with them?

SIR AND. I 'll help you, Sir Toby, because we 'll be dressed together.

SIR TO. Will you help? an ass-head and a coxcomb and a knave, a thin-faced knave, a gull!

OLI. Get him to bed, and let his hurt be look'd to. 200

[*Exeunt Clown, Fabian, Sir Toby, and Sir Andrew.*]

Enter SEBASTIAN

SEB. I am sorry, madam, I have hurt your kinsman;
But, had it been the brother of my blood,
I must have done no less with wit and safety.
You throw a strange regard upon me, and by that
I do perceive it hath offended you:
Pardon me, sweet one, even for the vows
We made each other but so late ago.

192 *a rogue, and a passy measures.. pavin*] The Folio reads here *a rogue, and a passy measures pavin*. The later Folios read, *a Rogue, after a passy measures Pavin*. Malone suggested the reading adopted here. The meaning seems to be that the surgeon is "a rogue and a solemn coxcomb to boot." "Pavin" is the name of a stately dance, and "passy measures" is clearly a corruption of "passamezzo," a slow and solemn step which formed chief part of the "pavin."

DUKE. One face, one voice, one habit, and two
persons,

A natural perspective, that is and is not!

SEB. Antonio, O my dear Antonio! 210

How have the hours rack'd and tortured me,
Since I have lost thee!

ANT. Sebastian are you?

SEB. Fear'st thou that, Antonio?

ANT. How have you made division of yourself?

An apple, cleft in two, is not more twin

Than these two creatures. Which is Sebastian?

OLI. Most wonderful!

SEB. Do I stand there? I never had a brother;

Nor can there be that deity in my nature,

Of here and every where. I had a sister, 220

Whom the blind waves and surges have devour'd.

Of charity, what kin are you to me?

What countryman? what name? what parentage?

VIO. Of Messaline: Sebastian was my father;

Such a Sebastian was my brother too,

So went he suited to his watery tomb:

If spirits can assume both form and suit,

You come to fright us.

209 *A natural perspective*] A "perspective" was an ingeniously contrived glass, which was capable of producing the optical delusion of making one person look like two. Sebastian's entrance produces by natural means the effect of a mechanical glass.

215-220 *that deity . . . every where*] that divine attribute of ubiquity.

224 *Messaline*] See note on II, i, 15, *supra*.

226 *suited*] in such a suit of clothes.

TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, ACT V

SEB. A spirit I am indeed;
But am in that dimension grossly clad
Which from the womb I did participate. 230
Were you a woman, as the rest goes even,
I should my tears let fall upon your cheek,
And say "Thrice-welcome, drowned Viola!"

VIO. My father had a mole upon his brow.

SEB. And so had mine.

VIO. And died that day when Viola from her birth
Had number'd thirteen years.

SEB. O, that record is lively in my soul!
He finished indeed his mortal act
That day that made my sister thirteen years. 240

VIO. If nothing lets to make us happy both
But this my masculine usurp'd attire,
Do not embrace me till each circumstance
Of place, time, fortune, do cohere and jump
That I am Viola: which to confirm,
I'll bring you to a captain in this town,
Where lie my maiden weeds; by whose gentle help
I was preserved to serve this noble count.
All the occurrence of my fortune since
Hath been between this lady and this lord. 250

SEB. [*To Olivia*] So comes it, lady, you have been
mistook:
But nature to her bias drew in that.

229 *dimension*] proportion, form. Cf. I, v, 245.

231 *as the rest goes even*] "ceteris paribus," other things being equal.

252 *But . . . that*] But nature there obeyed her bias or inclination.

You would have been contracted to a maid;
Nor are you therein, by my life, deceived,
You are betroth'd both to a maid and man.

DUKE. Be not amazed; right noble is his blood.
If this be so, as yet the glass seems true,
I shall have share in this most happy wreck.
[*To Viola*] Boy, thou hast said to me a thousand
times

Thou never shouldst love woman like to me. 260

VIO. And all those sayings will I over-swear;
And all those swearings keep as true in soul
As doth that orb'd continent the fire
That severs day from night.

DUKE. Give me thy hand;
And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds.

VIO. The captain that did bring me first on shore
Hath my maid's garments: he upon some action
Is now in durance, at Malvolio's suit,
A gentleman, and follower of my lady's.

OLA. He shall enlarge him: fetch Malvolio hither: 270
And yet, alas, now I remember me,
They say: poor gentleman, he's much distract.

"Bias" is the technical term for the oblique movement of the bowl
in the game of bowls.

257 *as yet the glass seems true*] In allusion to the "perspective" or mechan-
ical glass mentioned at line 209 *supra*. There is no optical delusion
There are really two persons.

263 *that orb'd continent*] the vaulted firmament of heaven, which sustains
the fire, *i. e.*, the sun.

TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, ACT V

Re-enter Clown with a letter, and FABIAN

A most extracting frenzy of mine own
From my remembrance clearly banish'd his.
How does he, sirrah?

CLO. Truly, madam, he holds Belzebub at the stave's
end as well as a man in his case may do: has here writ a
letter to you; I should have given 't you to-day morning,
but as a madman's epistles are no gospels, so it skills not
much when they are delivered. 280

OLI. Open 't, and read it.

CLO. Look then to be well edified when the fool
delivers the madman. [*Reads*] By the Lord, madam,—

OLI. How now! art thou mad?

CLO. No, madam, I do but read madness: an your
ladyship will have it as it ought to be, you must allow
Vox.

OLI. Prithee, read i' thy right wits.

CLO. So I do, madam: but to read his right wits is
to read thus: therefore perpend, my princess, and give
ear.

OLI. Read it you, sirrah. [*To Fabian.* 290

FAB. [*Reads*] By the Lord, madam, you wrong me, and the
world shall know it: though you have put me into darkness and
given your drunken cousin rule over me, yet have I the benefit of

273 *extracting frenzy*] a frenzy that drove every object but one out of
my mind. The Second Folio reads *exacting*, which gives the sense
required.

286 *allow Vox*] allow me the use of my voice.

288 *read his right wits*] declare his present state of mind.

my senses as well as your ladyship. I have your own letter that induced me to the semblance I put on; with the which I doubt not but to do myself much right, or you much shame. Think of me as you please. I leave my duty a little unthought of, and speak out of my injury.

THE MADLY-USED MALVOLIO.

OLI. Did he write this?

CLO. Ay, madam.

300

DUKE. This savours not much of distraction.

OLI. See him deliver'd, Fabian; bring him hither.

[*Exit Fabian.*]

My lord, so please you, these things further thought on,
To think me as well a sister as a wife,
One day shall crown the alliance on 't, so please you,
Here at my house and at my proper cost.

DUKE. Madam, I am most apt to embrace your offer.
[*To Viola*] Your master quits you; and for your service
done him,

So much against the mettle of your sex,
So far beneath your soft and tender breeding,
And since you call'd me master for so long,
Here is my hand: you shall from this time be
Your master's mistress.

310

OLI. . A sister! you are she.

Re-enter FABIAN, with MALVOLIO

DUKE. Is this the madman?

OLI. Ay, my lord, this same.

How now, Malvolio!

MAL. Madam, you have done me wrong,
Notorious wrong.

OLI. Have I, Malvolio? no.

MAL. Lady, you have. Pray you, peruse that letter.
 You must not now deny it is your hand:
 Write from it, if you can, in hand or phrase;
 Or say 't is not your seal, not your invention: 320
 You can say none of this: well, grant it then
 And tell me, in the modesty of honour,
 Why you have given me such clear lights of favour,
 Bade me come smiling and cross-garter'd to you,
 To put on yellow stockings and to frown
 Upon Sir Toby and the lighter people:
 And, acting this in an obedient hope,
 Why have you suffer'd me to be imprison'd,
 Kept in a dark house, visited by the priest,
 And made the most notorious geek and gull 330
 That e'er invention play'd on? tell me why.

OLI. Alas, Malvolio, this is not my writing,
 Though, I confess, much like the character:
 But out of question 't is Maria's hand.
 And now I do bethink me, it was she
 First told me thou wast mad; then camest in smiling,
 And in such forms which here were presupposed
 Upon thee in the letter. Prithee, be content:
 This practice hath most shrewdly pass'd upon thee;
 But when we know the grounds and authors of it, 340

319 *Write from it*] Write differently from it.

330 *geek*] Cf. *Cymb.*, V, iv, 67, "to become the *geek* [*i. e.*, dupe] and scorn."

339 *This practice . . . thee*] This trick has been most wickedly played off on thee.

Thou shalt be both the plaintiff and the judge
Of thine own cause.

FAB. Good madam, hear me speak,
And let no quarrel nor no brawl to come
Taint the condition of this present hour,
Which I have wonder'd at. In hope it shall not,
Most freely I confess, myself and Toby
Set this device against Malvolio here,
Upon some stubborn and uncourteous parts
We had conceived against him: Maria writ
The letter at Sir Toby's great importance;
In recompense whereof he hath married her.
How with a sportful malice it was follow'd
May rather pluck on laughter than revenge;
If that the injuries be justly weigh'd
That have on both sides pass'd.

350

OLI. Alas, poor fool, how have they baffled thee!

CLO. Why, "some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrown upon them." I was one, sir, in this interlude; one Sir Topas, sir; but that's all one. "By the Lord, fool, I am not mad." But do you remember? "Madam, why laugh you at such a barren rascal? an you smile not, he's gagged:" and thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges.

363

MAL. I'll be revenged on the whole pack of you.

[Exit.

OLI. He hath been most notoriously abused.

348-349 *Upon . . . against him*] Owing to his offensively obstinate and discourteous demeanour which we conceived him to have assumed.

356 *baffled*] mocked, insulted, bullied.

DUKE. Pursue him, and entreat him to a peace:
 He hath not told us of the captain yet:
 When that is known, and golden time convents,
 A solemn combination shall be made
 Of our dear souls. Meantime, sweet sister, 370
 We will not part from hence. Cesario, come;
 For so you shall be, while you are a man;
 But when in other habits you are seen,
 Orsino's mistress and his fancy's queen.

[Exeunt all, except Clown.]

CLO. *[Sings]*

When that I was and a little tiny boy,
 With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
 A foolish thing was but a toy,
 For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came to man's estate,
 With hey, ho, &c. 380
 'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gate,
 For the rain, &c

But when I came, alas! to wive,
 With hey, ho, &c.
 By swaggering could I never thrive,
 For the rain, &c.

375 *When that I was and a little tiny boy*] "and" is grammatically redundant: it is awkwardly introduced in order to suit the musical accompaniment. The song was doubtless a popular ditty of the day, which Shakespeare borrowed. The burden in the second and fourth lines of each stanza is repeated in the fool's song, *Lear*, III, ii, 75. The words with traditional tune, of which no early copy is known to be extant, appear in Chappell's *Popular Music*.

But when I came unto my beds,

With hey, ho, &c.

With toss-pots still had drunken heads,

For the rain, &c.

390

A great while ago the world begun,

With hey, ho, &c.

But that's all one, our play is done,

And we'll strive to please you every day.

[Exit.]

MEASURE FOR MEASURE

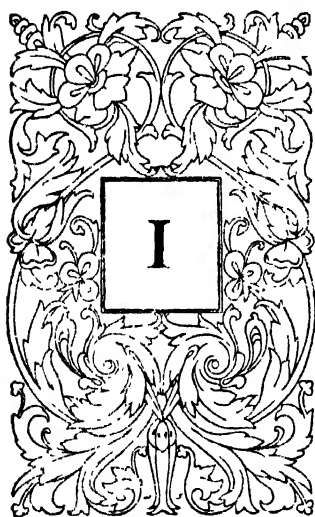


CONTENTS

	PAGE
INTRODUCTION TO MEASURE FOR MEASURE BY ANDREW J. GEORGE	ix
TEXT OF THE PLAY	1



INTRODUCTION



IN the study of great movements in the history of our literature we should observe certain principles. We should not attempt to place rigid boundaries to these movements; we should view literature as an organic whole, — the revelation of the complex life which created it. As the soil, atmosphere, and general environment determine the growth of the plant and the character of its fruit, so every experience through which a nation passes modifies its literature and its art.

Every literature has its formative period, — a period in which its soil is being prepared through a variety of experiences. England produced a soil for the reception of that many-sided and complex awakening of the human spirit, the Renaissance, — that movement of childlike wonder, curiosity, and abounding enthusiasm,

MEASURE FOR MEASURE

— in a long period of unconscious preparation. She experienced the following modifying influences: contact with the Romans in war, the refining element which came with the introduction of Christianity, the establishment of the schools of Cædmon at Whitby and of Alfred at Winchester, the destruction wrought by the inroads of the Danes, the removal of anarchy by the Normans, and the splendid energy of the native tongue as it broke forth in the full-throated ease of Chaucer. During the sixteenth century, art, philosophy, poetry, history, romance, and religious idealism flourished under the magic of More, Raleigh, and Sidney, Spenser, Bacon, and Shakespeare, — all children of the Renaissance.

If we are to understand the mind and art of the greatest of these, — Shakespeare, — we must know first, the origin and nature of the Renaissance in Europe: second, how it reached England, and through what channels its influence spread; and, third, how this spirit found expression in the drama which grew, put forth its blossom, and bore abundant fruit under the influence of Shakespeare and his companions.

The régime of the Middle Ages — with its contempt of human loves and human sorrows; its relinquishment of things of sense for a vision of Paradise; its belief that the earth was in the power of Satan, and that the only escape was in the mystic joys of asceticism, with its reaction in a life of mere physical pleasure, shallow skepticism, and mocking irony — was at an end, and in its place came that new spirit of intellectual and

INTRODUCTION

spiritual delight in the newly discovered world and the newly created man.

A preparatory stage to this new impulse of the Renaissance is to be found in the awakening of the mind of Europe by the discussions of the Schoolmen; the rise of schools and universities in Italy, France, and England; the wealth of scientific lore brought to light by Arabian scholars; the expansion of ideas through the Crusades; and the rise of modern language and literature with its wealth of song and romance.

There were other causes which prepared the way for the Renaissance. The study of Roman law in the city republics of Italy led naturally to the study of the Latin poets. Under Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio, Italian scholars were conducted to the fountain-head of Humanism — the Greek and Latin classics. The search for old manuscripts began; monasteries, libraries, and cathedrals were visited by these pious pilgrims, and great was their transport when they discovered some dusty and begrimed scrap of a Greek or Latin author.

This outburst of enthusiasm, this revolution in human tastes and sympathies which was to leave no province of human intelligence and action untouched, was augmented by the downfall of Constantinople in 1453. Scholars fled from the ruins of the Empire to Western Europe, carrying with them the precious manuscripts of the old masters, and so the torch of learning was lighted anew in Italy, Spain, France, Germany, and England. The exiles became leaders in the schools and universities of the West, and the young world spoke in

MEASURE FOR MEASURE

the language of genius and power. It was the beginning of the grand age of Europe, the most significant epoch of the human mind. The cities of Italy vied with each other in their passion for the new ideas, but Florence, under the splendid patronage of the Medici, surpassed them all. Michael Angelo, her greatest son, is the typical Renaissance spirit. He was the embodiment of the soul of this glorious city, in the creation of which poet, architect, sculptor, and painter united in love and holy passion to reveal

“The truth of man, as by God first spoken.”

The reaction from the life of the Middle Ages which manifested itself in the unbounded energy and enthusiasm of the English people under the reign of the Tudors produced conditions which fostered the ideas of the Renaissance. The expansion of commercial enterprise, by which English merchants traversed all seas and visited all lands, stimulated the adventures of Raleigh, Drake, and Frobisher, by which the imagination was dazzled with visions of wealth, power, and extended influence. The growth of religious ideals through the Reformation enabled the English people to win a measure of political and intellectual freedom. The new impulse in literary and educational activity through the printing press, and the founding of schools and colleges, enabled England to become a leader in thought. The enrichment of social life through the Court of Elizabeth, and the recognition of the unity of the people in the plays, pageants, and progresses, prepared the

INTRODUCTION

way for the English character to impress itself upon the world at large.

The impulse of the Renaissance reached England through a variety of channels, and produced a result in harmony with the nature of the age and the people. Literature in England was at its lowest stage, and as the interests of the people were largely practical, political, and commercial, the literary effect of the Renaissance was not so immediately felt as it had been in France. England's intercourse with Italy up to this time had been chiefly commercial, and as her merchants returned and told the story of the new life of art and letters, curiosity was aroused in the minds of the young nobles to visit the new centres of activity, and so the first contact of England with the Renaissance was brought about. These young enthusiasts absorbed new ideas of the world and of man, listened to the romantic tales, and came under the spell of the new life to such an extent that there was danger of their despising their native tongue and their native manners. The enthusiasm became so great that English scholars sought out the new teachers •Grocyu and Linaere, representing literary and scientific enthusiasm respectively, the one studied under the Greek exile Chalcondylas, and the other under the Florentine Politian, and returning they became the leaders of the New Learning in England. Colet and Erasmus, their pupils, became the leaders in turn of the new religious and educational movements in the general awakening of national life. At the same time scholars from Italy, attracted by the advantages offered in the

MEASURE FOR MEASURE

new schools and colleges of England, became teachers of the New Humanism.

The final stage in the progress of the New Learning was found at Court. Through the traveller and the scholar the spirit of the Renaissance had been introduced into England and had found a congenial home there. It only remained for the Court of Henry VIII and Elizabeth, through the atmosphere of chivalry and romance, to give it national significance. From Wyatt to Shakespeare the union of university scholarship, in which the spirit of the Greek and Latin classics prevailed, and the refinements which came from sojourn on the continent and association with its new language and literature, were united in that outburst of national enthusiasm for things English which surrounded the Court. Court manners, Court dialect, Court romance, Court allegory, and Court drama flourished in the Merrie England of Elizabeth and received their chief influence from the Queen.

The most complex, the richest and most national, of the varieties of English literature is the drama. Originating in the church, and passing from the Miracle Play to the Morality in the hands of the Guilds and travelling players, thence into the Interlude, Comedy, and Tragedy at the Court, its evolution is steady and direct until at last it finds a home in the theatre, where it reaches the proportions of a national institution and appeals to the people. That the play became the thing for this town life is attested by the fact that eighteen theatres and fifty dramatists flourished in the age of Elizabeth. But it

INTRODUCTION

should be noticed that in becoming thus popular it ceased to be considered literature; it was merely playing. This accounts for the fact that even a Shakespeare cared neither for printing nor editing his plays, while he carefully corrected the proofs of his two narrative poems. His recognition as a dramatist was first popular, later courtly.

The chief sources of the material for the drama in the time of Shakespeare were translations from the Greek and Latin classics which came from the universities, the chronicles of England and Scotland, and the collections, translations, and imitations of French, Spanish, and Italian tales with which the shops abounded. If one will review the sources of Shakespeare's plots, one will find that more than one-third of them are taken, directly or indirectly, from these old tales.

"Measure for Measure" reveals Shakespeare's familiarity with the old Italian tales, translations, and adaptations, for the ground-work of the plot is to be found in a collection of novels by Giraldi Cinthio, known as the "Hecatomithi," or Hundred Tales, published in 1565. Cinthio also dramatised the story in his "Epitia." George Whetstone, an English aspirant for dramatic fame, had twice translated and adapted Cinthio's romance; once in a double play of "Promos and Cassandra" in 1578, and again in his collection of prose tales "Heptameron of Civil Discourses," in 1582. Shakespeare evidently knew all of these works, although Cinthio's play was not translated into English, for his leading character, Angelo, is, in name at least, suggested by Angela of

MEASURE FOR MEASURE

the play; but he followed Whetstone's play in many details. The society of the city in which Shakespeare lays the scene of his play is the same in character as that of Whetstone; but the leading characters are as far removed from his as art is from the commonplace. The works both of Cinthio and Whetstone are sordid in nature and crude in form; neither has any redeeming feature, as both sacrifice the heroine's chastity to redeem her brother from death. Shakespeare lifted the play out of the depths of cruelty and dishonour by a master movement of artistic ingenuity when he caused Isabella to maintain her dignity and chastity in spite of temptation from every side. Again, by diverting the plot of the old play at a critical juncture in creating the character of Mariana, he was able to save Isabella from humiliation, while at the same time he yielded a motive for the strange conduct of the Duke, and produced Angelo's pardon. Here as everywhere Shakespeare is true to his ideal of art in that he never preaches, but sets pity, honour, and chastity over against cruelty, baseness, and lust.

"Measure for Measure" undoubtedly belongs to the year 1604, the second in the reign of King James; it was probably presented at Whitehall, as "Othello" assuredly was, late in the same year. There is only one bit of reliable external evidence as to date of composition. This is to be found in a poem of William Barkstead, published in 1607, entitled "Myrrha, the Mother of Adonis." This poem contains the following passage reminiscent of that in "Measure for Measure," II, iv, 24-27:

INTRODUCTION

“And like as when some sudden extasie
Seizeth the nature of a sicklie man ;
When he 's discerned to swoon, straight by and by
Folke to his helpe confusedly have ran ;
And seeking with their art to fetch him backe,
So many throng, that he the ayre doth lacke.”

But there are probable internal evidences in the allusions to James's dislike of being gazed upon by crowds, notwithstanding his profession of love of the people, in Act I, Sc. i, 67-72, where the Duke says:

“I love the people,
But do not like to stage me to their eyes :
Though it do well, I do not relish well
Their loud applause and Ayes vehement ;
Nor do I think the man of safe discretion
That does affect it.”

In Act II. Sc. iv, 26-30, Angelo says:

“The general subject to a well-wish'd king
Quit their own part, and in obsequious fondness
Crowd to his presence, where their untaught love
Must needs appear offence.”

The propriety of the above allusions becomes more apparent when we remember that soon after his accession, in 1603, James showed special favour to Shakespeare, and others of the Lord Chamberlain's servants playing at the Globe, by granting them license “freely to use and exercise the arte and facultie of playing . . . as well for the recreation of our loving subjectes as for our solace and pleasure, when we shall thinke good to see

MEASURE FOR MEASURE

them during our pleasure." Of the nine actors so honoured, Shakespeare's name stands second and Burbadge's third. They were thenceforth known as the King's Servants, and frequently played in James's presence.

Notwithstanding the play is a product of the maturity of Shakespeare's genius, it has not succeeded in becoming a favourite with the general reader. Various reasons have been assigned for this; the first being that the subject-matter is repellent to modern taste: and the second, that the poet has presented puritanical severity and the vices contrasted with it in too glaring colours for the purposes of art. The third and most plausible reason has been given by Hazlitt. He says: "Shakespeare was in one sense the least moral of all writers; for morality (commonly so called) is made up of antipathies; and his talent consisted in sympathy with human nature in all its shapes, degrees, depressions, and elevations." Professor Raleigh adds significantly: "This is indeed the everlasting difficulty of Shakespeare criticism, that the critics are so much more moral than Shakespeare, and so much less experienced. He makes his appeal to thought, and they respond to the appeal by a display of delicate taste." Whatever the causes of this neglect may be, the fact remains that few plays so rich in the elements of language and composition, so representative of the highest artistic merit in many of its scenes, so masterly in the development of character, and so noble in moral temper, have received so little approbation.

The story out of which this play, so full of moral and

INTRODUCTION

practical wisdom, was created is of the simplest nature, and may be told in a few words.

In Vienna, where moral corruption "boils and bubbles till it o'erruns," reigns a Duke who has allowed laws against unchastity to lie in oblivion, until, fearing his power to alter the conditions, he decides to withdraw himself from the scene, and calls in his deputy Angelo to undertake the administration of justice. Angelo's somewhat puritanical morals and strict adherence to externals of conduct lead him to revive the old laws. The Duke, disguised as a friar, watches every step in the career of the new Governor, who, instead of punishing the chief offenders against morality, seeks out one Claudio, a young nobleman whose only semblance of violation of the law has been that he has become united to Juliet under the law of pre-contract, and has postponed the outward form of marriage because Juliet's dowry remained in the charge of her friends whose favour had to be gained for the solemnisation of the nuptials. Claudio sends for his sister, Isabella, who is on the point of taking the veil at St. Clare, and asks her to plead for him before the magistrate. She consents, and presents her brother's cause to Angelo, who at last makes the dastardly suggestion that pardon might be granted on condition that she sacrifice her purity. The climax of the story is reached by her indignant scorning of such terms, and the discovery that Angelo himself is guilty of the crime of casting off his legally affianced Mariana because her dowry had been lost at sea; he has also soiled her good name by alleged discoveries of evil doing. Now he is

MEASURE FOR MEASURE

the criminal, and the Duke pronounces his death in the place of Claudio's. Mariana pleads in his behalf, and the Duke for her sake pardons him.

The characters in the play fall naturally into three groups: one represented by the aristocratic Barnardine and his associates in Vagabondia, who make no excuses for being what they are, and have at least one good trait, that of being honestly base; a second, represented by Isabella and her friends, who make no claims for praise because they prefer to follow honour; and the third, of which Angelo is the type, who, obedient to the letter of the law, claim to be superior to ordinary mortals, while in reality they are the supreme law-breakers. These three types are still constituent parts of our latest and somewhat boastful civilisation, and it is in the contrast of these three that the moral purpose of Shakespeare's art is to be seen.

The action of the play centres in those masterly scenes where the Duke, Angelo, and Isabella are the prominent characters. By the Duke the plot is made possible, by Angelo it is developed, and by Isabella justice is rendered possible, --- justice tempered by love. The motive which leads the Duke to lay aside his robes of office seems to be a mixed one, for he evidently wishes to avoid the responsibility of punishing those whom his inactivity has somewhat encouraged in their evil courses; and at the same time, being suspicious of Angelo's moral and political motives, he wishes to have an opportunity of testing them. By adopting the garb of a friar the Duke makes it possible for him to take a very active part in

INTRODUCTION

the development of the plot, for as an adviser of men's souls he gets at the heart of the mystery. He becomes a kind of unseen Providence in the play by which evil plans are led to good results. In the various interviews with Friar Thomas and with those who are in trouble, we see his humility, wisdom, and goodness at their best. Those with the friar are personal confessions; while those with the afflicted spirits, Juliet, Claudio, and Isabella and Mariana, are full of that tenderness and sympathy, that moral and meditative wisdom, which characterise the noblest wearers of the cowl. Although some have thought the Duke manifested too much the spirit of intrigue to be altogether honourable, yet the results show that he pursued the good and the true, according to the best light that was given him, and disprove the old saying that the cowl does not make a monk.

Although "Measure for Measure" lacks attractiveness of subject and situations, has less harmony of tone and consonance of parts, and fewer elements of perfection as a whole, than many of the plays, yet it is confessedly one of the best illustrations of the purpose of playing, whose end is "to hold, as 't were, the mirror up to Nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure." Mastery in this kind of revelation is found in the poet's development of the character of Angelo. It is evident that Angelo has been somewhat critical of the Duke for his leniency in matters of government, and has assumed that he himself possessed the qualities needed to enforce the law; as a result we

MEASURE FOR MEASURE

see that he is not surprised at his promotion, when naturally the honour belonged to the wise, conservative, and statesmanlike Escalus. Thus, early in the play, Shakespeare, true to his philosophy of human character, that habit is the determining element in life, involves those forces out of which the catastrophe is to be evolved; and he does this so subtly that the hasty reader is often confused by the very method which to the careful reader becomes self-evident. By a few bold strokes he shows us how ignorant Angelo is of his own frailty: how blinded he is to his own condition. When Escalus mildly chides him for his severity toward others, and reminds him of the danger of similar crimes in himself, he answers in his self-righteousness, " 'Tis one thing to be tempted, another thing to fall." Claudio sees through his pride of virtue, his love of praise for purity and integrity, and says:

"and for a name,
Now puts the downy and neglected act
Freshly on me: 'tis surely for a name."

The same note is struck by the Duke when, speaking to Friar Thomas, he says:

"Lord Angelo is precise;
Stands at a guard with envy; scarce confesses
That his blood flows, or that his appetite
Is more to bread than stone: hence shall we see,
If power change purpose, what our seemers be."

To unmask this seeming is the purpose of the play; and in those wonderfully dramatic scenes with Isabella,

INTRODUCTION

scenes so full of power, passion, and pathos as to be unsurpassed in the whole range of the Shakespearean drama, the contrast between seeming and being, between hidden vice and open virtue, is made manifest. Angelo's true nature becomes revealed to himself, and in the depth of his degradation he cries:

"O my dread lord,
I should be guiltier than my guiltiness,
To think I can be undiscernible,
When I perceive your Grace, like power divine,
Hath look'd upon my passes."

For his threefold crime the Duke utters this judgment:

"An Angelo for Claudio, death for death!
Haste still pays haste, and leisure answers leisure;
Like doth quit like, and Measure still for Measure."

Many wish the play had ended here in tragic dignity and justice, but the poet ruled otherwise, and by the introduction of Mariana turned justice into mercy, and revealed his own philosophy of moral government,

"We do pray for mercy;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy."

The fundamental traits of Isabella's character are strength of intellect, depth of feeling, simplicity and purity of thought and action, passionate religious enthusiasm, intense and balanced imagination. These are the weapons she uses with matchless skill in the task she

MEASURE FOR MEASURE

is called from the quiet and seclusion of the cloister to perform for her suffering brother. At first she shrinks from the call and asks:

“what poor ability 's in me
To do him good?”

but as she gradually rises to the consciousness of her great undertaking, not even the base-minded Lucio can refrain from paying her homage. He says:

“I hold you as a thing ensky'd and sainted;
By your renouncement, an immortal spirit;
And to be talk'd with in sincerity,
As with a saint.”

She raises no objection against the law by which her brother suffers, but she pleads for mercy in language unsurpassed for modesty, firmness, womanly gentleness, and pity for human weakness. What a piercing thrust she gives to Angelo's pride and pretended righteousness in the following:

“How would you be,
If He, which is the top of judgement, should
But judge you as you are? O, think on that;
And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
Like man new made.”

Nevertheless he does not yield, but sentences her brother to die on the morrow, and she says:

“O, it is excellent
To have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant.”

INTRODUCTION

Her indignation now bursts forth in a withering scorn of great ones of the earth who, drest in brief authority, play fantastic tricks before high heaven. By the almost supernatural power of her virgin mind and heart, "dedicate to nothing temporal," in thus appealing to the personal element in his office he confesses when alone:

"Amen;
For I am that way going to temptation,
O cunning enemy, that, to catch a saint,
With saints dost bait thy hook!"

At the next interview he begins by talking in riddles, which at first Isabella thinks merely a means of testing her; but as her replies cause him to doubt her real intentions, he at last unblushingly reveals his villainous desires; then she bursts out in vehement passion full of immortal wisdom, beauty, and nobility:

"Most pernicious purpose! — Seeming, seeming! —
I will proclaim thee, Angelo; look for't:
. . . I'll tell the world aloud,
What man thou art."

She now goes to seek her brother with this saintly soliloquy upon her lips:

"Then, Isabel, live chaste, and, brother, die;
More than our brother is our chastity."

Perhaps the greatest tribute to the character of Isabella is the fact that, notwithstanding the play is so little read, the most of what she voiced with such felicity,

MEASURE FOR MEASURE

grace, and wisdom, has retained "its freshness of immortal youth," and has become almost as universal as the language itself.

Shakespeare nowhere presents so definitely as in "Measure for Measure" the central truth of Christian morality. The main theme of the play, contained in the following from Isabella, is never lost sight of:

"Alas, alas!

Why, all the souls that were were forfeit once;
And He that might the vantage best have took
Found out the remedy."

Shakespeare has been blamed by Coleridge and Hazlitt because he acted consistently with this high philosophy, because he punished no one. In the presence of the Puritan justice he pleads for charity and mercy and in the presence of Bohemian callousness he asserts the claims of virtue and honour. In his godlike sympathy with all sorts and conditions of men lies the secret of his greatness as a teacher of mankind. His feelings compassed the total of humanity.

"All pains the immortal spirit must endure,
All weakness which impairs, all griefs which bow,
Find their sole speech in that victorious brow."

ANDREW J. GEORGE.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

VINCENTIO, the Duke.

ANGELO, Deputy.

ESCALUS, an ancient Lord.

CLAUDIO, a young gentleman.

LUCIO, a fantastic.

Two other gentlemen.

PROVOST.

THOMAS, }
PETER, } two friars.

A Justice.

VARRIUS.

ELBOW, a simple constable.

FROTH, a foolish gentleman.

POMPEY, servant to Mistress Overdone.

ABHORSON, an executioner.

BARNARDINE, a dissolute prisoner.

ISABELLA, sister to Claudio.

MARIANA, betrothed to Angelo.

JULIET, beloved of Claudio.

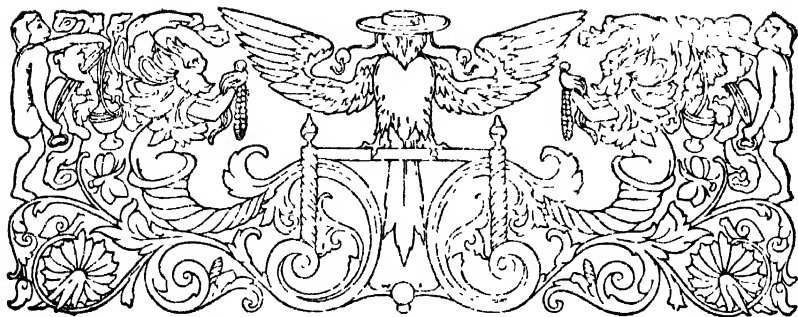
FRANCISCA, a nun.

MISTRESS OVERDONE, a bawd.

Lords, Officers, Citizens, Boy, and Attendants.

SCENE — *Vienna*

¹ This play was first printed in the First Folio. It was there divided into Acts and Scenes. At the end of the text "The Scene" was described as "Vienna," and "The Names of all the Actors" were given at length.



ACT FIRST -- SCENE I

AN APARTMENT IN THE DUKE'S PALACE

Enter DUKE, ESCALUS, Lords and Attendants

DUKE



ESCALUS.

ESCAL. My lord.

DUKE. Of government the
properties to unfold,
Would seem in me to affect
speech and discourse;
Since I am put to know that
your own science
Exceeds, in that, the lists of all
advice
My strength can give you: then
no more remains,
But that to your sufficiency . .
. . . as your worth is able,

And let them work. The nature of our people,
Our city's institutions, and the terms

10

4 *to affect speech*] to love talk for its own sake.

5 *I am put to know*] Cf. 2 *Hen. VI*, III, i, 43: "Had I been first put [*i. e.*, compelled] to speak."

For common justice, you 're as pregnant in
 As art and practice hath enriched any
 That we remember. There is our commission,
 From which we would not have you warp. Call hither,
 I say, bid come before us Angelo. [*Exit an Attendant.*]
 What figure of us think you he will bear?
 For you must know, we have with special soul
 Elected him our absence to supply;
 Lent him our terror, dress'd him with our love,
 And given his deputation all the organs
 Of our own power: what think you of it?

20

ESCAL. If any in Vienna be of worth
 To undergo such ample grace and honour,
 It is Lord Angelo.

DUKE. Look where he comes.

Enter ANGELO

ANG. Always obedient to your Grace's will,
 I come to know your pleasure.

7-10 *then no more remains . . . work*] This is obscure, and it is usually assumed that some words have accidentally dropped out. Theobald inserted in the dotted spaces *you add Due diligence*, for which Spedding substituted *I add Commission ample*. The meaning obviously is: Nothing more remains for me to tell you except to commit my authority to your own fit knowledge, with which your moral worth is on a level, and to let the principles or properties of government work out their way.

11-12 *the terms . . . justice*] the technical language of the courts.

13 *art and practice*] Cf. *Hen. V*, I, i, 51: "art and practice part of life."

17 *figure of us*] resemblance to us.

18 *with special soul*] out of my special affection for him. Cf. *Tempest*, III, i, 44: "With so full soul."

SCENE I MEASURE FOR MEASURE

DUKE.

Angelo,

There is a kind of character in thy life,
That to th' observer doth thy history
Fully unfold. Thyself and thy belongings 30
Are not thine own so proper, as to waste
Thyself upon thy virtues, they on thee.
Heaven doth with us as we with torches do,
Not light them for themselves; for if our virtues
Did not go forth of us, 't were all alike
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely
touch'd

But to fine issues; nor Nature never lends
The smallest scruple of her excellence,
But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines 40
Herself the glory of a creditor.
Both thanks and use. But I do bend my speech
To one that can my part in him advertise;
Hold therefore, Angelo: —
In our remove be thou at full ourself;
Mortality and mercy in Vienna

31 *thine own so proper*] so exclusively thine own property.

36-37 *Spirits . . . issues*] The soul is not endowed with nobleness, but for realising noble purposes.

39-41 *she determines . . . use*] she allots to herself the creditor's splendid advantages both of gratitude for service rendered and of interest on the loan.

42 *can . . . advertise*] can give instruction as to the part of deputy which I bestow on him. *Advertise* is accented on the second syllable.

44 *In our remove*] On our withdrawal.

45 *Mortality and mercy*] Power of capital punishment and of granting pardon.

Live in thy tongue and heart: old Escalus,
Though first in question, is thy secondary.
Take thy commission.

ANG. Now, good my lord,
Let there be some more test made of my metal,
Before so noble and so great a figure
Be stamp'd upon it.

50

DUKE. No more evasion:
We have with a leaven'd and prepared choice
Proceeded to you; therefore take your honours.
Our haste from hence is of so quick condition,
That it prefers itself, and leaves unquestiøn'd
Matters of needful value. We shall write to you,
As time and our concernings shall importune,
How it goes with us; and do look to know
What doth befall you here. So, fare you well:
To the hopeful execution do I leave you
Of your commissions.

60

ANG. Y. e, give leave, my lord,
That we may bring you something on the way.

DUKE. My haste may not admit it;
Nor need you, on mine honour, have to do
With any scruple; your scope is as mine own,
So to enforce or qualify the laws
As to your soul seems good. Give me your hand:

47 *Though . . . secondary*] Though he was first under consideration for this post, [Escalus] now thy subordinate.

52 *leaven'd*] well fermented, mature.

55 *prefers . . . unquestiøn'd*] takes precedence of everything else, and leaves undiscussed.

SCENE II MEASURE FOR MEASURE

I'll privily away. I love the people,
But do not like to stage me to their eyes:
Though it do well, I do not relish well 70
Their loud applause and Aves vehement;
Nor do I think the man of safe discretion
'That does affect it. Once more, fare you well.

ANG. The heavens give safety to your purposes!

ESCAL. Lead forth and bring you back in happiness!

DUKE. I thank you. Fare you well. [Exit.

ESCAL. I shall desire you, sir, to give me leave
To have free speech with you; and it concerns me
To look into the bottom of my place:
A power I have, but of what strength and nature 80
I am not yet instructed.

ANG. 'T is so with me. Let us withdraw together,
And we may soon our satisfaction have
Touching that point.

ESCAL. I'll wait upon your honour. [Exeunt.

SCENE II—A STREET

Enter LUCIO and two Gentlemen

LUCIO. If the Duke, with the other dukes, come not
to composition with the King of Hungary. why then all
the dukes fall upon the king.

68 *I love the people, etc.*] Shakespeare is commonly credited here with an allusion to King James I's notorious dislike of demonstrations in his honour by crowds in public places. The same sentiment is repeated II, iv, 27-30, *infra*: "The general subject . . . appear offence."

FIRST GENT. Heaven grant us its peace, but not the King of Hungary's!

SEC. GENT. Amen.

LUCIO. Thou concludest like the sanctimonious pirate, that went to sea with the Ten Commandments, but scraped one out of the table.

SEC. GENT. "Thou shalt not steal"? 10

LUCIO. Ay, that he razed.

FIRST GENT. Why, 't was a commandment to command the captain and all the rest from their functions: they put forth to steal. There's not a soldier of us all, that, in the thanksgiving before meat, do relish the petition well that prays for peace.

SEC. GENT. I never heard any soldier dislike it.

LUCIO. I believe thee; for I think thou never wast where grace was said

SEC. GENT. No? a dozen times at least. 20

FIRST GENT. What, in metre?

LUCIO. In any proportion or in any language.

FIRST GENT. I think, or in any religion.

LUCIO. Ay, why not? Grace is grace, despite of all controversy: as, for example, thou thyself art a wicked villain, despite of all grace.

FIRST GENT. Well, there went but a pair of shears between us.

17 *dislike*] express dislike. Cf. *As You Like It*, V, iv, 66, and note.

22 *proportion*] measure.

27-28 *Well, there went . . . us*] we are of the same piece; a proverbial expression suggesting that men are all alike save for the tailor's interposition. Cf. Marston's *Malcontent*, 1604, IV, 2 (ed. Bullen, I, 290): "*There goes but a pair of shears betwix an emperor and the son of a bagpiper.*"

SCENE II MEASURE FOR MEASURE

LUCIO. I grant; as there may between the lists and the velvet. Thou art the list. 30

FIRST GENT. And thou the velvet: thou art good velvet; thou'rt a three-piled piece, I warrant thee: I had as lief be a list of an English kersey, as be piled, as thou art piled, for a French velvet. Do I speak feelingly now?

LUCIO. I think thou dost; and, indeed, with most painful feeling of thy speech: I will, out of thine own confession, learn to begin thy health; but, whilst I live, forget to drink after thee.

FIRST GENT. I think I have done myself wrong, have I not? 40

SEC. GENT. Yes, that thou hast, whether thou art tainted or free.

LUCIO. Behold, behold, where Madam Mitigation comes! I have purchased as many diseases under her roof as come to —

SEC. GENT. To what, I pray?

LUCIO. Judge.

SEC. GENT. To three thousand dolours a year.

FIRST GENT. Ay, and more.

LUCIO. A French crown more. 50

32 *three-piled*] Cf. *All's Well*, IV, v, 88, and note.

34 *piled . . . velvet*] a quibble on "piled" in the sense of "pealed," made bald (by the French venereal disease), and "piled," richly woven (of velvet).

37 *begin thy health*] begin drinking to the recovery of thy health.

50 *A French crown*] A bald pate. Cf. *Mids. N. Dr.*, I, ii, 86: "Some of your *French crowns* have no hair at all." There is a tacit allusion to the medical term, "*corona veneris*."

MEASURE FOR MEASURE ACT I

FIRST GENT. Thou art always figuring diseases in me; but thou art full of error; I am sound.

LUCIO. Nay, not as one would say, healthy; but so sound as things that are hollow: thy bones are hollow; impiety has made a feast of thee.

Enter MISTRESS OVERDONE

FIRST GENT. How now! which of your hips has the most profound sciatica?

MRS OV. Well, well; there's one yonder arrested and carried to prison was worth five thousand of you all.

SEC. GENT. Who's that, I pray thee? 60

MRS OV. Marry, sir, that's Claudio, Signior Claudio.

FIRST GENT. Claudio to prison? 't is not so.

MRS OV. Nay, but I know 't is so: I saw him arrested: saw him carried away; and, which is more, within these three days his head to be chopped off.

LUCIO. But, after all this fooling, I would not have it so. Art thou sure of this?

MRS OV. I am too sure of it: and it is for getting Madam Julietta with child.

LUCIO. Believe me, this may be: he promised to meet 70
me two hours since, and he was ever precise in promise-keeping.

SEC. GENT. Besides, you know, it draws something near to the speech we had to such a purpose.

FIRST GENT. But, most of all, agreeing with the proclamation.

LUCIO. Away! let's go learn the truth of it.

[Exeunt Lucio and Gentlemen.]

SCENE II MEASURE FOR MEASURE

MRS OV. Thus, what with the war, what with the sweat, what with the gallows, and what with poverty, I am custom-shrunk. 80

Enter POMPEY

How now! what 's the news with you?

POM. Yonder man is carried to prison.

MRS OV. Well; what has he done?

POM. A woman.

MRS OV. But what 's his offence?

POM. Groping for trouts in a peculiar river.

MRS OV. What, is there a maid with child by him?

POM. No, but there 's a woman with maid by him. You have not heard of the proclamation, have you?

MRS OV. What proclamation, man?

POM. All houses in the suburbs of Vienna must be plucked down.

MRS OV. And what shall become of those in the city?

POM. They shall stand for seed: they had gone down too, but that a wise burgher put in for them.

MRS OV. But shall all our houses of resort in the suburbs be pulled down?

POM. To the ground, mistress.

79 *sweat*] probably the recent epidemic of the "sweating sickness." A reference to the "sweating tub" methods of curing venereal disease would be less pertinent. Cf. "the tub," III, i, 53, *infra*, and note.

86 *peculiar*] in private ownership.

91 *All houses in the suburbs*] Disorderly houses in Elizabethan London were usually located in the districts outside the city boundaries. Cf. Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*, II, 3: "The pretty *suburbians*," *i. e.*, women of the town.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE ACT I

MRS OV. Why, here 's a change indeed in the commonwealth! What shall become of me? 100

POM. Come; fear not you: good counsellors lack no clients: though you change your place, you need not change your trade; I 'll be your tapster still. Courage! there will be pity taken on you: you that have worn your eyes almost out in the service, you will be considered.

MRS OV. What 's to do here, Thomas tapster? let 's withdraw.

POM. Here comes Signior Claudio, led by the provost to prison; and there 's Madam Juliet. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter PROVOST, CLAUDIO, JULIET, and Officers

CLAUD. Fellow, why dost thou show me thus to the world? 110

Bear me to prison, where I am committed.

PROV. I do it not in evil disposition,
But from Lord Angelo by special charge.

CLAUD. Thus can the Gemigod Authority
Make us pay down for our offence by weight
The words of heaven; — on whom it will, it will;
On whom it will not, so; yet still 't is just.

106 *Thomas tapster*] A colloquial class-name, like Tom Tinker or Tom Tossplot, playfully applied here to Pompey.

116-117 *The words of heaven . . . it will not, so*] This, the punctuation of the Folios, is clearly right. Authority can make us suffer for our offence precisely the retribution described in the Bible. The Scriptural words to which "on whom it will," etc., allude, are in two verses in Romans ix (v. 15): "For He saith to Moses: 'I will have mercy on whom I will have mercy,'" and (v. 18) "Therefore hath He mercy on whom He will have mercy."

SCENE II MEASURE FOR MEASURE

Re-enter LUCIO and two Gentlemen

LUCIO. Why, how now, Claudio! whence comes this restraint?

CLAUD. From too much liberty, my Lucio, liberty:
As surfeit is the father of much fast, 120
So every scope by the immoderate use
Turns to restraint. Our natures do pursue,
Like rats that ravin down their proper bane,
A thirsty evil; and when we drink we die.

LUCIO. If I could speak so wisely under an arrest, I
would send for certain of my creditors: and yet, to say
the truth, I had as lief have the foppery of freedom as
the morality of imprisonment. What's thy offence,
Claudio?

CLAUD. What but to speak of would offend again.

LUCIO. What, is't murder? 130

CLAUD. No.

LUCIO. Lechery?

CLAUD. Call it so.

PROV. Away, sir! you must go.

CLAUD. One word, good friend. Lucio, a word with
you.

122-124 *Our natures . . . we die*] Cf. Chapman's adaptation of the same image in his *Revenge for Honour*, II, i, 113-115: ". . . men like poison'd rats, which when they've swallowed The pleasing bane, rest not until they drink, And can rest then much less until they burst with't."

128 *morality*] Sir William D'Avenant's happy change (in his *Law for Lovers*, an adapted version of the play) for the Folio reading *mortality*.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE ACT I

LUCIO. A hundred, if they 'll do you any good.
Is lechery so look'd after?

CLAUD. Thus stands it with me: upon a true contract
I got possession of Julietta's bed:
You know the lady; she is fast my wife, 140
Save that we do the denunciation lack
Of outward order: this we came not to,
Only for propagation of a dower
Remaining in the coffer of her friends;
From whom we thought it meet to hide our love
Till time had made them for us. But it chances
The stealth of our most mutual entertainment
With character too gross is writ on Juliet.

LUCIO. With child, perhaps?

CLAUD. Unhappily, even so.
And the new Deputy now for the Duke, — 150
Whether it be the fault and glimpse of newness,
Or whether that the body public be
A horse whereon the governor doth ride,
Who, newly in the seat, that it may know
He can command, lets it straight feel the spur;

188 *true contract*] a genuine contract (accented on the second syllable)
of betrothal, which preceded the marriage rites. Cf. III, i, 210, *infra*.
The ceremony of the contract is fully described in *Tw. Night*, V, i,
150-155.

141-143 *we do the denunciation . . . dower*] we are without the formal
ceremony of public announcement (of our union); this we deferred
merely to allow of some increase in the amount of the lady's dowry.

146 *Till time . . . for us*] Till time had reconciled her friends to our purpose.

151 *fault . . . newness*] inherent defect and hasty vision of one in a new
position.

SCENE II MEASURE FOR MEASURE

Whether the tryanny be in his place,
 Or in his eminence that fills it up,
 I stagger in: — but this new governor
 Awakes me all the enrolled penalties
 Which have, like unscour'd armour, hung by the wall 160
 So long, that nineteen zodiacs have gone round,
 And none of them been worn; and, for a name,
 Now puts the drowsy and neglected act
 Freshly on me: 't is surely for a name.

LUCIO. I warrant it is: and thy head stands so tickle
 on thy shoulders, that a milkmaid, if she be in love, may
 sigh it off. Send after the Duke, and appeal to him.

CLAUD. I have done so, but he 's not to be found.
 I prithee, Lucio, do me this kind service:
 This day my sister should the cloister enter 170
 And there receive her approbation:
 Acquaint her with the danger of my state;
 Implore her, in my voice, that she make friends
 To the strict deputy; bid herself assay him:
 I have great hope in that; for in her youth
 There is a prone and speechless dialect,

161 *nineteen zodiacs*] In the next scene (I, iii, 21) the Duke declares he has suffered the law to be in abeyance not *nineteen*, but *fourteen* years. The discrepancy may be due to the dramatist's carelessness, or it may be that, although the law has been in desuetude nineteen years, the Duke may have reigned no more than fourteen.

171 *receive her approbation*] enter on her term of probation, her novitiate
 176 *prone, etc.*] "Prone" seems here used in the sense of "prompt," or "apt."
 The sentence means that youth has an aptitude to move or persuade without use of words. Cf. for the thought, *Win. Tale*, II, ii, 41:
 "The *silence* often of pure innocence *Persuades* when speaking fails."

Such as move men; beside, she hath prosperous art
When she will play with reason and discourse,
And well she can persuade. 179

LUCIO. I pray she may; as well for the encouragement of the like, which else would stand under grievous imposition, as for the enjoying of thy life, who I would be sorry should be thus foolishly lost at a game of tick-tack. I'll to her.

CLAUD. I thank you, good friend Lucio.

LUCIO. Within two hours.

CLAUD. Come, officer, away!
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III—A MONASTERY

Enter DUKE and FRIAR THOMAS

DUKE. No, holy father; throw away that thought;
Believe not that the dribbling dart of love
Can pierce a complete bosom. Why I desire thee
To give me secret harbour, hath a purpose
More grave and wrinkled than the aims and ends
Of burning youth.

FRI. T. May your grace speak of it?

DUKE. My holy sir, none better knows than you

181-182 *stand under grievous imposition*] be liable to grievous penalties.

183 *tick-tack*] A loose reference to a game resembling backgammon.

2-3 *dribbling dart . . . complete bosom*] Love's weakly aimed, feebly fluttering arrow cannot pierce a completely armed, self-possessed heart.
In archery a "dribbler" means a bad marksman.

SCENE III MEASURE FOR MEASURE

How I have ever loved the life removed,
 And held in idle price to haunt assemblies
 Where youth, and cost, and witless bravery keeps. 10
 I have deliver'd to Lord Angelo,
 A man of stricture and firm abstinence,
 My absolute power and place here in Vienna,
 And he supposes me travell'd to Poland;
 For so I have strew'd it in the common ear,
 And so it is received. Now, pious sir,
 You will demand of me why I do this.

FRI. T. Gladly, my lord.

DUKE. We have strict statutes and most biting laws. 20
 The needful bits and curbs to headstrong weeds,
 Which for this fourteen years we have let slip;
 Even like an o'ergrown lion in a cave,
 That goes not out to prey. Now, as fond fathers,
 Having bound up the threatening twigs of birch,
 Only to stick it in their children's sight
 For terror, not to use, in time the rod

20 *weeds*.] This is the reading of the Folios, for which Theobald substituted *steeds*. 'Shakespeare was often careless with his metaphors, and the figure of the rank and noisome growths which deface a neglected garden suits the context. Cf. Iago's words in *Othello*, I, iii, 320 seq.: "Our *bodies are our gardens*, to the which our *vills are gardeners*."

21 *fourteen years . . . slip*] At I, ii, 161, *supra*, the laws in question are said to have been in abeyance for nineteen years (see note, *ibid*). For *let slip*, the reading of the Folios, D'Avenant (in his altered version, followed by Theobald and others) substituted *let sleep*. The change is supported by II, ii, 90, *infra*, where the law is said to have *slept*. But "let slip" in the sense of "neglect," "suffer to pass unnoticed," is often found. Cf. *Tw. Night*, III, iv, 272: "Let the matter *slip*."

MEASURE FOR MEASURE ACT I

Becomes more mock'd than fear'd; so our decrees,
 Dead to infliction, to themselves are dead;
 And liberty plucks justice by the nose;
 The baby beats the nurse, and quite athwart 30
 Goes all decorum.

FRI. T. It rested in your Grace
 To unloose this tied-up justice when you pleased:
 And it in you more dreadful would have seem'd
 Than in Lord Angelo.

DUKE. I do fear, too dreadful:
 Sith 't was my fault to give the people scope,
 'T would be my tyranny to strike and gall them
 For what I bid them do: for we bid this be done,
 When evil deeds have their permissive pass,
 And not the punishment. Therefore, indeed, my father,
 I have on Angelo imposed the office; 40
 Who may, in the ambush of my name, strike home,
 And yet my nature never in the fight
 To do in slander. And to behold his sway,
 I will, as 't were a brother of your order,
 Visit both prince and people: therefore, I prithee,
 Supply me with the habit, and instruct me
 How I may formally in person bear me

27 *Becomes*] D'Avenant's version inserted this needful word, which is missing from the Folios.

42-43 *And yet . . . slander*] This is the original reading. Pope substituted *sight* for *fight*, Theobald *so do* for *to do*, and Hammer *it* for *in* (line 43). The meaning seems to be that the Duke's person will not figure in Angelo's war with crime, so as to incur injurious comments (either for past mildness or present sternness).

SCENE IV MEASURE FOR MEASURE

Like a true friar. Moe reasons for this action
At our more leisure shall I render you:
Only, this one: Lord Angelo is precise;
Stands at a guard with envy; scarce confesses
That his blood flows, or that his appetite
Is more to bread than stone: hence shall we see,
If power change purpose, what our seemers be. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV—A NUNNERY

Enter ISABELLA and FRANCISCA

ISAB. And have you nuns no farther privileges?

FRAN. Are not these large enough?

ISAB. Yes, truly: I speak not as desiring more;
But rather wishing a more strict restraint
Upon the sisterhood, the votarists of Saint Clare.

LUCIO. [*within*]. Ho! Peace be in this place!

ISAB. Who's that which calls?

FRAN. It is a man's voice. Gentle Isabella,
Turn you the key, and know his business of him;
You may, I may not; you are yet unsworn.
When you have vow'd, you must not speak with men 10
But in the presence of the prioress:
Then, if you speak, you must not show your face;

51 *Stands at a guard with envy*] Stands on his guard against, is able to defend himself against, malicious tongues.

53-54 *hence . . . be*] The Duke will discover whether the possession of power work any change in Angelo's character, whether men are really what they seem to be.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE ACT I

Or, if you show your face, you must not speak.
 He calls again; I pray you, answer him. *[Exit.*
 ISAB. Peace and prosperity! Who is 't that calls?

Enter LUCIO

LUCIO. Hail, virgin, if you be, as those cheek-roses
 Proclaim you are no less! Can you so stead me
 As bring me to the sight of Isabella.
 A novice of this place, and the fair sister
 To her unhappy brother Claudio? 20

ISAB. Why, "her unhappy brother"? let me ask
 The rather, for I now must make you know
 I am that Isabella and his sister.

LUCIO. Gentle and fair, your brother kindly greets
 you:
 Not to be weary with you, he's in prison.

ISAB. Woe me! for what?

LUCIO. For that which, if myself might be his judge,
 He should receive his punishment in thanks:
 He hath got his friend with child.

ISAB. Sir, make me not your story.

LUCIO. It is true. 30
 I would not — though 't is my familiar sin
 With maids to seem the lapwing, and to jest,

30 *make me not your story*] make me not your subject of mirth, your jest.

Cf. *M. Wives*, V, v, 154 : "I am your *theme*."

32 *lapwing*] The "lapwing" or peewit often figures as the symbol of fickleness and inconstancy from its wily habits. Cf. Gower, *Confessio Amantis*, II, 329: "a *lapwing* has lost its faith And is the bird falsest of all."

SCENE IV MEASURE FOR MEASURE

Tongue far from heart — play with all virgins so:
 I hold you as a thing ensky'd and sainted;
 By your renouncement, an immortal spirit;
 And to be talk'd with in sincerity,
 As with a saint.

ISAB. You do blaspheme the good in mocking me.

LUCIO. Do you believe it. Fewness and truth, 't is
 thus: —

Your brother and his lover have embraced: 40
 As those that feed grow full, — as blossoming time,
 That from the seedness the bare fallow brings
 To teeming foison, — even so her plenteous womb
 Expresseth his full tilth and husbandry.

ISAB. Some one with child by him? — My cousin Juliet?

LUCIO. Is she your cousin?

ISAB. Adoptedly; as school-maids change their names
 By vain, though apt, affection.

LUCIO. She it is.

ISAB. O, let him marry her.

LUCIO. 'Tis the point.

The duke is very strangely gone from hence; 50
 Bore many gentlemen, myself being one,
 In hand, and hope of action: but we do learn

39 *Fewness and truth*] Briefly and truly.

43-44 *womb . . . husbandry*] (cf. *Sonnet* iii, 5-6: "whose unear'd womb
 Disdains the tillage of thy husbandry.")

51-52 *Bore . . . action*] Deluded and raised false hopes of action. For
 "and hope of action" editors sometimes substitute "with" or "in hope
 of action," a construction harmonising better with the common phrase
 "bear in hand," i. e., "delude."

MEASURE FOR MEASURE ACT I

By those that know the very nerves of state,
 His givings-out were of an infinite distance
 From his true-meant design. Upon his place,
 And with full line of his authority,
 Governs Lord Angelo; a man whose blood
 Is very snow-broth; one who never feels
 The wanton stings and motions of the sense,
 But doth rebate and blunt his natural edge 60
 With profits of the mind, study and fast.
 He — to give fear to use and liberty,
 Which have for long run by the hideous law,
 As mice by lions — hath pick'd out an act,
 Under whose heavy sense your brother's life
 Falls into forfeit: he arrests him on it;
 And follows close the rigour of the statute,
 To make him an example. All hope is gone,
 Unless you have the grace by your fair prayer
 To soften Angelo: and that's my pith of business 70
 'Twixt you and your poor brother.

ISAB. Doth he so seek his life?

LUCIO. Has censured him
 Already; and, as I hear, the provost hath
 A warrant for his execution.

ISAB. Alas! what poor ability's in me
 To do him good?

LUCIO. Assay the power you have.

60 *rebate*] "Rebate" and "blunt" mean the same thing. Cf. Massinger, *Roman Actor*, IV, 2, where a foil is described as with "the point and edge rebated."

62 *to give fear . . . liberty*] to offer the restraint of fear to habit and license.

SCENE IV MEASURE FOR MEASURE

ISAB. My power? Alas, I doubt, —

LUCIO. Our doubts are traitors,
And make us lose the good we oft might win
By fearing to attempt. Go to Lord Angelo,
And let him learn to know, when maidens sue, 80
Men give like gods; but when they weep and kneel,
All their petitions are as freely theirs
As they themselves would owe them.

ISAB. I'll see what I can do.

LUCIO. But speedily.

ISAB. I will about it straight;
No longer staying but to give the Mother
Notice of my affair. I humbly thank you:
Commend me to my brother: soon at night
I'll send him certain word of my success.

LUCIO. I take my leave of you.

ISAB. Good sir, adieu. 90

[*Exeunt.*]

83 *owe*] have. "Owe" is commonly used for "own," "possess."

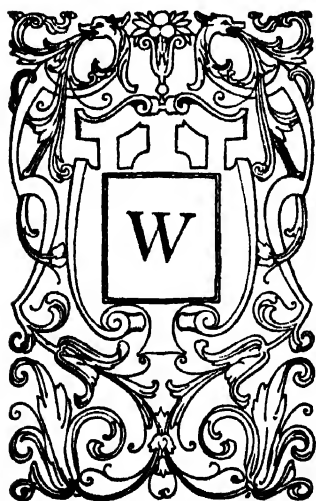


ACT SECOND — SCENE I

A HALL IN ANGELO'S HOUSE

*Enter ANGELO, ESCALUS, and a Justice, Provost, Officers,
and other Attendants, behind*

ANGELO



WE MUST NOT MAKE A
scarecrow of the law,
Setting it up to fear the birds of
prey,

And let it keep one shape, till
custom make it
Their perch, and not their terror.

ESCAL. Ay, but yet
Let us be keen, and rather cut a
little,
Than fall, and bruise to death.
Alas, this gentleman,
Whom I would save, had a most
noble father!

Let but your honour know,
Whom I believe to be most strait in virtue,

8 *know*] examine, consider, take cognizance of. The word is used in the
same sense, line 22, *infra*: "what *know* the laws," etc., *i. e.*, "What

SCENE I MEASURE FOR MEASURE

That, in the working of your own affections, 10
 Had time cohered with place or place with wishing,
 Or that the resolute acting of your blood
 Could have attain'd the effect of your own purpose,
 Whether you had not sometime in your life
 Err'd in this point which now you censure him,
 And pull'd the law upon you.

ANG. 'T is one thing to be tempted, Escalus,
 Another thing to fall. I not deny,
 The jury, passing on the prisoner's life,
 May in the sworn twelve have a thief or two 20
 Guiltier than him they try. What's open made to justice,
 'That justice seizes: what know the laws
 That thieves do pass on thieves? 'T is very pregnant,
 The jewel that we find, we stoop and take 't,
 Because we see it; but what we do not see
 We tread upon, and never think of it.
 You may not so extenuate his offence
 For I have had such faults; but rather tell me,
 When I, that censure him, do so offend,
 Let mine own judgement pattern out my death, 30
 And nothing come in partial. Sir, he must die.

ESCAL. Be it as your wisdom will.

ANG. Where is the provost?

PROV. Here, if it like your honour.

ANG. See that Claudio

cognizance can the laws take of the circumstance that thieves may
 possibly pass judgment on thieves?"

28 *For*] For the reason that, because.

31 *nothing come in partial*] no partiality intervene.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE ACT II

Be executed by nine to-morrow morning;
Bring him his confessor, let him be prepared;
For that 's the utmost of his pilgrimage. [*Exit Provost.*]

ESCAL. [*Aside*] Well, heaven forgive him! and forgive
us all!

Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall;
Some run from brakes of ice, and answer none;
And some condemned for a fault alone.

40

Enter ELBOW, and Officers with FROTH and POMPEY

ELB. Come, bring them away: if these be good people
in a commonweal that do nothing but use their abuses in
common houses, I know no law: bring them away.

ANG. How now, sir! What's your name? and what's
the matter?

ELB. If it please your honour, I am the poor Duke's
constable, and my name is Elbow: I do lean upon jus-
tice, sir, and do bring in here before your good honour
two notorious benefactors.

ANG. Benefactors? Well; what benefactors are ⁵⁰
they? are they not malefactors?

ELB. If it please your honour, I know not well what

39 *Some run . . . none*] This is the original reading, and is not easily explained. "Brake" is variously used for "thicket," "bridle," "trap," and other forms of entanglement. "Brakes of ice" may mean "frozen ground rendered dangerous by traps of ice," and hence "danger" generally. The sentence would then mean "Some run free from dangerous situations and are not called to account." Rowe and many succeeding editors substitute *vice* for *ice*, and understand by "brakes of vice" traps or entanglements of sin, which gives the sense required by the context more obviously than the original reading.

SCENE I MEASURE FOR MEASURE

they are: but precise villains they are, that I am sure of; and void of all profanation in the world that good Christians ought to have.

ESCAL. This comes off well; here 's a wise officer.

ANG. Go to: what quality are they of? Elbow is your name? why dost thou not speak, Elbow?

POM. He cannot, sir; he 's out at elbow.

ANG. What are you, sir?

60

ELB. He, sir! a tapster, sir; parcel-bawd; one that serves a bad woman; whose house, sir, was, as they say, plucked down in the suburbs; and now she professes a hot-house, which, I think, is a very ill house too.

ESCAL. How know you that?

ELB. My wife, sir, whom I detest before heaven and your honour, —

ESCAL. How? thy wife?

ELB. Ay, sir; — whom, I thank heaven, is an honest woman, —

70

ESCAL. Dost thou detest her therefore?

ELB. I say, sir, I will detest myself also, as well as she, that this house, if it be not a bawd's house, it is pity of her life, for it is a naughty house.

56 *This comes off well*] This is eloquently spoken.

61 *parcel-bawd*] "Parcel" for "part" is frequently used in this sort of combination. Cf. line 208, *infra*, "partly a bawd," and *2 Hen. IV*, II, i, 84, "*parcel-gilt*."

63-64 *she professes . . . hot-house*] she pretends to keep a bathing establishment.

66 *detest*] Mrs. Quickly also in *M. Wives*, I, iv, 135, blunderingly uses "detest" for "protest" or "attest."

MEASURE FOR MEASURE ACT II

ESCAL. How dost thou know that, constable?

ELB. Marry, sir, by my wife; who, if she had been a woman cardinally given, might have been accused in fornication, adultery, and all uncleanness there.

ESCAL. By the woman's means?

ELB. Ay, sir, by Mistress Overdone's means: but as ⁸⁰ she spit in his face, so she defied him.

POM. Sir, if it please your honour, this is not so.

ELB. Prove it before these varlets here, thou honourable man; prove it.

ESCAL. Do you hear how he misplaces?

POM. Sir, she came in great with child; and longing, saving your honour's reverence, for stewed prunes; sir, we had but two in the house, which at that very distant time stood, as it were, in a fruit-dish, a dish of some three-pence; your honours have seen such dishes; they are not ⁹⁰ China dishes, but very good dishes, —

ESCAL. Go to, go to: no matter for the dish, sir.

POM. No, indeed, sir, not of a pin; you are therein in the right: but to the point. As I say, this Mistress Elbow, being, as I say, with child, and being great-bellied, and longing, as I said, for prunes; and having but two in the dish, as I said, Master Froth here, this very man, having eaten the rest, as I said, and, as I say, paying for them very honestly; for, as you know, Master Froth, I could not give you three-pence again. ¹⁰⁰

87 *stewed prunes*] a dish invariably provided in brothels, according to ample testimony of Elizabethan writers.

88 *distant*] blunder for "instant."

SCENE I MEASURE FOR MEASURE

FROTH. No, indeed.

POM. Very well; — you being then, if you be remembered, cracking the stones of the foresaid prunes, —

FROTH. Ay, so I did indeed.

POM. Why, very well; I telling you then, if you be remembered, that such a one and such a one were past cure of the thing you wot of, unless they kept very good diet, as I told you, —

FROTH. All this is true.

POM. Why, very well, then, —

110

ESCAL. Come, you are a tedious fool: to the purpose. What was done to Elbow's wife, that he hath cause to complain of? Come me to what was done to her.

POM. Sir, your honour cannot come to that yet.

ESCAL. No, sir, nor I mean it not.

POM. Sir, but you shall come to it, by your honour's leave. And, I beseech you, look into Master Froth here, sir: a man of fourscore pound a year; whose father died at Hallowmas: — was 't not at Hallowmas, Master Froth? —

FROTH. All-hallond eve.

120

POM. Why, very well; I hope here be truths. He, sir, sitting, as I say, in a lower chair, sir; 't was in the Bunch of Grapes, where, indeed, you have a delight to sit, have you not?

122 *a lower chair*] a low or easy chair.

122-123 *Bunch of Grapes*] The name given to a particular room in the tavern. In *J Hen. IV*, II, iv, 26, 35, mention is made of rooms in the Boar's-Head tavern termed respectively "Half-moon" and "Pomegranet," *i. e.* Pomegranate.

FROTH. I have so; because it is an open room, and good for winter.

POM. Why, very well, then; I hope here be truths.

ANG. This will last out a night in Russia,
When nights are longest there: I'll take my leave,
And leave you to the hearing of the cause; 130
Hoping you'll find good cause to whip them all.

ESCAL. I think no less. Good morrow to your lordship.
[Exit Angelo.]

Now, sir, come on: what was done to Elbow's wife, once more?

POM. Once, sir? there was nothing done to her once.

ELB. I beseech you, sir, ask him what this man did to my wife.

POM. I beseech your honour, ask me.

ESCAL. Well, sir; what did this gentleman to her?

POM. I beseech you, sir, look in this gentleman's face.
Good Master Froth, look upon his honour; 't is for a good
purpose. Doth your honour mark his face? 142

ESCAL. Ay, sir, very well.

POM. Nay, I beseech you, mark it well.

ESCAL. Well, I do so.

POM. Doth your honour see any harm in his face?

ESCAL. Why, no.

POM. I'll be supposed upon a book, his face is the

125-126 *an open room . . . winter*] Possibly a pointless remark on the part of Froth, who is described in the original *dramatis personæ* as "a foolish gentleman." An "open" room is one open either to the public or to the sun.

148 *supposed*] blunder for "deposed," i. e., "sworn."

SCENE I MEASURE FOR MEASURE

worst thing about him. Good, then; if his face be the worst thing about him, how could Master Froth do the constable's wife any harm? I would know that of your honour. 152

ESCAL. He's in the right. Constable, what say you to it?

ELB. First, an it like you, the house is a respected house; next, this is a respected fellow; and his mistress is a respected woman.

POM. By this hand, sir, his wife is a more respected person than any of us all.

ELB. Varlet, thou liest; thou liest, wicked varlet! the time is yet to come that she was ever respected with man, woman, or child. 161

POM. Sir, she was respected with him before he married with her.

ESCAL. Which is the wiser here? Justice or Iniquity? Is this true?

ELB. O thou caitiff! O thou varlet! O thou wicked Hannibal! I respected with her before I was married to her! If ever I was respected with her, or she with me, let not your worship think me the poor Duke's officer. Prove this, thou wicked Hannibal, or I'll have mine action of battery on thee. 171

164 *Justice or Iniquity*] Constable or Pompey, the accuser or the accused. In the old morality plays, "Iniquity" was often the name formally conferred on the "Vice" or villain of the piece. Cf. *1 Hen. IV.*, II, iv, 438, "that reverend *vice*, that grey *iniquity*," and *Rich. III.* III, iv, 82, "thus like the *formal vice*, *Iniquity*."

170 *Hannibal*] Blunder for "Cannibal." Cf. *2 Hen. IV.*, II, iv, 157, where Pistol makes the reverse error, and speaks of "Caunibals" for "Hannibals."

MEASURE FOR MEASURE c ACT II

ESCAL. If he took you a box o' th' ear, you might have your action of slander too.

ELB. Marry, I thank your good worship for it. What is 't your worship's pleasure I shall do with this wicked caitiff?

ESCAL. Truly, officer, because he hath some offences in him that thou wouldst discover if thou couldst, let him continue in his courses till thou knowest what they are.

ELB. Marry, I thank your worship for it. Thou seest, thou wicked varlet, now, what 's come upon thee: thou art to continue now, thou varlet; thou art to continue. 182

ESCAL. Where were you born, friend?

FROTH. Here in Vienna, sir.

ESCAL. Are you of fourscore pounds a year?

FROTH. Yes, an 't please you, sir.

ESCAL. So. What trade are you of, sir?

POM. A tapster; a poor widow's tapster.

ESCAL. Your mistress' name?

POM. Mistress Overdone. 190

ESCAL. Hath she had any more than one husband?

POM. Nine, sir; Overdone by the last.

ESCAL. Nine! Come hither to me, Master Froth. Master Froth, I would not have you acquainted with tapsters: they will draw you, Master Froth, and you will hang them. Get you gone, and let me hear no more of you.

FROTH. I thank your worship. For mine own part,

195 *they will draw you . . . hang*] A quibble on varied senses of "draw," i. e., "draw ale," "drain or empty a glass," and "draw a convict to and from the scaffold on the hurdle." Cf. "drawn in," line 199. "Hang" means here "cause to be hanged," "be the means of hanging(them)."

SCENE I MEASURE FOR MEASURE

I never come into any room in a taphouse, but I am drawn in. 199

ESCAL. Well, no more of it, Master Froth: farewell.
[Exit Froth.] Come you hither to me, Master tapster.
What's your name, Master tapster?

POM. Pompey.

ESCAL. What else?

POM. Bum, sir.

ESCAL. Troth, and your bum is the greatest thing about you; so that, in the beastliest sense, you are Pompey the Great. Pompey, you are partly a bawd, Pompey, howsoever you colour it in being a tapster, are you not? come, tell me true: it shall be the better for you. 210

POM. Truly, sir, I am a poor fellow that would live.

ESCAL. How would you live, Pompey? by being a bawd? What do you think of the trade, Pompey? is it a lawful trade?

POM. If the law would allow it, sir.

ESCAL. But the law will not allow it, Pompey; nor it shall not be allowed in Vienna.

POM. Does your worship mean to geld and splay all the youth of the city?

ESCAL. No, Pompey. 220

POM. Truly, sir, in my poor opinion, they will to't, then. If your worship will take order for the drabs and the knaves, you need not to fear the bawds.

206 *the greatest thing*] A jesting allusion to the enormously wide and unsightly trunk-hose worn by Elizabethan gentlemen.

222 *take order . . . drabs*] take measures for dealing with the loose women.

ESCAL. There are pretty orders beginning, I can tell you: it is but heading and hanging.

POM. If you head and hang all that offend that way but for ten year together, you'll be glad to give out a commission for more heads: if this law hold in Vienna ten year, I'll rent the fairest house in it after three-pence a bay: if you live to see this come to pass, say Pompey told you so. 231

ESCAL. Thank you, good Pompey; and, in requital of your prophecy, hark you: I advise you, let me not find you before me again upon any complaint whatsoever; no, not for dwelling where you do: if I do, Pompey, I shall beat you to your tent, and prove a shrewd Cæsar to you; in plain dealing. Pompey, I shall have you whipt: so, for this time, Pompey, fare you well.

POM. I thank your worship for your good counsel: [*Aside*] but I shall follow it as the flesh and fortune shall better determine. 241

Whip me? No, no; let carman whip his jade:
The valiant heart's not whipt out of his trade. [*Exit.*]

ESCAL. Come hither to me, Master Elbow; come hither, Master constable. How long have you been in this place of constable?

ELB. Seven year and a half, sir."

229-230 *three-pence a bay*] A "bay" seems to have been a recognised standard in the measurement of houses, each bay being about twenty feet in length. Rowe's substitution of *day* for *bay* is needless. In Hall's *Satires*, Lib. IV, a silly "cote," i. e., "cot," is described as of "one bay's breadth." "After" here means "at the rate of."

SCENE I MEASURE FOR MEASURE

ESCAL. I thought, by your readiness in the office, you had continued in it some time. You say, seven years together? 250

ELB. And a half, sir.

ESCAL. Alas, it hath been great pains to you. They do you wrong to put you so oft upon 't: are there not men in your ward sufficient to serve it?

ELB. Faith, sir, few of any wit in such matters: as they are chosen, they are glad to choose me for them; I do it for some piece of money, and go through with all.

ESCAL. Look you bring me in the names of some six or seven, the most sufficient of your parish.

ELB. To your worship's house, sir? 260

ESCAL. To my house. Fare you well. [*Exit Elbow.*]
What 's o'clock, think you?

JUST. Eleven, sir.

ESCAL. I pray you home to dinner with me.

JUST. I humbly thank you.

ESCAL. It grieves me for the death of Claudio;
But there 's no remedy.

JUST. Lord Angelo is severe.

ESCAL. ' It is but needful:

Mercy is not itself, that oft looks so;

Pardon is still the nurse of second woe: 270

But yet, — poor Claudio! There is no remedy.

Come, sir. [*Exeunt.*]

248 *your readiness*] Pope's emendation of the original reading *the readiness*.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE ⁶ ACT II

SCENE II—ANOTHER ROOM IN THE SAME

Enter PROVOST and a Servant

SERV. He's hearing of a cause; he will come straight:
I'll tell him of you.

PROV. Pray you do. [*Exit Servant.*] I'll know
His pleasure; may be he will relent. Alas,
He hath but as offended in a dream!
All sects, all ages smack of this vice; and he
To die for't!

Enter ANGELO

ANG. Now, what's the matter, provost?

PROV. Is it your will Claudio shall die to-morrow?

ANG. Did not I tell thee yea? hadst thou not order?
Why dost thou ask again?

PROV. Lest I might be too rash:
Under your good correction, I have seen, 10
When, after execution, Judgement hath
Repented o'er his doom.

ANG. Go to; let that be mine:
Do you your office, or give up your place,
And you shall well be spared.

PROV. I crave your honour's pardon.
What shall be done, sir, with the groaning Juliet?
She's very near her hour.

ANG. Dispose of her
To some more fitter place, and that with speed.

SCENE II MEASURE FOR MEASURE

Re-enter Servant

SERV. Here is the sister of the man condemn'd
Desires access to you.

ANG. Hath he a sister?

PROV. Ay, my good lord; a very virtuous maid, 20
And to be shortly of a sisterhood,
If not already.

ANG. Well, let her be admitted. [*Exit Servant.*]
See you the fornicatress be removed:
Let her have needful, but not lavish, means;
There shall be order for 't.

Enter ISABELLA and LUCIO

PROV. God save your honour!

ANG. Stay a little while. [*To Isab.*] You 're welcome:
what 's your will?

ISAB. I am a woeful suitor to your honour,
Please but your honour hear me.

ANG. Well; what 's your suit?

ISAB. There is a vice that most I do abhor,
And most desire should meet the blow of justice; 30
For which I would not plead, but that I must;
For which I must not plead, but that I am
At war 'twixt will and will not.

ANG. Well; the matter?

ISAB. I have a brother is condemn'd to die:
I do beseech you, let it be his fault,
And not my brother.

PROV. [*Aside*] Heaven give thee moving graces!

MEASURE FOR MEASURE ' ACT II

ANG. Condemn the fault, and not the actor of it?
 Why, every fault's condemn'd ere it be done:
 Mine were the very cipher of a function,
 To fine the faults whose fine stands in record, 40
 And let go by the actor.

ISAB. O just but severe law!
 I had a brother, then. — Heaven keep your honour!

LUCIO. [*Aside to Isab.*] Give't not o'er so: to him
 again, entreat him;
 Kneel down before him, hang upon his gown:
 You are too cold; if you should need a pin,
 You could not with more tame a tongue desire it:
 To him, I say!

ISAB. Must he needs die?

ANG. Maiden, no remedy.

ISAB. Yes; I do think that you might pardon him,
 And neither heaven nor man grieve at the mercy. 50

ANG. I will not do't.

ISAB. But can you, if you would?

ANG. Look, what I will not, that I cannot do.

ISAB. But might you do't, and do the world no wrong,
 If so your heart were touch'd with that remorse
 As mine is to him?

ANG. He's sentenced; 't is too late.

LUCIO. [*Aside to Isab.*] You are too cold.

ISAB. Too late? why, no; I, that do speak a word,
 May call it back again. Well, believe this,
 No ceremony that to great ones' longs,

40 *To fine . . . record*] To adjudge punishment for the fault, penalty for which is duly prescribed.

SCENE II MEASURE FOR MEASURE

Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword,
The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
Become them with one half so good a grace
As mercy does.

60

If he had been as you, and you as he,
You would have slipt like him; but he, like you,
Would not have been so stern.

ANG. Pray you, be gone.

ISAB. I would to heaven I had your potency,
And you were Isabel! should it then be thus?
No; I would tell what 't were to be a judge,
And what a prisoner.

LUCIO. [*Aside to Isab.*] Ay, touch him; there 's the
vein. 70

ANG. Your brother is a forfeit of the law,
And you but waste your words.

ISAB. Alas, alas!

Why, all the souls that were were forfeit once;
And He that might the vantage best have took
Found out the remedy. How would you be,
If He, which is the top of judgement, should
But judge you as you are? O, think on that;
And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
Like man new made.

ANG. Be you content, fair maid;
It is the law, not I condemn your brother: 80

76 *top of judgement*] Dante uses precisely the same phrase: "Cima di giudicio," *Purg.*, 673.

79 *Like man new made*] Like man regenerated, in the scriptural sense. Cf. *St. John* iii, 3-8: "Except a man be born again," etc.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE ACT II

Were he my kinsman, brother, or my son,
It should be thus with him: he must die to-morrow.

ISAB. To-morrow! O, that's sudden! Spare him,
spare him!

He's not prepared for death. Even for our kitchens
We kill the fowl of season: shall we serve heaven
With less respect than we do minister
To our gross selves? Good, good my lord, bethink you;
Who is it that hath died for this offence?
There's many have committed it.

LUCIO. [Aside to Isab.] Ay, well said.

ANG. The law hath not been dead, though it hath slept: ⁹⁰
Those many had not dared to do that evil,
If the first that did the edict infringe
Had answer'd for his deed: now 't is awake,
Takes note of what is done; and, like a prophet,
Looks in a glass, that shows what future evils,
Either now, or by remissness new-conceived,
And so in progress to be hatch'd and born,
Are now to have no successive degrees,
But, ere they live, to end.

ISAB. Yet show some pity*.

ANG. I show it most of all when I show justice; ¹⁰⁰
For then I pity those I do not know,
Which a dismiss'd offence would after gall;

85 *fowl of season*] a fowl when fit for killing, at the right season.

92 *If the first, etc.*] The metre seems to require some such change as *If he the first* or *If the first man*.

95 *glass*] magic crystal.

102 *Which a dismiss'd . . . gall*] Whom the dismissal or dropping of the charge would cause subsequent irritation.

SCENE II MEASURE FOR MEASURE

And do him right that, answering one foul wrong,
Lives not to act another. Be satisfied;
Your brother dies to-morrow; be content.

ISAB. So you must be the first that gives this sentence,
And he, that suffers. O, it is excellent
To have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant.

LUCIO. [*Aside to Isab.*] That 's well said.

110

ISAB. Could great men thunder
As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be quiet,
For every pelting, petty officer
Would use his heaven for thunder.
Nothing but thunder! Merciful Heaven,
Thou rather with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt
Split'st the unwedgeable and gnarled oak
Than the soft myrtle: but man, proud man,
Drest in a little brief authority,
Most ignorant of what he 's most assured,
His glassy essence, like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven
As make the angels weep; who, with our spleens,
Would all themselves laugh mortal.

120

LUCIO. [*Aside to Isab.*] O, to him, to him, wench! he
will relent;
He 's coming; I perceive 't.

120 *His glassy essence*] His brittle being.

122-123 *who . . . mortal*] who, with human capacity for mirth, would
all laugh till they died, laugh themselves out of their immortality,
never do anything but laugh.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE ACT II

PROV. [*Aside*] Pray heaven she wins him!

ISAB. We cannot weigh our brother with ourself:
Great men may jest with saints; 't is wit in them,
But in the less foul profanation.

LUCIO. Thou 'rt i' the right, girl; more o' that.

ISAB. That in the captain's but a cholerick word, 130
Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy.

LUCIO. [*Aside to Isab.*] Art avised o' that? more on 't.

ANG. Why do you put these sayings upon me?

ISAB. Because authority, though it err like others,
Hath yet a kind of medicine in itself,
That skins the vice o' the top. Go to your bosom;
Knock there, and ask your heart what it doth know
That's like my brother's fault: if it confess
A natural guiltiness such as is his.
Let it not sound a thought upon your tongue 140
Against my brother's life.

ANG. [*Aside*] She speaks, and 't is
Such sense, that my sense breeds with it. I'are you well.

ISAB. Gentle my lord, turn back.

ANG. I will bethink me: come again to-morrow.

126 *weigh . . . with ourself*] One cannot treat one's neighbour as on
precisely the same level with one's self; we are not all of the same scale.
Cf. V, i, 111, *infra*: "He would have *weigh'd* [*i.e.*, judged] *thy brother*
by himself."

132 *Art avised o' that?*] Are you sure of that?

136 *skins the vice*] covers with a skin. Cf. *Hamlet*, III, iv, 147: "It
[*i.e.*, that flattering unction] will but *skin and film* the ulcerous place."

142 *my sense breeds with it*] my sensual desire is generated, excited by
what she says, by her reasonableness. "Sense" in its lustful signifi-
cance figures in I, iv, 59, *supra*, and in line 169, *infra*.

SCENE II MEASURE FOR MEASURE

ISAB. Hark how I'll bribe you: good my lord, turn back.

ANG. How? bribe me?

ISAB. Ay, with such gifts that heaven shall share with you.

LUCIO. [*Aside to Isab.*] You had marr'd all else.

ISAB. Not with fond sieles of the tested gold,
Or stones whose rates are either rich or poor 150
As fancy values them; but with true prayers
That shall be up at heaven and enter there
Ere sun-rise, prayers from preserved souls,
From fasting maids whose minds are dedicate
To nothing temporal.

ANG. Well: come to me to-morrow.

LUCIO. [*Aside to Isab.*] Go to; 't is well; away!

ISAB. Heaven keep your honour safe!

ANG. [*Aside*] Amen:

For I am that way going to temptation,
Where prayers cross.

ISAB. At what hour to-morrow
Shall I attend your lordship?

ANG. At any time 'fore noon. 160

ISAB. 'Save your honour!

[*Exeunt Isabella, Lucio, and Provost.*]

ANG. From thee, — even from thy virtue!

149 *sicles*] The Folio reading is *sickles*, which Pope altered to *shekels*.
No doubt "shekels" is what is meant. In the translation of the
Bible known as "The Bishop's Bible," which was the authorised
version of Elizabeth's reign, the word is spelt "sicles."

159 *cross*] hinder, in the way.

What 's this, what 's this? Is this her fault or mine?
The tempter or the tempted, who sins most?

Ha!

Not she; nor doth she tempt: but it is I
That, lying by the violet in the sun,
Do as the carrion does, not as the flower,
Corrupt with virtuous season. Can it be
That modesty may more betray our sense
Than woman's lightness? Having waste ground
enough, 170

Shall we desire to raze the sanctuary,
And pitch our evils there? O, fie, fie, fie!
What dost thou, or what art thou, Angelo?
Dost thou desire her foully for those things
That make her good? O, let her brother live:
Thieves for their robbery have authority
When judges steal themselves. What, do I love her,
That I desire to hear her speak again,
And feast upon her eyes? What is 't I dream on?
O cunning enemy, that, to catch a saint, 180
With saints dost bait thy hook! Most dangerous
Is that temptation that doth goad us on
To sin in loving virtue: never could the strumpet,
With all her double vigour, art and nature,

165-168 *I . . . season*] Unlike the violet, the flower which flourishes in the summer sun, I, like carrion, grow putrid in the sunlight, in the season that should encourage healthy growth.

169 *sense*] sensual desire. Cf. line 142, *supra*, and note.

172 *evils*] doubtfully explained as "privies." The word may merely be used for "evil, unsanctified deeds." Collier suggested "offalls."

SCENE III MEASURE FOR MEASURE

Once stir my temper; but this virtuous maid
Subdues me quite. Ever till now,
When men were fond, I smiled, and wonder'd how.
[Exit.]

SCENE III—A ROOM IN A PRISON

Enter, severally, DUKE disguised as a friar, and PROVOST

DUKE. Hail to you, provost! so I think you are.

PROV. I am the provost. What's your will, good friar?

DUKE. Bound by my charity and my blest order,
I come to visit the afflicted spirits
Here in the prison. Do me the common right
To let me see them, and to make me know
The nature of their crimes, that I may minister
To them accordingly.

PROV. I would do more than that, if more were needful.

Enter JULIET

Look, here comes one: a gentlewoman of mine,
Who, falling in the flaws of her own youth,
Hath blister'd her report: she is with child;

10

11 *flaws of her own youth*] *Flaws*, the original reading, was altered by D'Avenant to *flames*, with which "blister'd" in the next line undoubtedly harmonises. Cf. *Hamlet*, III, iv, 84, "*flaming youth*." But the change here is not essential. "Blister'd her report" merely means "disfigured her fame."

And he that got it, sentenced; a young man
More fit to do another such offence
Than die for this.

DUKE. When must he die?

PROV. As I do think, to-morrow.
I have provided for you: stay awhile, [To Juliet.
And you shall be conducted.

DUKE. Repent you, fair one, of the sin you carry?

JUL. I do; and bear the shame most patiently. 20

DUKE. I'll teach you how you shall arraign your
conscience,

And try your penitence, if it be sound,
Or hollowly put on.

JUL. I'll gladly learn.

DUKE. Love you the man that wrong'd you?

JUL. Yes, as I love the woman that wrong'd him.

DUKE. So, then, it seems your most offenceful act
Was mutually committed?

JUL. Mutually.

DUKE. Then was your sin of heavier kind than his.

JUL. I do confess it, and repent it, father.

DUKE. 'Tis meet so, daughter: but lest you do re-
pent, 30

As that the sin hath brought you to this shame,

30-34 *lest . . . stand in fear*] The speech is unfinished, owing to Juliet's interruption. The Duke bids the girl beware lest her repentance is merely because her sin has brought her to shame. Such sorrow is a selfish sense of personal disgrace; she is not conscious of an offence against God. This shows that we avoid offending God not from love of him, but from selfish fear of consequences.

SCENE IV MEASURE FOR MEASURE

Which sorrow is always toward ourselves, not heaven,
 Showing we would not spare heaven as we love it,
 But as we stand in fear, —

JUL. I do repent me, as it is an evil,
 And take the shame with joy.

DUKE. There rest.
 Your partner, as I hear, must die to-morrow,
 And I am going with instruction to him.

Grace go with you, *Benedicite!* [Exit. 40

JUL. Must die to-morrow! O injurious love,
 That respites me a life, whose very comfort
 Is still a dying horror!

PROV. 'T is pity of him. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV—A ROOM IN ANGELO'S HOUSE

Enter ANGELO

ANG. When I would pray and think, I think and
 pray
 To several subjects. Heaven hath my empty words;
 Whilst my invention, hearing not my tongue,
 Anchors on Isabel: Heaven in my mouth,
 As if I did but only chew his name;
 And in my heart the strong and swelling evil
 O' my conception. The state, whereon I studied,
 Is like a good thing, being often read,

40 *love*] Hammer substituted *law*. But the original reading, *love*, probably means here indulgence or kindness.

Grown fear'd and tedious; yea, my gravity,
Wherein — let no man hear me — I take pride, 10
Could I with boot change for an idle plume,
Which the air beats for vain. O place, O form,
How often dost thou with thy case, thy habit,
Wrench awe from fools, and tie the wiser souls
To thy false seeming! Blood, thou art blood:
Let's write good angel on the devil's horn;
'T is not the devil's crest.

Enter a Servant

How now! who's there?

SERV. One Isabel, a sister, desires access to you.

ANG. Teach her the way. O heavens!

Why does my blood thus muster to my heart, 20
Making both it unable for itself,
And dispossessing all my other parts
Of necessary fitness?
So play the foolish throngs with one that swoons;
Come all to help him, and so stop the air
By which he should revive: and even so
The general subject to a well-wish'd king

9 *fear'd*] approached with fear or reluctance, 'dreaded. The commonly substituted reading *sear'd* is unnecessary.

11-12 *with boot . . . for vain*] with advantage . . . in vain, idly.

16-17 *Let's write . . . crest*] You may inscribe an innocent legend on the devil's horn, but you won't make innocence the genuine motto of the devil. The devil's vicious propensities are not to be changed by any external label.

27-30] See note on I, i, 68, *supra*. "The general" means "the crowd," as in *Hamlet*, II, ii, 430: "caviare to the general."

SCENE⁴ IV MEASURE FOR MEASURE

Quit their own part, and in obsequious fondness
Crowd to his presence, where their untaught love
Must needs appear offence.

Enter ISABELLA

How now, fair maid? 30

ISAB. I am come to know your pleasure.

ANG. That you might know it, would much better
please me

Than to demand what 't is. Your brother cannot live.

ISAB. Even so. — Heaven keep your honour!

ANG. Yet may he live awhile; and, it may be,
As long as you or I: yet he must die.

ISAB. Under your sentence?

ANG. Yea.

ISAB. When, I beseech you? that in his reprieve,
Longer or shorter, he may be so fitted 40
That his soul sicken not.

ANG. Ha! fie, these filthy vices! It were as good
To pardon him that hath from nature stolen
A man already made, as to remit
Their saucy sweetness that do coin heaven's image
In stamps that are forbid: 't is all as easy

40 *so fitted*] so furnished, so prepared (with religious counsel).

42-46 *It were . . . forbid*] It were as right to pardon a murder as to
pardon the wanton indulgence in the sweet sin of fornication. The
metaphor of coinage in this connection is very common. Cf *Edward*
III (1596), II, i, 258: "To *stamp* his [*i.e.*, the king of heaven's] *image*
in forbidden metal," and *Cymb.*, II, v, 5: "When I was *stamped*, some
coiner with his tools Made me a *counterfeit*."

Falsely to take away a life true made,
As to put metal in restrained means
To make a false one.

ISAB. 'T is set down so in heaven, but not in earth. 50

ANG. Say you so? then I shall pose you quickly.
Which had you rather, — that the most just law
Now took your brother's life; or, to redeem him,
Give up your body to such sweet uncleanness
As she that he hath stain'd?

ISAB. Sir, believe this,
I had rather give my body than my soul.

ANG. I talk not of your soul: our compell'd sins
Stand more for number than for accompt.

ISAB. How say you?

ANG. Nay, I'll not warrant that; for I can speak 60
Against the thing I say. Answer to this: —
I, now the voice of the recorded law,
Pronounce a sentence on your brother's life:
Might there not be a charity in sin
To save this brother's life?

ISAB. Please you to do 't,
I'll take it as a peril to my soul,
It is no sin at all, but charity.

ANG. Pleased you to do 't at peril of your soul,
Were equal poise of sin and charity.

48 *in restrained means*] after forbidden methods.

54 *sweet uncleanness*] Cf. line 45, *supra*, "saucy sweetness."

57-58 *our compell'd sins . . . accompt*] Sinful acts, to which we are forced
by violence, are ciphered up but are not entered in the account for
which we are held liable.

SCENE 'IV MEASURE FOR MEASURE

ISAB. That I do beg his life, if it be sin,
 Heaven let me bear it! you granting of my suit, 70
 If that be sin, I'll make it my morn prayer
 To have it added to the faults of mine,
 And nothing of your answer.

ANG. Nay, but hear me.
 Your sense pursues not mine: either you are ignorant,
 Or seem so, craftily; and that 's not good.

ISAB. Let me be ignorant, and in nothing good,
 But graciously to know I am no better.

ANG. Thus wisdom wishes to appear most bright
 When it doth tax itself; as these black masks 80
 Proclaim an enshield beauty ten times louder
 Than beauty could, display'd. But mark me;
 To be received plain, I'll speak more gross:
 Your brother is to die.

ISAB. So.

73 *nothing of your answer*] nothing for which you should be made responsible.

80 *Proclaim an enshield beauty*] The general meaning is that beauty, which hides behind black masks, excites more public notice or expectation than beauty which is openly displayed. Cf. *Rom. and Jul.* I, i, 236-237: 'These happy masks that kiss fair ladies' brows, Being black, put us in mind they hide the fair.' The word "enshield," the original reading, is not found elsewhere. It is ordinarily interpreted as "shielded" or "concealed." Unsatisfactory emendations, e.g., *in-shell'd*, *concealed*, have been suggested. A seventeenth-century gloss (in the copy of the First Folio now belonging to Mr. Marsden J. Perry of Providence, R. I.) substituted *enshrined*. This reading is strongly supported by Spenser's *Hymn in Honour of Beautie* (line 188): "What booteth that celestial ray If it in darkness be *enshrined* ever?"

ANG. And his offence is so, as it appears,
Accountant to the law upon that pain.

ISAB. True.

ANG. Admit no other way to save his life, —
As I subscribe not that, nor any other,
But in the loss of question, — that you, his sister, 90
Finding yourself desired of such a person,
Whose credit with the judge, or own great place,
Could fetch your brother from the manacles
Of the all-building law; and that there were
No earthly mean to save him, but that either
You must lay down the treasures of your body
To this supposed, or else to let him suffer;
What would you do?

ISAB. As much for my poor brother as myself:
That is, were I under the terms of death, 100
'The impression of keen whips I 'ld wear as rubies,
And strip myself to death, as to a bed
'That longing have been sick for, ere I 'ld yield
My body up to shame.

ANG. Then must your brother die.

ISAB. And 't were the cheaper way:
Better it were a brother died at once,

86 *that pain*] the prescribed penalty, punishment.

90 *in the loss of question*] in idle talk, in the waste of words for the sake of argument.

94 *all-building law*] law on which everything is built, law which is the foundation of everything. Dr. Johnson substituted *all-binding*, but the original reading is more pointed.

103 *longing have been*] "I" is here implied to govern "have been." Such an ellipse is rare.

SCENE IV MEASURE FOR MEASURE

Than that a sister, by redeeming him,
Should die for ever.

ANG. Were not you, then, as cruel as the sentence
That you have slander'd so? 110

ISAB. Ignomy in ransom and free pardon
Are of two houses: lawful mercy
Is nothing kin to foul redemption.

ANG. You seem'd of late to make the law a tyrant;
And rather proved the sliding of your brother
A merriment than a vice.

ISAB. O, pardon me, my lord; it oft falls out,
To have what we would have, we speak not what we
mean:

I something do excuse the thing I hate,
For his advantage that I dearly love. 120

ANG. We are all frail.

ISAB. Else let my brother die,
If not a feodary, but only he
Owe and succeed thy weakness.

ANG. Nay, women are frail too.

ISAB. Ay, as the glasses where they view themselves;
Which are as easy broke as they make forms.
Women! — Help Heaven! men their creation mar
In profiting by them. Nay, call us ten times frail;

111 *Ignomy*] A common abbreviation of ignominy. Cf. *Troil. and Cress.*, V, x, 33: "*ignomy* and shame."

122-123 *If not a feodary . . . weakness*] I would let my brother die, if he stood alone; if he had no "feodary" (*i. e.*, associate) in his sin; if he alone owned and followed the weakness, which you admit.

127-128 *men . . . by them*] men debase their nature by taking advantage of these weak creatures.

For we are soft as our complexions are,
And credulous to false prints.

ANG.

I think it well:

130

And from this testimony of your own sex, —
Since, I suppose, we are made to be no stronger
Than faults may shake our frames, — let me be bold; —
I do arrest your words. Be that you are,
That is, a woman; if you be more, you 're none;
If you be one, — as you are well express'd
By all external warrants, — show it now,
By putting on the destined livery.

ISAB. I have no tongue but one: gentle my lord,
Let me entreat you speak the former language.

140

ANG. Plainly conceive, I love you.

ISAB. My brother did love Juliet,
And you tell me that he shall 'die for it.

ANG. He shall not, Isabel, if you give me love.

ISAB. I know your virtue hath a license in 't,
Which seems a little fouler than it is,
To pluck on others.

ANG. Believe me, on mine honour,

My words express my purpose.

130 *credulous to false prints*] apt to trust falsehood, prone to receive counterfeited impressions. Cf. *Tw. Night*, II, ii, 30-31: "How easy is it for the proper-*false* In women's *waxen* hearts to *set* their forms!"

132-133 *no stronger . . . Than faults . . .*] not so strong but that faults . . .

145-147 *your virtue . . . To pluck on others*] Your virtue assumes this tone of licentiousness, which sounds worse than it is, in order to test other people, to draw them into damaging admissions.

SCENE IV MEASURE FOR MEASURE

ISAB. Ha! little honour to be much believed,
And most pernicious purpose!— Seeming, seeming!— 150
I will proclaim thee, Angelo; look for 't:
Sign me a present pardon for my brother,
Or with an outstretch'd throat I 'll tell the world aloud
What man thou art.

ANG. Who will believe thee, Isabel?
My unsoil'd name, the austereness of my life,
My vouch against you, and my place i' the state,
Will so your accusation overweigh,
That you shall stifle in your own report,
And smell of calumny. I have begun;
And now I give my sensual race the rein: 160
Fit thy consent to my sharp appetite;
Lay by all nicety and prolixious blushes,
That banish what they sue for; redeem thy brother
By yielding up thy body to my will;
Or else he must not only die the death,
But thy unkindness shall his death draw out
To lingering sufferance. Answer me to-morrow,
Or, by the affection that now guides me most,
I 'll prove a tyrant to him. As for you,
Say what you can, my false o'erweighs your true. [*Exit.*]

150 *Seeming*] Hypocrisy, counterfeit virtue. Cf. *false seeming*, line 14, *supra*.

156 *My vouch*] My declaration, testimony. Cf. "as he *vouches*" (i. e., asserts, declares), *infra*, V, i, 148.

160 *sensual race*] sensual bent, disposition. Cf. *Tempest*, I, ii, 358: "thy vile race."

162 *prolixious blushes*] blushes inviting delay. Cf. Milton's *Paradise Lost*, ix, 311, "and sweet, *reluctant*, amorous *delay*."

ISAB. To whom should I complain? Did I tell this, 171
 Who would believe me? O perilous mouths,
 That bear in them one and the self-same tongue,
 Either of condemnation or approof;
 Bidding the law make court'sy to their will;
 Hooking both right and wrong to the appetite,
 To follow as it draws! I 'll to my brother:
 Though he hath fall'n by prompture of the blood,
 Yet hath he in him such a mind of honour,
 That, had he twenty heads to tender down 180
 On twenty bloody blocks, he 'ld yield them up,
 Before his sister should her body stoop
 To such abhorr'd pollution.
 Then, Isabel, live chaste, and, brother, die:
 More than our brother is our chastity.
 I 'll tell him yet of Angelo's request,
 And fit his mind to death, for his soul's rest. [Exit.

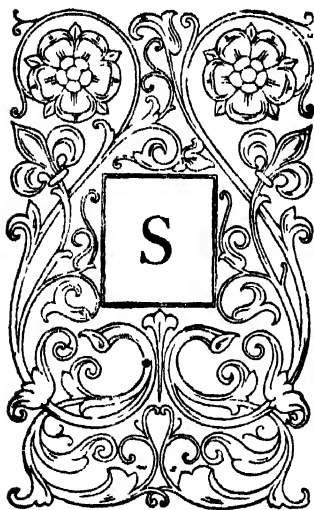


ACT THIRD — SCENE I

A ROOM IN THE PRISON

Enter DUKE disguised as before, CLAUDIO, and PROVOST

DUKE



O, THEN, YOU HOPE OF
pardon from Lord Angelo?

CLAUD. The miserable have
no other medicine
But only hope:
I've hope to live, and am pre-
pared to die.

DUKE. Be absolute for death;
either death or life
Shall thereby be the sweeter.
Reason thus with life:
If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing
That none but fools would keep:
a breath thou art,

Servile to all the skyey influences,
That dost this habitation, where thou keep'st,
Hourly afflict: merely, thou art death's fool;

10

5 *Be absolute*] Be resolved, make up your mind.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE ACT III

For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,
 And yet runn'st toward him still. Thou art not noble;
 For all the accommodations that thou bear'st
 Are nursed by baseness. Thou 'rt by no means valiant;
 For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork
 Of a poor worm. Thy best of rest is sleep,
 And that thou oft provokest; yet grossly fear'st
 Thy death, which is no more. Thou art not thyself;
 For thou exist'st on many a thousand grains 20
 That issue out of dust. Happy thou art not;
 For what thou hast not, still thou strivest to get,
 And what thou hast, forget'st. Thou art not certain;
 For thy complexion shifts to strange effects,
 After the moon. If thou art rich, thou 'rt poor;
 For, like an ass whose back with ingots bows,
 Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,
 And death unloads thee. Friend hast thou none;
 For thine own bowels, which do call thee sire,
 The mere effusion of thy proper loins, 30
 Do curse the gout, serpigo, and the rheum,
 For ending thee no sooner. Thou hast nor youth nor age,
 But, as it were, an after-dinner's sleep,
 Dreaming on both; for all thy blessed youth
 Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms
 Of palsied eld; and when thou art old and rich,

16-17 *fork Of a poor worm*] forked tongue of a snake or adder. Cf. *Macbeth*, IV, i, 16, "adder's fork."

24-25 *thy complexion . . . moon*] thy temperament is liable to strange manifestations of change under the influence of the inconstant moon.

34-36 *thy blessed youth . . . eld*] Youth is a prey to the cares of age and begs money of trembling and decrepit old men.

SCENE¹ I MEASURE FOR MEASURE

Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty,
 To make thy riches pleasant. What 's yet in this
 That bears the name of life? Yet in this life
 Lie hid moe thousand deaths: yet death we fear,
 That makes these odds all even. 40

CLAUD. I humbly thank you.
 To sue to live, I find I seek to die;
 And, seeking death, find life: let it come on.

ISAB. [*within*] What, ho! Peace here; grace and good
 company!

PROV. Who 's there? come in: the wish deserves a
 welcome.

DUKE. Dear sir, ere long I 'll visit you again.

CLAUD. Most holy sir, I thank you.

Enter ISABELLA

ISAB. My business is a word or two with Claudio.

PROV. And very welcome. Look, signior, here 's your
 sister. 50

DUKE. Provost, a word with you.

PROV. As many as you please.

DUKE. Bring me to hear them speak, where I may be
 concealed. [*Exeunt Duke and Provost.*]

CLAUD. Now, sister, what 's the comfort?

ISAB. Why,
 As all comforts are; most good, most good indeed.

57 *As all . . . indeed*] The line scans ill. But Isabella's perturbation
 justifies the irregularity. The sense is improved by the substitution
 of a comma for the semicolon after "are." Pope and other editors
 omit the second *most good*.

Lord Angelo, having affairs to heaven,
Intends you for his swift ambassador,
Where you shall be an everlasting leiger: 60
Therefore your best appointment make with speed;
To-morrow you set on.

CLAUD. Is there no remedy?

ISAB. None, but such remedy as, to save a head,
To cleave a heart in twain.

CLAUD. But is there any?

ISAB. Yes, brother, you may live:
There is a devilish mercy in the judge,
If you 'll implore it, that will free your life,
But fetter you till death.

CLAUD. Perpetual durance?

ISAB. Ay, just; perpetual durance, a restraint,
Though all the world's vastidity you had, 70
To a determined scope.

CLAUD. But in what nature?

ISAB. In such a one as, you consenting to 't,
Would bark your honour from that trunk you bear,
And leave you naked.

CLAUD. Let me know the point.

ISAB. O, I do fear thee, Claudio; and I quake,

60 *an everlasting leiger*] a permanent resident minister.

61 *appointment*] preparation for travel, outfit, equipment. Cf. *Hamlet*, I, v, 77, "disappointed" (*i. e.*, unprepared, ill equipped), and in modern usage "a well-appointed household."

69-71 *a restraint . . . scope*] a confinement, although you had the vastness of the world to roam over, within the fixed limits (of shame and remorse). The Folio reading, *Through* in line 70, is indefensible. Rowe substituted *Though*.

SCENE I MEASURE FOR MEASURE

Lest thou a feverous life shouldst entertain,
 And six or seven winters more respect
 Than a perpetual honour. Darest thou die?
 The sense of death is most in apprehension;
 And the poor beetle, that we tread upon, .
 In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great
 As when a giant dies.

80

CLAUD. Why give you me this shame?
 Think you I can a resolution fetch
 From flowery tenderness? If I must die,
 I will encounter darkness as a bride,
 And hug it in mine arms.

ISAB. There spake my brother; there my father's
 grave
 Did utter forth a voice. Yes, thou must die:
 Thou art too noble to conserve a life
 In base appliances. This outward-sainted deputy,
 Whose settled visage and deliberate word
 Nips youth i' the head, and follies doth emmew
 As falcon doth the fowl, is yet a devil;
 His filth within being cast, he would appear
 A pond as deep as hell.

90

82 *As when a giant dies*] 'A giant feels no greater pang in dying than a beetle; only the apprehension of death is painful.

82-84 *Why give me . . . flowery tenderness?*] Why shame me by assuming that I can get courage out of this florid and gentle philosophising?

90 *In base appliances*] In degraded ways.

92-93 *follies . . . the fowl*] coops follies up, forces them into cover, like the falcon, which, when it takes wing, forces the timid fowl to hide.

94 *being cast*] being diagnosed. Cf. Greene's *Menaphon* (ed. Arber, p. 35) "able to cast his disease."

CLAUD. The prenzie Angelo!

ISAB. O, 't is the cunning livery of hell,
The damned'st body to invest and cover
In prenzie guards! Dost thou think, Claudio? —
If I would yield him my virginity,
Thou mightst be freed.

CLAUD. O heavens! it cannot be. 100

ISAB. Yes, he would give 't thee, from this rank offence
So to offend him still. This night 's the time
That I should do what I abhor to name,
Or else thou diest to-morrow.

CLAUD. Thou shalt not do 't.

ISAB. O, were it but my life,
I 'ld throw it down for your deliverance
As frankly as a pin.

CLAUD. Thanks, dear Isabel.

ISAB. Be ready, Claudio, for your death to-morrow.

CLAUD. Yes. Has he affections in him,
That thus can make him bite the law by the nose, 110

95 *The prenzie Angelo*] Thus the First Folio, for which the Second and later Folios reasonably substitute *princely*, both here and in line 98. "Prenzie" has been justified as a variant of the old Scotch "prunse," i. e., "prim," "demure," which Burns used in the form "primsie." But no such word seems known elsewhere to Elizabethan literature.

98 *guards*] The ornamental facings or border of a livery or uniform. Cf. *L. L. L.*, IV, iii, 54, "*guards* on wanton Cupid's hose."

101-102 *he would give . . . still*] he would give you, as the result of this noisome sin of mine, liberty to commit the offence, for which he now condemns you.

109-111 *affections . . . force*] passions . . . enforce.

SCENE¹ I MEASURE FOR MEASURE

When he would force it? Sure, it is no sin;
Or of the deadly seven it is the least.

ISAB. Which is the least?

CLAUD. If it were damnable, he being so wise,
Why would he for the momentary trick
Be perdurably fined? — O Isabel!

ISAB. What says my brother?

CLAUD. Death is a fearful thing.

ISAB. And shamed life a hateful.

CLAUD. Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;
To lie in cold obstruction and to rot; 120
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling region of thick-ribbed ice;
To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendent world; or to be worse than worst
Of those that lawless and incertain thought
Imagine howling: — 't is too horrible!
The weariest and most loathed worldly life 130
That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment
Can lay on nature is a paradise
To what we fear of death.

122 *delighted*] accustomed to delight or joy.

128 *thought*] Thus the Folios. Theobald substituted *thoughts*, making the word the subject of "imagine." This emendation seems reasonable. As the text stands, "those that" must govern "imagine," of which "thought" must be the object.

131 *penury*] Thus the Second and later Folios. The First Folio has the misprint *periury*.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE ACT III

ISAB. Alas, alas!

CLAUD. Sweet sister, let me live:
What sin you do to save a brother's life,
Nature dispenses with the deed so far
That it becomes a virtue.

ISAB. O you beast!
O faithless coward! O dishonest wretch!
Wilt thou be made a man out of my vice?
Is 't not a kind of incest, to take life 140
From thine own sister's shame? What should I think?
Heaven shield my mother play'd my father fair!
For such a warped slip of wilderness
Ne'er issued from his blood. Take my defiance!
Die, perish! Might but my bending down
Reprieve thee from thy fate, it should proceed:
I'll pray a thousand prayers for thy death,
No word to save thee.

CLAUD. Nay, hear me, Isabel.

ISAB. O, fie, fie, fie!
Thy sin 's not accidental, but a trade. 150
Mercy to thee would prove itself a bawd:
'T is best that thou diest quickly.

CLAUD. O, hear me, Isabella!

Re-enter DUKE

DUKE. Vouchsafe a word, young sister, but one word.

ISAB. What is your will?

136 *dispenses with*] grants dispensation for.

142 *Heaven shield*] Cf. *All 's Well*, I, iii, 159: "*God shield* [*i.e.*, forbid] you mean it not!" "*God shield*," *i.e.*, "*God forbid*," is common in Elizabethan authors.

143 *slip of wilderness*] slip of wildness, wild cub.

SCENE 1 MEASURE FOR MEASURE

DUKE. Might you dispense with your leisure, I would by and by have some speech with you: the satisfaction I would require is likewise your own benefit.

ISAB. I have no superfluous leisure; my stay must be stolen out of other affairs; but I will attend you awhile. ¹⁵⁹
[*Walks apart.*]

DUKE. Son, I have overheard what hath passed between you and your sister. Angelo had never the purpose to corrupt her; only he hath made an assay of her virtue to practise his judgement with the disposition of natures: she, having the truth of honour in her, hath made him that gracious denial which he is most glad to receive. I am confessor to Angelo, and I know this to be true; therefore prepare yourself to death: do not satisfy your resolution with hopes that are fallible: tomorrow you must die; go to your knees, and make ready.

CLAUD. Let me ask my sister pardon. I am so out of love with life, that I will sue to be rid of it. ¹⁷¹

DUKE. Hold you there: farewell. [*Exit Claudio.*]
Provost, a word with you!

Re-enter PROVOST

PROV. What's your will, father?

DUKE. That now you are come, you will be gone. Leave me awhile with the maid: my mind promises with my habit no loss shall touch her by my company.

163 *practise . . . natures*] exercise his judgment in the study of different temperaments.

167-168 *do not satisfy . . . fallible*] do not feed your courage with false hopes.

PROV. In good time.

178

[*Exit Provost. Isabella comes forward.*]

DUKE. The hand that hath made you fair hath made you good: the goodness that is cheap in beauty makes beauty brief in goodness; but grace, being the soul of your complexion, shall keep the body of it ever fair. The assault that Angelo hath made to you, fortune hath conveyed to my understanding; and, but that frailty hath examples for his falling, I should wonder at Angelo. How will you do to content this substitute, and to save your brother?

ISAB. I am now going to resolve him: I had rather my brother die by the law than my son should be unlawfully born. But, O, how much is the good Duke deceived in Angelo! If ever he return and I can speak to him, I will open my lips in vain, or discover his government.

191

DUKE. That shall not be much amiss: yet, as the matter now stands, he will avoid your accusation; he made trial of you only. Therefore fasten your ear on my advisings: to the love I have in doing good a remedy presents itself. I do make myself believe that you may most uprightly do a poor wronged lady a merited benefit; redeem your brother from the angry law; do no stain to your own gracious person; and much please the absent Duke, if peradventure he shall ever return to have hearing of this business.

178 *In good time*] À la bonne heure, so be it.

180-181 *goodness . . . goodness*] When virtue in a beautiful woman is held cheap, her beauty does not keep its purity long.

SCENE 1 MEASURE FOR MEASURE

ISAB. Let me hear you speak farther. I have spirit to do any thing that appears not foul in the truth of my spirit.

DUKE. Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful. Have you not heard speak of Mariana, the sister of Frederick the great soldier who miscarried at sea?

ISAB. I have heard of the lady, and good words went with her name. 207

DUKE. She should this Angelo have married; was affianced to her by oath, and the nuptial appointed: between which time of the contract and limit of the solemnity, her brother Frederick was wrecked at sea, having in that perished vessel the dowry of his sister. But mark how heavily this befell the poor gentlewoman: there she lost a noble and renowned brother, in his love toward her ever most kind and natural; with him, the portion and sinew of her fortune, her marriage-dowry; with both, her combinate husband, this well-seeming Angelo.

ISAB. Can this be so? did Angelo so leave her? 218

DUKE. Left her in her tears, and dried not one of them with his comfort; swallowed his vows whole, pretending in her discoveries of dishonour: in few, bestowed her on her own lamentation, which she yet wears for his sake;

210 *contract and limit of the solemnity*] the contract of betrothal and the prescribed time within which the wedding ceremony should have taken place. Cf. I, ii, 138, *supra*, and note.

216 *combinate*] This word, which is found nowhere else, clearly means "bound," "pledged." It would appear to be formed from "combine," which is occasionally used for "knit together," "pledge." Cf. IV, iii, 141, *infra*, "I am combined [*i. e.* pledged] by a sacred vow."

and he, a marble to her tears, is washed with them, but relents not.

ISAB. What a merit were it in death to take this poor maid from the world! What corruption in this life, that it will let this man live! But how out of this can she avail?

DUKE. It is a rupture that you may easily heal: and the cure of it not only saves your brother, but keeps you from dishonour in doing it.

ISAB. Show me how, good father.

230

DUKE. This forenamed maid hath yet in her the continuance of her first affection: his unjust unkindness, that in all reason should have quenched her love, hath, like an impediment in the current, made it more violent and unruly. Go you to Angelo; answer his requiring with a plausible obedience; agree with his demands to the point; only refer yourself to this advantage, first, that your stay with him may not be long; that the time may have all shadow and silence in it; and the place answer to convenience. This being granted in course, — and now follows all, — we shall advise this wronged maid to stead up your appointment, go in your place; if the encounter acknowledge itself hereafter, it may compel him to her recompence: and here, by this, is your brother saved, your honour untainted, the poor Mariana advantaged, and the corrupt Deputy scaled. The maid

236–237 *refer yourself to this advantage*] bear this consideration in mind.

245 *scaled*] used in a similar sense to that in *Cor. II, iii, 246*, “*scaling* [*i. e.*, weighing] his present bearing with his past.” Angelo will be weighed (and found wanting).

SCENE II MEASURE FOR MEASURE

will I frame and make fit for his attempt. If you think well to carry this as you may, the doubleness of the benefit defends the deceit from reproof. What think you of it?

ISAB. The image of it gives me content already; and I trust it will grow to a most prosperous perfection. 251

DUKE. It lies much in your holding up. Haste you speedily to Angelo: if for this night he entreat you to his bed, give him promise of satisfaction. I will presently to Saint Luke's: there, at the moated grange, resides this dejected Mariana. At that place call upon me; and dispatch with Angelo, that it may be quickly.

ISAB. I thank you for this comfort. Fare you well, good father. [*Exeunt severally.* 259]

SCENE II—THE STREET BEFORE THE PRISON

Enter, on one side, DUKE disguised as before; on the other, ELBOW, and Officers with POMPEY

ELB. Nay, if there be no remedy for it, but that you will needs buy and sell men and women like beasts, we shall have all the world drink brown and white bastard.

DUKE. O heavens! what stuff is here?

POM. 'T was never merry world since, of two usuries, the merriest was put down, and the worser allowed by order of law a furred gown to keep him warm; and

3 *bastard*] A quibble on the word, which was the name of a sweet Spanish wine.

7 *a furred gown*] The dress of merchants, whose business often included

MEASURE FOR MEASURE ACT III

furred with fox and lamb-skins too, to signify, that craft, being richer than innocency, stands for the facing.

ELB. Come your way, sir. 'Bless you, good father¹⁰ friar.

DUKE. And you, good brother father. What offence hath this man made you, sir?

ELB. Marry, sir, he hath offended the law: and, sir, we take him to be a thief too, sir; for we have found upon him, sir, a strange picklock, which we have sent to the Deputy.

DUKE. Fie, sirrah! a bawd, a wicked bawd!
The evil that thou causest to be done,
That is thy means to live. Do thou but think
What 't is to cram a maw or clothe a back
From such a filthy vice: say to thyself, 20
From their abominable and beastly touches
I drink, I eat, array myself, and live.
Canst thou believe thy living is a life,
So stinkingly depending? Go mend, go mend.

POM. Indeed, it does stink in some sort, sir; but yet, sir, I would prove —

DUKE. Nay, if the devil have given thee proofs for sin, Thou wilt prove his. Take him to prison, officer:
Correction and instruction must both work
Ere this rude beast will profit. 30

money-lending. Cf. *Lear*, IV, vi, 163–165: “The *usurer* hangs the cozeners . . . Robes and *furr'd gowns* hide all.”

11 *brother father*] a play on Elbow's “father *früer*” (*i.e.*, brother) in the preceding line.

22 *array*] Theobald's happy emendation for the original reading *away*.

SCENE II MEASURE FOR MEASURE

ELB. He must before the Deputy, sir; he has given him warning: the Deputy cannot abide a whoremaster: if he be a whoremonger, and comes before him, he were as good go a mile on his errand.

DUKE. That we were all, as some would seem to be, From our faults, as faults from seeming, free!

ELB. His neck will come to your waist, — a cord, sir.

POM. I spy comfort; I cry bail. Here 's a gentleman and a friend of mine.

Enter LUCIO

LUCIO. How now, noble Pompey! What, at the ⁴⁰ wheels of Cæsar? art thou led in triumph? What, is there none of Pygmalion's images, newly made woman, to be had now, for putting the hand in the pocket and extracting it clutched? What reply, ha? What sayest thou to this tune, matter and method? Is't not drowned i' the last rain, ha? What sayest thou, Trot? Is the

33-34 *he were . . . errand*] he were well out of the way.

36 *From our faults, as faults from seeming, free!*] The Duke seems to wish that we were all as unmistakably true ("free from faults") as downright offences are innocent of hypocrisy or the counterfeit of virtue. Isabella had already called Angelo's hypocrisy "seeming" (II, iv, 150, *supra*).
37 *your waist, — a cord*] His neck will be tied like the friar's waist, — with a rope.

42 *newly made woman*] women as fresh and untouched as Pygmalion's statue of Galatea, when it became flesh and blood. Lucio is asking in his frivolous way whether the supply of such unsullied greatness is exhausted, even if one is ready to pay the full price.

45 *Is't not drowned, etc.*] A colloquial expression for "are our prospects damped?"

46 *Trot*] A familiar term of address, usually applied to a bawd or to a

world as it was, man? Which is the way? Is it sad, and few words? or how? The trick of it?

DUKE. Still thus, and thus; still worse!

LUCIO. How doth my dear morsel, thy mistress? ⁵⁰
Procures she still, ha?

POM. Troth, sir, she hath eaten up all her beef, and she is herself in the tub.

LUCIO. Why, 't is good; it is the right of it; it must be so: ever your fresh whore and your powdered bawd: an unshunned consequence; it must be so. Art going to prison, Pompey?

POM. Yes, faith, sir.

LUCIO. Why, 't is not amiss, Pompey. Farewell: go say I sent thee thither. For debt, Pompey? or how? ⁶⁰

ELB. For being a bawd, for being a bawd.

LUCIO. Well, then, imprison him: if imprisonment be the due of a bawd, why, 't is his right: bawd is he doubtless, and of antiquity too; bawd-born. Farewell, good Pompey. Commend me to the prison, Pompey: you will turn good husband now, Pompey; you will keep the house.

decrepit old woman. Cf. *T. of Shrew*, I, ii, 77-78: "an old *trot* with ne'er a tooth in her head."

52-55 *beef . . . tub . . . powdered*] a coarse allusion. Salted or powdered beef was kept in tubs, and tubs called "sweating tubs," or "powdering tubs," were used in the medicinal treatment of venereal disease. Cf. *Hen. V*, II, i, 70: "the *powdering* [*i.e.*, salt]-*tub* of infamy." Cf. "*the sweat*," I, ii, 79, *supra*, and note.

56 *unshunned*] unshunnable, inevitable.

66 *husband . . . house*] an allusion to the etymology of husband from "house," and "band" (*i.e.*, dweller or holder).

SCENE II MEASURE FOR MEASURE

POM. I hope, sir, your good worship will be my bail.

LUCIO. No, indeed, will I not, Pompey; it is not the wear. I will pray, Pompey, to increase your bondage: if you take it not patiently, why, your mettle is the more. 70
Adieu, trusty Pompey. 'Bless you, friar.

DUKE. And you.

LUCIO. Does Bridget paint still, Pompey, ha?

ELB. Come your ways, sir; come.

POM. You will not bail me, then, sir?

LUCIO. Then, Pompey, nor now. What news abroad, friar? what news?

ELB. Come your ways, sir; come.

LUCIO. Go to kennel, Pompey; go. [*Exeunt Elbowe, Pompey and Officers.*] What news, friar, of the Duke? 80

DUKE. I know none. Can you tell me of any?

LUCIO. Some say he is with the Emperor of Russia: other some, he is in Rome: but where is he, think you?

DUKE. I know not where; but wheresoever, I wish him well.

LUCIO. It was a mad fantastical trick of him to steal from the state, and usurp the beggary he was never born to. Lord Angelo dukes it well in his absence; he puts transgression to 't.

DUKE. He does well in 't. 90

LUCIO. A little more lenity to lechery would do no harm in him: something too crabbed that way, friar.

DUKE. It is too general a vice, and severity must cure it.

LUCIO. Yes, in good sooth, the vice is of a great kindred; it is well allied: but it is impossible to extirp it

quite, friar, till eating and drinking be put down. They say this Angelo was not made by man and woman after this downright way of creation: is it true, think you?

DUKE. How should he be made, then?

99

LUCIO. Some report a sea-maid spawned him; some, that he was begot between two stock-fishes. But it is certain that, when he makes water, his urine is congealed ice; that I know to be true: and he is a motion generative; that's infallible.

DUKE. You are pleasant, sir, and speak apace.

LUCIO. Why, what a ruthless thing is this in him, for the rebellion of a codpiece to take away the life of a man! Would the Duke that is absent have done this? Ere he would have hanged a man for the getting a hundred bastards, he would have paid for the nursing a thousand: he had some feeling of the sport; he knew the service, and that instructed him to mercy.

112

DUKE. I never heard the absent Duke much detected for women; he was not inclined that way.

LUCIO. O, sir, you are deceived.

DUKE. 'T is not possible.

LUCIO. Who, not the Duke? yes, your beggar of

104-105 *he is a motion generative*] he has the reproductive powers of a puppet or puppet-show. "This ungenitured agent" (lines 162-163, *infra*) has the like significance, but Theobald's proposal to read *ungenerative* for *generative* is unconvincing.

113 *detected*] "charged," "accused," "arraigned," a common usage. Cf. Hooker, *Eccl. Polity* (1594): "The gentlewoman . . . *detecteth* herself of a crime."

SCENE.II MEASURE FOR MEASURE

fifty; and his use was to put a ducat in her clack-dish: the Duke had crotchets in him. He would be drunk too; that let me inform you. 120

DUKE. You do him wrong, surely.

LUCIO. Sir, I was an inward of his. A shy fellow was the Duke: and I believe I know the cause of his withdrawing.

DUKE. What, I prithee, might be the cause?

LUCIO. No, pardon; 'tis a secret must be locked within the teeth and the lips: but this I can let you understand, the greater file of the subject held the Duke to be wise.

DUKE. Wise! why, no question but he was. 129

LUCIO. A very superficial, ignorant, unweighing fellow.

DUKE. Either this is envy in you, folly, or mistaking: the very stream of his life and the business he hath helmed must, upon a warranted need, give him a better proclamation. Let him be but testimonied in his own bringings-forth, and he shall appear to the envious a scholar, a statesman and a soldier. Therefore you speak unskilfully; or if your knowledge be more, it is much darkened in your malice.

LUCIO. Sir, I know him, and I love him. 139

118 *clack-dish*] a wooden dish carried by beggars; the movable lid of which was clacked to attract notice.

128 *the greater file of the subject*] the majority of the people.

132-135 *the business . . . bringings-forth*] the affairs he has guided (or steered through) must, on an occasion which warranted (the production of evidence), declare a higher reputation. Let testimony be produced of what he has effected.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE ACT III

MRS OV. My lord, this is one Lucio's information against me. Mistress Kate Keepdown was with child by him in the Duke's time; he promised her marriage: his child is a year and a quarter old, come Philip and Jacob: I have kept it myself; and see how he goes about to abuse me! 191

ESCAL. That fellow is a fellow of much license: let him be called before us. Away with her to prison! Go to; no more words. [*Exeunt Officers with Mistress Ov.*] Provost, my brother Angelo will not be altered; Claudio must die to-morrow: let him be furnished with divines, and have all charitable preparation. If my brother wrought by my pity, it should not be so with him.

PROV. So please you, this friar hath been with him, and advised him for the entertainment of death. 200

ESCAL. Good even, good father.

DUKE. Bliss and goodness on you!

ESCAL. Of whence are you?

DUKE. Not of this country, though my chance is now To use it for my time: I am a brother Of gracious order, late come from the See In special business from his Holiness.

ESCAL. What news abroad i' the world? 208

DUKE. None, but that there is so great a fever on goodness, that the dissolution of it must cure it: novelty is only in request; and it as dangerous to be aged in any

189-190 *come Philip and Jacob*] a reference to the first of May, the festival of the apostles SS. Philip and James (Lat. Jacob-us).

206 *the See*] the See of Rome.

SCENE II MEASURE FOR MEASURE

kind of course, as it is virtuous to be constant in any undertaking. There is scarce truth enough alive to make societies secure; but security enough to make fellowships accurst: — much upon this riddle runs the wisdom of the world. This news is old enough, yet it is every day's news. I pray you, sir, of what disposition was the Duke?

ESCAL. One that, above all other strifes, contended especially to know himself.

DUKE. What pleasure was he given to?

220

ESCAL. Rather rejoicing to see another merry, than merry at any thing which professed to make him rejoice: a gentleman of all temperance. But leave we him to his events, with a prayer they may prove prosperous; and let me desire to know how you find Claudio prepared. I am made to understand that you have lent him visitation.

DUKE. He professes to have received no sinister measure from his judge, but most willingly humbles himself to the determination of justice: yet had he framed to himself, by the instruction of his frailty, many deceiving promises of life; which I, by my good leisure, have discredited to him, and now is he resolved to die.

232

214 *but security . . . accurst*] Here "security" means "the act of standing surety" (for an embarrassed acquaintance, with the prospect of ruin to one's own estate). Social relations (*i. e.*, fellowships) are cursed by the commonness of the practice. Cf. *Proverbs* xi, 15: "He that is surety for a stranger shall smart for it; and he that hateth suretiship is sure."

224 *events*] fortunes.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE ACT III

ESCAL. You have paid the heavens your function, and the prisoner the very debt of your calling. I have laboured for the poor gentleman to the extremest shore of my modesty: but my brother justice have I found so severe, that he hath forced me to tell him he is indeed Justice.

DUKE. If his own life answer the straitness of his proceeding, it shall become him well; wherein if he chance to fail, he hath sentenced himself. 240

ESCAL. I am going to visit the prisoner. Fare you well.

DUKE. Peace be with you! [*Exeunt Escalus and Provost.*]
He who the sword of heaven will bear

Should be as holy as severe;

Pattern in himself to know,

Grace to stand, and virtue go;

More nor less to others paying

Than by self-offenses weighing.

Shame to him whose cruel striking

Kills for faults of his own liking! 250

Twice treble shame on Angelo,

To weed my vice and let his grow!

O, what may man within him hide,

Though angel on the outward side! ‘

233 *have . . . your function*] discharged your duty to Heaven.

237 *he is indeed Justice*] An allusion to the maxim “Summum jus, summa injuria.”

246 *Grace . . . virtue go*] Grace whereon to stand secure (against temptation), and virtue wherewith to walk.

252 *To weed my vice*] To uproot another’s vice.

SCENE II MEASURE FOR MEASURE

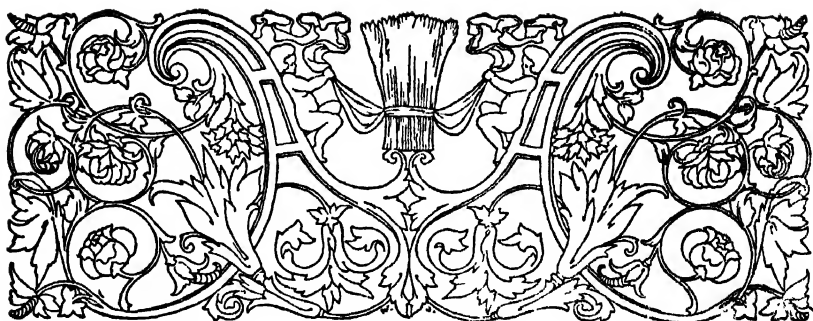
How may likeness made in crimes,
 Making practice on the times,
 To draw with idle spiders' strings
 Most ponderous and substantial things!
 Craft against vice I must apply:
 With Angelo to-night shall lie
 His old betrothed but despised;
 So disguise shall, by the disguised,
 Pay with falsehood false exacting,
 And perform an old contracting.

260

[*Exit.*

255-258 *How may likeness . . . substantial things!* This is the original reading, for which numerous unconvincing changes have been suggested. "Likeness" is probably identical with "seeming" (*i. e.*, hypocrisy, the counterfeit of virtue). See II, iv, 150, *supra*. The general meaning is, that hypocrisy, the product of crimes, which plot against or hoodwink the age, is capable, by means of frauds, flimsy as spiders' threads, of capturing weighty and substantial objects like riches and power.

262-264 *So disguise shall . . . contracting*] Thus the Folios. The words are difficult to interpret, and have not been satisfactorily emended. The meaning seems to be that the disguise which Mariana is assuming will, by the agency of the vicious Angelo, who wears the *false guise* of sanctity, satisfy deceptively his base demand, and fulfil an old standing contract.

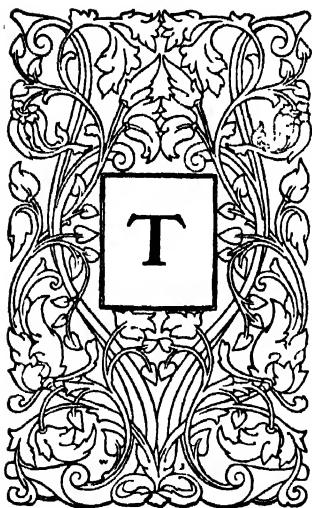


ACT FOURTH — SCENE I

THE MOATED GRANGE AT ST. LUKE'S

Enter MARIANA and a BOY

BOY sings



TAKE, O, TAKE THOSE LIPS
way,

That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn:
But my kisses bring again, bring again;
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain, seal'd
in vain.

MARI. Break off 'thy song,
and haste thee quick away:
Here comes a man of comfort,
whose advise
Hath often still'd my brawling
discontent. *[Exit Boy.]*

Enter DUKE disguised as before

I cry you mercy, sir; and well could wish
You had not found me here so musical:

SCENE I MEASURE FOR MEASURE

Let me excuse me, and believe me so,
My mirth it much displeased, but pleased my woe.

DUKE. 'Tis good; though music oft hath such a
charm

To make bad good, and good provoke to harm.
I pray you, tell me, hath any body inquired for me here
to-day? much upon this time have I promised here to
meet.

MARI. You have not been inquired after: I have sat
here all day.

Enter ISABELLA

DUKE. I do constantly believe you. The time is come²⁰
even now. I shall crave your forbearance a little: may
be I will call upon you anon, for some advantage to
yourself.

MARI. I am always bound to you. [Exit.

DUKE. Very well met, and well come.
What is the news from this good Deputy?

ISAB. He hath a garden circummured with brick,

1-6] This stanza is repeated with the addition of a second stanza by
Fletcher in the latter's *Bloody Brother or Rollo Duke of Normandy*,
in Act V, Sc. 2. The two stanzas reappear together in Shakespeare's
Poems, 1640. Shakespeare's exclusive responsibility for the first
stanza need not be questioned.

6 *seals of love . . . in rain*] Cf. *Sonnet* cxlii, 5-7, "those lips of thine . . .
seal'd false bonds of love as oft of mine."

13 *My mirth . . . woe*] The music was out of tune with any disposition
to merriment on my part. But it assuaged my sorrow

17 *meet*] often used intransitively by Shakespeare Cf. *Is You Like*
It, V, ii, 111-112, "as you love Phœbe, *meet*: and as I love no
woman, I'll *meet*."

SCENE I MEASURE FOR MEASURE

DUKE. 'T is well borne up.
I have not yet made known to Mariana
A word of this. What, ho! within! come forth!

Re-enter MARIANA

I pray you, be acquainted with this maid;
She comes to do you good.

ISAB. I do desire the like. 50

DUKE. Do you persuade yourself that I respect you?

MARI. Good friar, I know you do, and have found it.

DUKE. Take, then, this your companion by the hand,
Who hath a story ready for your ear.

I shall attend your leisure: but make haste;
The vaporous night approaches.

MARI. Will 't please you walk aside?

[Exit Mariana and Isabella.]

DUKE. O place and greatness, millions of false eyes
Are stuck upon thee! volumes of report
Run with these false and most contrarious quests 60
Upon thy doings! thousand escapes of wit
Make thee the father of their idle dreams,
And rack thee in their fancies!

Re-enter MARIANA and ISABELLA

Welcome, how agreed?

ISAB. She 'll take the enterprise upon her, father,
If you advise it.

58 *[false eyes]* insidious, treacherous eyes.

60-61 *Run . . . escapes of wit* Overflow with lying and self-contradictory
prying inquiries into thy doings! thousand sportive and scurrilous
sallies of wit, etc.

DUKE. It is not my consent,
But my entreaty too.

ISAB. Little have you to say
When you depart from him, but, soft and low,
"Remember now my brother."

MARI. Fear me not.

DUKE. Nor, gentle daughter, fear you not at all.
He is your husband on a pre-contract:
To bring you thus together, 't is no sin,
Sith that the justice of your title to him
Doth flourish the deceit. Come, let us go:
Our corn 's to reap, for yet our tithe 's to sow. [*Exeunt.*]

70

SCENE II—A ROOM IN THE PRISON

Enter PROVOST and POMPEY

PROV. Come hitther, sirrah. Can you cut off a man's head?

POM. If the man be a bachelor, sir, I can; but if he be a married man, he 's his wife's head, and I can never cut off a woman's head.

PROV. Come, sir, leave me your snatches, and yield me a direct answer. To-morrow morning are to die Claudio

73 *flourish the deceit*] make the deceit fair or reputable. Cf. *Tw. Night*, III, iv, 354: "empty trunks, o'erflourish'd [*i.e.*, glossed or varnished over] by the devil."

74 *Our corn . . . sow*] Johnson conjectured this expression to be proverbial, and regarded "tithe" as standing for "harvest." It is probably to be used for "grain." Theobald and others recommend the substitution for *tithe*, of *tilth*, *i. e.*, land ready for sowing. But "tithe" in the sense of "grain" makes the line intelligible.

SCENE II MEASURE FOR MEASURE

and Barnardine. Here is in our prison a common executioner, who in his office lacks a helper: if you will take it on you to assist him, it shall redeem you from your gyves; if not, you shall have your full time of imprisonment, and your deliverance with an unpitied whipping, for you have been a notorious bawd. ¹⁰

POM. Sir, I have been an unlawful bawd time out of mind; but yet I will be content to be a lawful hangman. I would be glad to receive some instruction from my fellow partner.

PROV. What, ho! Abhorson! Where's Abhorson, there?

Enter ABHORSON

ABHOR. Do you call, sir?

PROV. Sirrah, here's a fellow will help you to-morrow in your execution. If you think it meet, compound with ²⁰ him by the year, and let him abide here with you; if not, use him for the present, and dismiss him. He cannot plead his estimation with you; he hath been a bawd.

ABHOR. A bawd, sir? fie upon him! he will discredit our mystery.

PROV. Go to, sir; you weigh equally; a feather will turn the scale. • [*Erit.*

POM. Pray, sir, by your good favour. -- for surely, sir, a good favour you have, but that you have a hanging look, — do you call, sir, your occupation a mystery? ³⁰

³⁰ *mystery*] "Mystery," in the sense of calling or trade (from the Latin *ministerium*), has no etymological connection with "mystery" in the sense of a secret rite (from the Greek *μυστήριον*). The two words are here quibblingly confused.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE ACT IV

ABHOR. Ay, sir; a mystery.

POM. Painting, sir, I have heard say, is a mystery; and your whores, sir, being members of my occupation, using painting, do prove my occupation a mystery: but what mystery there should be in hanging, if I should be hanged, I cannot imagine.

ABHOR. Sir, it is a mystery.

POM. Proof?

ABHOR. Every true man's apparel fits your thief: if it be too little for your thief, your true man thinks it big⁴⁰ enough; if it be too big for your thief, your thief thinks it little enough: so every true man's apparel fits your thief.

Re-enter PROVOST

PROV. Are you agreed?

POM. Sir, I will serve him; for I do find your hangman is a more penitent trade than your bawd; he doth oftener ask forgiveness.

PROV. You, sirrah, provide your block and your axe to-morrow four o'clock.

ABHOR. Come on, bawd; I will instruct thee in my trade; follow.⁵⁰

POM. I do desire to learn, sir: and I hope, if you have

39-42 *if it be too little . . . fits your thief*] The Folios assign this part of the speech to Pompey, and the poor chop logic which seeks to identify the honest man with the thief seems to be in his vein. But Capell and most succeeding editors transferred these far-fetched quibbles to the cynical hangman on the reasonable ground that they suggest professional knowledge, which Pompey would be unlikely to claim.

46 *ask forgiveness*] Cf. *As You Like It*, III, v, 3-6, "The common executioner . . . first begs pardon" (of his victim).

SCENE II MEASURE FOR MEASURE

occasion to use me for your own turn, you shall find me yare; for, truly, sir, for your kindness I owe you a good turn.

PROV. Call hither Barnardine and Claudio:

[Exeunt Pompey and Abhorson.]

The one has my pity; not a jot the other,
Being a murderer, though he were my brother.

Enter CLAUDIO

Look, here 's the warrant, Claudio, for thy death:
'T is now dead midnight, and by eight to-morrow
Thou must be made immortal. Where 's Barnardine? 60

CLAUD. As fast lock'd up in sleep as guiltless labour
When it lies starkly in the traveller's bones:
He will not wake.

PROV. Who can do good on him?
Well, go, prepare yourself. *[Knocking within.]* But, hark,
what noise? —

Heaven give your spirits comfort! *[Exit Claudio.]* By
and by. —

I hope it is some pardon or reprieve
For the most gentle Claudio.

Enter DUKE disguised as before

Welcome, father.

DUKE. The best and wholesomest spirits of the night
Envelop you, good Provost! Who call'd here of late?

PROV. None, since the curfew rung. 70

DUKE. Not Isabel?

54 *a good turn*] a turn off the ladder, on which the convict mounts the
gallows; a slang term for a hanging.

PROV. No.

DUKE. They will, then, ere 't be long.

PROV. What comfort is for Claudio?

DUKE. There 's some in hope.

PROV. It is a bitter deputy.

DUKE. Not so, not so; his life is parallel'd
Even with the stroke and line of his great justice:

He doth with holy abstinence subdue

That in himself which he spurs on his power

To qualify in others: were he meal'd with that

Which he corrects, then were he tyrannous;

But this being so, he 's just. 80 *[Knocking within.*

Now are they come.

[Exit Provost.

This is a gentle provost: seldom when

The steeled gaoler is the friend of men. *[Knocking within.*

How now! what noise? That spirit 's possess'd with
haste

That wounds the unsisting postern with these strokes.

Re-enter PROVOST

PROV. There he must stay until the officer
Arise to let him in: he is call'd up.

71 *They]* The Duke expects Mariana as well as Isabella.

75-76 *his life . . . justice]* his life runs parallel or square with the mark
and character of his high conception of justice.

79 *meal'd]* stained, defiled. Cf. *Macb.*, IV, i, 123: "blood-bolter'd
Banquo."

85 *unsisting]* Thus the first three Folios. The Fourth Folio substitutes
insisting, and Rowe conjectured *unresisting*. "Unsisting" is un-
known elsewhere. The meaning would seem to be that the postern
gate offers comparatively small resistance.

SCENE II MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

DUKE. Have you no countermand for Claudio yet,
But he must die to-morrow?

PROV. None, sir, none.

DUKE. As near the dawning, provost, as it is, 90
You shall hear more ere morning.

PROV. Happily
You something know; yet I believe there comes
No countermand; no such example have we:
Besides, upon the very siege of justice
Lord Angelo hath to the public ear
Profess'd the contrary.

Enter a MESSENGER.

This is his lordship's man.

DUKE. And here comes Claudio's pardon. 97

MES. [*Giving a paper*] My lord hath sent you this note:
and by me this further charge, that you swerve not from
the smallest article of it, neither in time, matter, or other
circumstance. Good morrow; for, as I take it, it is
almost day.

PROV. I shall obey him. [*Exit Messenger.*]

DUKE. [*Aside*] This is his pardon, purchased by
such sin
For which the pardoner himself is in.
Hence hath offence his quick celerity,
When it is borne in high authority:

94 *siege*] seat. Cf. Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, II, iv, 41, line 5, "A stately
siege [*i. e.*, seat, throne] of sovereign majesty."

96 *This is his lordship's man*] In the Folios this sentence is given to the
Duke, and the following one to the provost. The change in the
text, though generally adopted, is not essential.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE • ACT IV

When vice makes mercy, mercy's so extended,
That for the fault's love is the offender friended.

Now, sir, what news?

109

PROV. I told you. Lord Angelo, belike thinking me remiss in mine office, awakens me with this unwonted putting-on; methinks strangely, for he hath not used it before.

DUKE. Pray you, let's hear.

PROV. [*Reads*]

Whatsoever you may hear to the contrary, let Claudio be executed by four of the clock; and in the afternoon Barnardine: for my better satisfaction, let me have Claudio's head sent me by five. Let this be duly performed; with a thought that more depends on it than we must yet deliver. Thus fail not to do your office, as you will answer it at your peril.

What say you to this, sir?

120

DUKE. What is that Barnardine who is to be executed in the afternoon?

PROV. A Bohemian born, but here nursed up and bred; one that is a prisoner nine years old.

DUKE. How came it that the absent Duke had not either delivered him to his liberty or executed him? I have heard it was ever his manner to do so.

PROV. His friends still wrought reprieves for him: and, indeed, his fact, till now in the government of Lord Angelo, came not to an undoubtful proof.

131

DUKE. It is now apparent?

PROV. Most manifest, and not denied by himself.

111 *putting-on*] spur, incitement. The verb "put on" is often used thus.

SCENE II MEASURE FOR MEASURE

DUKE. Hath he borne himself penitently in prison?
how seems he to be touched?

PROV. A man that apprehends death no more dread-
fully but as a drunken sleep; careless, reckless, and fear-
less of what's past, present, or to come; insensible of
mortality, and desperately mortal.

DUKE. He wants advice.

139

PROV. He will hear none: he hath evermore had the
liberty of the prison; give him leave to escape hence, he
would not: drunk many times a day, if not many days
entirely drunk. We have very oft awaked him, as if to
carry him to execution, and showed him a seeming war-
rant for it: it hath not moved him at all.

DUKE. More of him anon. There is written in your
brow, provost, honesty and constancy: if I read it not
truly, my ancient skill beguiles me; but, in the boldness
of my cunning, I will lay myself in hazard. Claudio,
whom here you have warrant to execute, is no greater
forfeit to the law than Angelo who hath sentenced him.
To make you understand this in a manifest effect, I crave
but four days' respite; for the which you are to do me
both a present and a dangerous courtesy.

154

PROV. Pray, sir, in what?

DUKE. In the delaying death.

PROV. Alack, how may I do it, having the hour lim-
ited, and an express command, under penalty, to deliver

138 *desperately mortal*] either hopelessly involved in mortal sin, or likely
to die hopeless and unrepentant.

148-149 *in the boldness . . . hazard*] confident in my sagacity, I will run
the risk.

When vice makes mercy, mercy's so extended,
That for the fault's love is the offender friended.

Now, sir, what news?

109

PROV. I told you. Lord Angelo, belike thinking me remiss in mine office, awakens me with this unwonted putting-on; methinks strangely, for he hath not used it before.

DUKE. Pray you, let's hear.

PROV. [*Reads*]

Whatsoever you may hear to the contrary, let Claudio be executed by four of the clock; and in the afternoon Barnardine: for my better satisfaction, let me have Claudio's head sent me by five. Let this be duly performed; with a thought that more depends on it than we must yet deliver. Thus fail not to do your office, as you will answer it at your peril.

What say you to this, sir?

120

DUKE. What is that Barnardine who is to be executed in the afternoon?

PROV. A Bohemian born, but here nursed up and bred; one that is a prisoner nine years old.

DUKE. How came it that the absent Duke had not either delivered him to his liberty or executed him? I have heard it was ever his manner to do so.

PROV. His friends still wrought reprieves for him: and, indeed, his fact, till now in the government of Lord Angelo, came not to an undoubtful proof.

130

DUKE. It is now apparent?

PROV. Most manifest, and not denied by himself.

111 *putting-on*] spur, incitement. The verb "put on" is often used thus.

SCENE II MEASURE FOR MEASURE

DUKE. Hath he borne himself penitently in prison? how seems he to be touched?

PROV. A man that apprehends death no more dreadfully but as a drunken sleep; careless, reckless, and fearless of what's past, present, or to come; insensible of mortality, and desperately mortal.

DUKE. He wants advice.

139

PROV. He will hear none: he hath evermore had the liberty of the prison; give him leave to escape hence, he would not: drunk many times a day, if not many days entirely drunk. We have very oft awaked him, as if to carry him to execution, and showed him a seeming warrant for it: it hath not moved him at all.

DUKE. More of him anon. There is written in your brow, provost, honesty and constancy: if I read it not truly, my ancient skill beguiles me; but, in the boldness of my cunning, I will lay myself in hazard. Claudio, whom here you have warrant to execute, is no greater forfeit to the law than Angelo who hath sentenced him. To make you understand this in a manifest effect, I crave but four days' respite; for the which you are to do me both a present and a dangerous courtesy.

154

PROV. Pray, sir, in what?

DUKE. In the delaying death.

PROV. Alack, how may I do it, having the hour limited, and an express command, under penalty, to deliver

138 *desperately mortal*] either hopelessly involved in mortal sin, or likely to die hopeless and unrepentant.

148-149 *in the boldness . . . hazard*] confident in my sagacity, I will run the risk.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE 'ACT IV

his head in the view of Angelo? I may make my case as Claudio's, to cross this in the smallest. 160

DUKE. By the vow of mine order I warrant you, if my instructions may be your guide. Let this Barnardine be this morning executed, and his head borne to Angelo.

PROV. Angelo hath seen them both, and will discover the favour.

DUKE. O, death's a great disguiser; and you may add to it. Shave the head, and tie the beard; and say it was the desire of the penitent to be so bared before his death: you know the course is common. If any thing fall to you upon this, more than thanks and good fortune, by the Saint whom I profess, I will plead against it with my life. 171

PROV. Pardon me, good father; it is against my oath.

DUKE. Were you sworn to the Duke, or to the Deputy?

PROV. To him, and to his substitutes.

DUKE. You will think you have made no offence, if the Duke avouch the justice of your dealing?

PROV. But what likelihood is in that? 177

DUKE. Not a resemblance, but a certainty. Yet since I see you fearful, that neither my coat, integrity, nor persuasion can with ease attempt you, I will go further than I meant, to pluck all fears out of you. Look you, sir, here is the hand and seal of the Duke: you know the

168 bared] shaved. Cf. *All's Well*, IV, i, 46: "the baring of my beard."

180 attempt] tempt. Cf. *Merch. of Ven.*, IV, i, 416, "of force I must attempt you further."

SCENE III MEASURE FOR MEASURE

character, I doubt not; and the signet is not strange to you.

PROV. I know them both.

DUKE. The contents of this is the return of the Duke: you shall anon over-read it at your pleasure; where you shall find, within these two days he will be here. This is a thing that Angelo knows not; for he this very day receives letters of strange tenour; perchance of the Duke's death; perchance entering into some monastery; but, by chance, nothing of what is writ. Look, the unfolding star calls up the shepherd. Put not yourself into amazement how these things should be: all difficulties are but easy when they are known. Call your executioner, and off with Barnardine's head: I will give him a present shrift and advise him for a better place. Yet you are amazed; but this shall absolutely resolve you. Come away; it is almost clear dawn. [Exeunt. 198

SCENE III—ANOTHER ROOM IN THE SAME

Enter POMPEY

POM. I am as well acquainted here as I was in our house of profession: one would think it were Mistress Overdone's own house, for here be many of her old cus

191 *the unfolding star*] the morning star Cf. Milton's *Comus*, 94-95
[of the evening star]: "The star that bids the *shepherd fold*. Now
the top of heaven doth hold."

2 *house of profession*] a house professedly applied to immoral uses.

tomers. First, here 's young Master Rash; he 's in for a commodity of brown paper and old ginger, nine-score and seventeen pounds; of which he made five marks, ready money: marry, then ginger was not much in request, for the old women were all dead. Then is there here one Master Caper, at the suit of Master Three-pile the mercer, for some four suits of peach-coloured satin,¹⁰ which now peaches him a beggar. Then have we here young Dizy, and young Master Deep-vow, and Master Copper-spur, and Master Starve-lackey the rapier and dagger man, and young Drop-heir that killed lusty Pudding, and Master Forthlight the tilter, and brave Master Shooty the great traveller, and wild Half-can that stabbed Pots, and, I think, forty more; all great doers in our trade, and are now "for the Lord's sake."

5 *brown paper and old ginger*] 'worthless articles foisted by money-lenders as things of value on foolish borrowers.

7-8 *ginger . . . dead*] See note on *Merch. of Ven.*, III, i, 9: "As lying a gossip in that as ever knapped *ginger*."

10 *peaches him a beggar*] supplies the evidence that he is a beggar.

13 *rapier and dagger man*] the duellist who usually fought with both weapons.

15 *Shooty*] Thus the Second and later Folios. The First Folio reads *Shootie*, i. e., shoe-tie. The reasonable suggestion that the reference is to Tom Coryate, who made his reputation by walking to Venice and back in the same pair of shoes in 1608, can only be adopted if we assume that the words were interpolated after the first production of the play in 1604.

17 "*for the Lord's sake*"] This was the common cry with which prisoners begged from behind the prison-bars of passers by.

SCENE III MEASURE FOR MEASURE

Enter ABHORSON

ABHOR. Sirrah, bring Barnardine hither.

POM. Master Barnardine! you must rise and be ²⁰
hanged, Master Barnardine!

ABHOR. What, ho, Barnardine!

BAR. [*Within*] A pox o' your throats! Who makes
that noise there? What are you?

POM. Your friends, sir; the hangman. You must be
so good, sir, to rise and be put to death.

BAR. [*Within*] Away, you rogue, away! I am sleepy.

ABHOR. Tell him he must awake, and that quickly too.

POM. Pray, Master Barnardine, awake till you are
executed, and sleep afterwards. 30

ABHOR. Go in to him, and fetch him out.

POM. He is coming, sir, he is coming; I hear his straw
rustle.

ABHOR. Is the axe upon the block, sirrah?

POM. Very ready, sir.

Enter BARNARDINE

BAR. How now, Abhorson? what's the news with you?

ABHOR. Truly, sir, I would desire you to clap into
your prayers; for, look you, the warrant's come.

BAR. You rogue, I have been drinking all night; I
am not fitted for 't. 40

POM. O, the better, sir; for he that drinks all night,
and is hanged betimes in the morning, may sleep the
sounder all the next day.

ABHOR. Look you, sir; here comes your ghostly
father: do we jest now, think you?

MEASURE FOR MEASURE •ACT IV

Enter DUKE disguised as before

DUKE. 'Sir, induced by my charity, and hearing how hastily you are to depart, I am come to advise you, comfort you and pray with you.

BAR. Friar, not I: I have been drinking hard all night, and I will have more time to prepare me, or they⁵⁰ shall beat out my brains with billets: I will not consent to die this day, that 's certain.

DUKE. O, sir, you must: and therefore I beseech you Look forward on the journey you shall go.

BAR. I swear I will not die to-day for any man's persuasion.

DUKE. But hear you.

BAR. Not a word: if you have any thing to say to me, come to my ward; for thence will not I to-day. [*Exit.*

DUKE. Unfit to live or die: O gravel heart!⁶⁰
After him, fellows; bring him to the block.

[Exeunt Abhorson and Pompey.]

Enter PROVOST

PROV. Now, sir, how do you find the prisoner?

DUKE. A creature unprepared, unmeet for death;
And to transport him in the mind he is
Were damnable.

PROV. Here in the prison, father,
There died this morning of a cruel fever
One Ragozine, a most notorious pirate,
A man of Claudio's years; his beard and head
Just of his colour. What if we do omit
This reprobate till he were well inclined;

SCENE III MEASURE FOR MEASURE

And satisfy the Deputy with the visage
Of Ragozine, more like to Claudio!

DUKE. O, 't is an accident that heaven provides!
Dispatch it presently; the hour draws on
Prefix'd by Angelo: see this be done,
And sent according to command; whiles I
Persuade this rude wretch willingly to die.

PROV. This shall be done, good father, presently.
But Barnardine must die this afternoon:
And how shall we continue Claudio,
To save me from the danger that might come
If he were known alive?

80

DUKE. Let this be done.
Put them in secret holds, both Barnardine and Claudio:
Ere twice the sun hath made his journal greeting
To the under generation, you shall find
Your safety manifested.

PROV. I am your free dependant.

DUKE. Quick, dispatch, and send the head to Angelo.
[Exit Provost.]

Now will I write letters to Angelo, —
The provost, he shall bear them, — whose contents
Shall witness to him I am near at home,

90

80 *continue*] keep.

84-85 *his journal greeting . . . generation*] The Folios here read *word*
(for *the under*) *generation*, which Rowe extended to *yonder generation*.
Hanmer sensibly proposed *the under generation*, understanding that
the words referred to the sun's daily greeting of the Antipodes. Cf.
Rich. II. III, ii, 37-38: "the searching eye of heaven is hid, Behind
the globe, that lights the *lower world*."

MEASURE FOR MEASURE ACT IV

And that, by great injunctions, I am bound
To enter publicly: him I 'll desire
To meet me at the consecrated fount,
A league below the city; and from thence,
By cold gradation and well-balanced form,
We shall proceed with Angelo.

Re-enter PROVOST

PROV. Here is the head; I 'll carry it myself.

DUKE. Convenient is it. Make a swift return;
For I would commune with you of such things 100
That want no ear but yours.

PROV. I 'll make all speed. [*Exit.*]

ISAB. [*Within*] Peace, ho, be here!

DUKE. The tongue of Isabel. She 's come to know
If yet her brother's pardon be come hither:
But I will keep her ignorant of her good,
To make her heavenly comforts of despair,
When it is least expected.

Enter ISABELLA

ISAB. Ho, by your leave!

DUKE. Good morning to you, fair and gracious
daughter.

ISAB. The better, given me by so holy a man.
Hath yet the Deputy sent my brother's pardon? 111

DUKE. He hath released him, Isabel, from the world:
His head is off, and sent to Angelo.

106-107 To . . . *expected*] To cause her despair to give place to happiness
when she least looked for it.

SCENE III MEASURE FOR MEASURE

ISAB. Nay, but it is not so.

DUKE. It is no other: show your wisdom, daughter,
In your close patience.

ISAB. O, I will to him and pluck out his eyes!

DUKE. You shall not be admitted to his sight.

ISAB. Unhappy Claudio! wretched Isabel!
Injurious world! most damned Angelo!

DUKE. This nor hurts him nor profits you a jot; 120
Forbear it therefore; give your cause to heaven.

Mark what I say, which you shall find

By every syllable a faithful verity:

'The Duke comes home to-morrow;—nay, dry your eyes;

One of our covent, and his confessor,

Gives me this instance: already he hath carried

Notice to Escalus and Angelo;

Who do prepare to meet him at the gates,

There to give up their power. If you can, pace your
wisdom

In that good path that I would wish it go; 130

And you shall have your bosom on this wretch,

Grace of the Duke, revenges to your heart,

And general honour.

ISAB. I am directed by you.

DUKE. This letter, then, to Friar Peter give;

'T is that he sent me of the Duke's return:

Say, by this token, I desire his company

125 *covent*] Thus the Folios: a variant of "convent," as in *Convent*
Garden.

126 *instance*] assurance, intimation.

131 *bosom*] heart's desire.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE • ACT IV

At Mariana's house to-night. Her cause and yours
 I'll perfect him withal; and he shall bring you
 Before the Duke; and to the head of Angelo
 Accuse him home and home. For my poor self, 140
 I am combined by a sacred vow,
 And shall be absent. Wend you with this letter:
 Command these fretting waters from your eyes
 With a light heart; trust not my holy order,
 If I pervert your course. — Who's here?

Enter LUCIO

LUCIO. Good even. Friar, where's the provost?

DUKE. Not within, sir. 147

LUCIO. O pretty Isabella, I am pale at mine heart to
 see thine eyes so red: thou must be patient. I am fain
 to dine and sup with water and bran; I dare not for my
 head fill my belly; one fruitful meal would set me to't.
 But they say the Duke will be here to-morrow. By my
 troth, Isabel, I loved thy brother: if the old fantastical
 Duke of dark corners had been at home, he had lived.

[Exit Isabella.]

DUKE. Sir, the Duke is marvellous little beholding to
 your reports; but the best is, he lives not in them.

LUCIO. Friar, thou knowest not the Duke so well as
 I do: he's a better woodman than thou takest him for.

141 *combined*] bound, pledged. Cf. III, i, 216, *supra*: “*combinat* hus-
 band” and note.

158 *woodman*] Used colloquially of a hunter after female game, or
 women. Cf. *M. Wives*, V, v, 25: “Am I a *woodman*, ha?” Also
 see Beaumont and Fletcher’s *The Chances*, I, viii, “I see you are a
woodman and can choose your deer tho’ it be i’ the dark.”

SCENE IV MEASURE FOR MEASURE

DUKE. Well, you 'll answer this one day. Fare ye well.

LUCIO. Nay, tarry; I 'll go along with thee: I can tell thee pretty tales of the Duke.

DUKE. You have told me too many of him already, sir, if they be true; if not true, none were enough.

LUCIO. I was once before him for getting a wench with child.

DUKE. Did you such a thing?

LUCIO. Yes, marry, did I: but I was fain to forswear it: they would else have married me to the rotten medlar.

DUKE. Sir, your company is fairer than honest. Rest you well. 170

LUCIO. By my troth, I 'll go with thee to the lane's end: if bawdy talk offend you, we 'll have very little of it. Nay, friar, I am a kind of burr; I shall stick. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV—A ROOM IN ANGELO'S HOUSE

Enter ANGELO and ESCALUS

ESCAL. Every letter he hath writ hath disvouched other.

ANG. In most uneven and distracted manner. His actions show much like to madness: pray heaven his wisdom be not tainted! And why meet him at the gates, and redeliver our authorities there?

⁵ *redeliver*] This is Capell's emendation of the *reliver* of the First Folio, and *deliver* of the Second and later Folios. Shakespeare possibly had in mind the French verb "relivrer," which Cotgrave interprets as "redeliver."

MEASURE FOR MEASURE • ACT IV

ESCAL. I guess not.

ANG. And why should we proclaim it in an hour before his entering, that if any crave redress of injustice, they should exhibit their petitions in the street?

ESCAL. He shows his reason for that: to have a dispatch of complaints, and to deliver us from devices hereafter, which shall then have no power to stand against us.

ANG. Well, I beseech you, let it be proclaimed betimes i' the morn; I'll call you at your house: give notice to such men of sort and suit as are to meet him.

ESCAL. I shall, sir. Fare you well.

ANG. Good night. [Exit Escalus.]

This deed unshapes me quite, makes me unpregnant,

And dull to all proceedings. A deflower'd maid!

And by an eminent body that enforced

The law against it! But that her tender shame

Will not proclaim against her maiden loss,

How might she tongue me! Yet reason dares her no;

For my authority bears of a credent bulk,

That no particular scandal once can touch

But it confounds the breather. He should have lived,

Save that this riotous youth, with dangerous sense,

Might in the times to come have ta'en revenge,

By so receiving a dishonour'd life

15 *sort and suit*] men of rank, owing suit and service to their feudal lord.

23 *dares her no*] Thus the Folios. The language, though crabbed, is quite plain. Reason warns her not to employ her tongue.

24 *bears of a credent*] supports such great weight of credit.

With ransom of such shame. Would yet he had
lived! 30

Alack, when once our grace we have forgot,
Nothing goes right: we would, and we would not. [*Exit.*]

SCENE V—FIELDS WITHOUT THE TOWN

Enter DUKE in his own habit, and FRIAR PETER

DUKE. These letters at fit time deliver me:
[*Giving letters.*]

The provost knows our purpose and our plot.
The matter being afoot, keep your instruction,
And hold you ever to our special drift;
Though sometimes you do blench from this to that,
As cause doth minister. Go call at Flavius' house,
And tell him where I stay: give the like notice
To Valentius, Rowland, and to Crassus,
And bid them bring the trumpets to the gate;
But send me Flavius first.

FRI. P. It shall be speeded well. [*Exit.* 10

• *Enter VARRIUS*

DUKE. I thank thee, Varrius; thou hast made good
haste:
Come, we will walk. There's other of our friends
Will greet us here anon, my gentle Varrus. [*Exeunt.*]

5 *blench*] "Blench," which commonly means "start in fright," here has
the weaker significance of "diverge," "move away"

SCENE VI—STREET NEAR THE CITY-GATE

Enter ISABELLA and MARIANA

ISAB. To speak so indirectly I am loath:
I would say the truth; but to accuse him so,
That is your part: yet I am advised to do it;
He says, to veil full purpose.

MARI. Be ruled by him.

ISAB. Besides, he tells me that, if peradventure
He speak against me on the adverse side,
I should not think it strange; for 't is a physick
That 's bitter to sweet end.

MARI. I would Friar Peter —

ISAB. O, peace! the friar is come.

Enter FRIAR PETER

FRI. P. Come, I have found you out a stand most fit,¹⁰
Where you may have such vantage on the Duke,
He shall not pass you. Twice have the trumpets
sounded;

The generous and gravest citizens
Have hent the gates, and very near upon
The Duke is entering: therefore, hence, away! [*Excunt.*

4 *to veil full*] Malone's ingenious emendation of *to vaile full* of the Folios. Theobald adopted the reading *t' availful*, which he interpreted "to profitable purpose."

13-14 *The generous . . . gates*] The high-born and most influential citizens have seized or reached the gates.

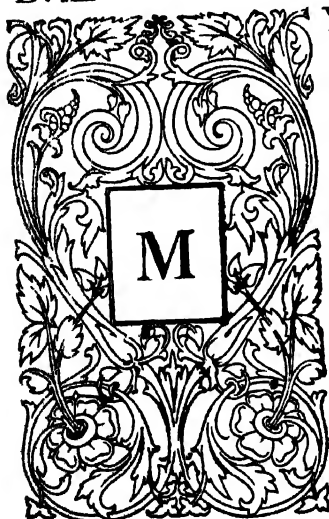


ACT FIFTH — SCENE I

THE CITY-GATE

MARIANA *veiled*, ISABELLA, and FRIAR PETER, *at their stand.*
Enter DUKE, VARRIUS, Lords, ANGELO, ESCALUS, LUCIO, PRO-
vost, Officers, and Citizens, at several doors

DUKE



Y VERY WORTHY
 cousin, fairly met!
 Our old and faithful friend, we
 are glad to see you.

ANG. } Happy return be to
 ESCAL. } your royal Grace!

DUKE. Many and hearty
 thankings to you both.
 We have made inquiry of you;
 and we hear
 Such goodness of your justice,
 that our soul
 Cannot but yield you forth to
 public thanks,

Forerunning more requital.

ANG.

You make my bonds still greater.

DUKE. O, your desert speaks loud; and I should
 wrong it,

To lock it in the wards of covert bosom, 10
 When it deserves, with characters of brass,
 A fortified residence 'gainst the tooth of time
 And razure of oblivion. Give me your hand,
 And let the subject see, to make them know
 That outward courtesies would fain proclaim
 Favours that keep within. Come, Escalus;
 You must walk by us on our other hand:
 And good supporters are you.

FRIAR PETER and ISABELLA come forward

FRI. P. Now is your time: speak loud, and kneel before him.

ISAB. Justice, O royal Duke! Vail your regard 20
 Upon a wrong'd, I would fain have said, a maid!
 O worthy prince, dishonour not your eye
 By throwing it on any other object
 Till you have heard me in my true complaint,
 And given me justice, justice, justice, justice!

DUKE. Relate your wrongs; in what? by whom? be brief.

Here is Lord Angelo shall give you justice:
 Reveal yourself to him.

ISAB. O worthy Duke, 30
 You bid me seek redemption of the devil:
 Hear me yourself; for that which I must speak
 Must either punish me, not being believed,

16 *Favours . . . within*] Marks of recognition that are in my heart.

20 *Vail your regard*] Lower your eyes. Cf. *Venus and Adonis*, 956, "She vail'd her eyelids."

SCENE I MEASURE FOR MEASURE

Or wring redress from you. Hear me, O hear me,
here!

ANG. My lord, her wits, I fear me, are not firm:
She hath been a suitor to me for her brother
Cut off by course of justice, —

ISAB. By course of justice!

ANG. And she will speak most bitterly and strange.

ISAB. Most strange, but yet most truly, will I
speak:

That Angelo's forsworn; is it not strange?

That Angelo's a murderer; is't not strange?

That Angelo is an adulterous thief,

40

An hypocrite, a virgin-violator;

Is it not strange and strange?

DUKE. Nay, it is ten times strange.

ISAB. It is not truer he is Angelo
Than this is all as true as it is strange:

Nay, it is ten times true; for truth is truth

To the end of reckoning.

DUKE. Away with her! — Poor soul,
She speaks this in the infirmity of sense.

ISAB. O prince, I conjure thee, as thou believest
There is another comfort than this world,
That thou neglect me not, with that opinion
That I am touch'd with madness! Make not impossible
That which but seems unlike: 't is not impossible
But one, the wicked'st caitiff on the ground,
May seem as shy, as grave, as just, as absolute
As Angelo; even so may Angelo,

50

54 *shy . . . absolute*] modestly reserved . . . perfect.

In all his dressings, characts, titles, forms,
Be an arch-villain; believe it, royal prince:
If he be less, he 's nothing; but he 's more,
Had I more name for badness.

DUKE. By mine honesty,
If she be mad, — as I believe no other, — 60
Her madness hath the oddest frame of sense,
Such a dependency of thing on thing,
As e'er I heard in madness.

ISAB. O gracious Duke,
Harp not on that; nor do not banish reason
For inequality; but let your reason serve
To make the truth appear where it seems hid,
And hide the false seems true.

DUKE. Many that are not mad
Have, sure, more lack of reason. What would you
say?

ISAB. I am the sister of one Claudio,
Condemn'd upon the act of fornication 70
To lose his head; condemn'd by Angelo:
I, in probation of a sisterhood,
Was sent to by my brother; one Lucio
As then the messenger, —

LUCIO. That 's I, an 't like your Grace:
I came to her from Claudio, and desired her

56 *dressings, characts*] habiliments, badges of office. "Characts" is no
uncommon abbreviation of "characters."

65 *For inequality*] Because my speech is unequal or inconsistent.

67 *hide the false seems true*] seclude the falsehood which now seems
truth.

SCENE I MEASURE FOR MEASURE

To try her gracious fortune with Lord Angelo
For her poor brother's pardon.

ISAB. That 's he indeed.

DUKE. You were not bid to speak.

LUCIO. No, my good lord;
Nor wish'd to hold my peace.

DUKE. I wish you now, then;
Pray you, take note of it: and when you have 80
A business for yourself, pray heaven you then
Be perfect.

LUCIO. I warrant your honour.

DUKE. The warrant 's for yourself; take heed to 't.

ISAB. This gentleman told somewhat of my tale;—

LUCIO. Right.

DUKE. It may be right; but you are i' the wrong
To speak before your time. Proceed.

ISAB. I went
To this pernicious caitiff Deputy, —

DUKE. That 's somewhat madly spoken.

ISAB. Pardon it; 90
The phrase is to the matter.

DUKE. Mended again. The matter; — proceed.

ISAB. In brief, — to set the needless process by,
How I persuaded, how I pray'd, and kneel'd,
How he refell'd me, and how I replied, —
For this was of much length, — the vile conclusion
I now begin with grief and shame to utter:
He would not, but by gift of my chaste body
To his concupiscible intemperate lust,

94 *refell'd*] refuted. Cf. "confutes," line 100, *infra*

Release my brother; and, after much debatement,
My sisterly remorse confutes mine honour, 100
And I did yield to him: but the next morn betimes,
His purpose surfeiting, he sends a warrant
For my poor brother's head.

DUKE. This is most likely!

ISAB. O, that it were as like as it is true!

DUKE. By heaven, fond wretch, thou know'st not
what thou speak'st,
Or else thou art suborn'd against his honour
In hateful practice. First, his integrity
Stands without blemish. Next, it imports no reason
That with such vehemency he should pursue
Faults proper to himself: if he had so offended, 110
He would have weigh'd thy brother by himself,
And not have cut him off. Some one hath set you on:
Confess the truth, and say by whose advice
Thou camest here to complain.

ISAB. And is this all?
Then, O you blessed ministers above,
Keep me in patience, and with ripen'd time
Unfold the evil which is here wrapt up
In countenance! — Heaven shield your Grace from woe,
As I, thus wrong'd, hence unbeliev'd go!

100 *My sisterly . . . confutes*] My sisterly pity overthrows.

108-110 *it imports . . . to himself*] there is no cause in reason why he should attack with such vehemence faults inherent in himself.

111 *weigh'd*] See note on II, ii, 126, *supra*.

117-118 *wrapt up . . . In countenance*] concealed owing to the countenance or partiality extended to the offender. Cf. line 166, *infra*: "In this I'll be *impartial*."

SCENE I MEASURE FOR MEASURE

DUKE. I know you 'ld fain be gone. — An officer! 120
To prison with her! — Shall we thus permit
A blasting and a scandalous breath to fall
On him so near us? This needs must be a practice.
Who knew of your intent and coming hither?

ISAB. One that I would were here, Friar Lodowick.

DUKE. A ghostly father, belike. Who knows that
Lodowick?

LUCIO. My lord, I know him; 't is a meddling friar;
I do not like the man: had he been lay, my lord,
For certain words he spake against your Grace
In your retirement, I had swinged him soundly. 130

DUKE. Words against me! this 's a good friar, belike!
And to set on this wretched woman here
Against our substitute! Let this friar be found.

LUCIO. But yesternight, my lord, she and that friar,
I saw them at the prison: a saucy friar,
A very scurvy fellow.

FRI. P. Blessed be your royal Grace!
I have stood by, my lord, and I have heard
Your royal ear abused. First, hath this woman
Most wrongfully accused your substitute, 140
Who is as free from touch or soil with her
As she from one ungot.

DUKE. We did believe no less.
Know you that Friar Lodowick that she speaks of?

FRI. P. I know him for a man divine and holy;
Not scurvy, nor a temporary meddler,
As he 's reported by this gentleman;

145 *a temporary meddler*] one who meddles in temporal or secular affairs.

And, on my trust, a man that never yet
Did, as he vouches, misreport your Grace.

LUCIO. My lord, most villanously; believe it.

FRI. P. Well, he in time may come to clear himself; 150
But at this instant he is sick, my lord,
Of a strange fever. Upon his mere request, —
Being come to knowledge that there was complaint
Intended 'gainst Lord Angelo, — came I hither,
To speak, as from his mouth, what he doth know
Is true and false; and what he with his oath
And all probation will make up full clear,
Whensoever he's convented. First, for this woman,
To justify this worthy nobleman,
So vulgarly and personally accused, 160
Her shall you hear disproved to her eyes,
Till she herself confess it.

DUKE. Good friar, let's hear it.

*[Isabella is carried off guarded; and Mariana
comes forward.]*

Do you not smile at this, Lord Angelo? —
O heaven, the vanity of wretched fools! —
Give us some seats. Come, cousin Angelo;
In this I'll be impartial; be you judge
Of your own cause. Is this the witness, friar?
First, let her show her face, and after speak.

MARI. Pardon, my lord; I will not show my face
Until my husband bid me. 170

DUKE. What, are you married?

158 *convented*] summoned. Cf. *Cor.*, II, ii, 58-59: "We are *convented*
Upon a pleasant treaty."

SCENE, I MEASURE FOR MEASURE

MARI. No, my lord.

DUKE. Are you a maid?

MARI. No, my lord.

DUKE. A widow, then?

MARI. Neither, my lord.

DUKE. Why, you are nothing, then: — neither maid, widow, nor wife?

LUCIO. My lord, she may be a punk; for many of them are neither maid, widow, nor wife. 180

DUKE. Silence that fellow: I would he had some cause To prattle for himself.

LUCIO. Well, my lord.

MARI. My lord, I do confess I ne'er was married; And I confess, besides, I am no maid: I have known my husband; yet my husband Knows not that ever he knew me.

LUCIO. He was drunk, then, my lord: it can be no better.

DUKE. For the benefit of silence, would thou wert so too!

LUCIO. Well, my lord. 190

DUKE. This is no witness for Lord Angelo.

MARI. Now I come to 't, my lord:
She that accuses him of fornication,
In self-same manner doth accuse my husband;
And charges him, my lord, with such a time
When I 'll depose I had him in mine arms
With all the effect of love.

ANG. Charges she more than me?

MARI.

Not that I know.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE •ACT V

DUKE. No? you say your husband.

MARI. Why, just, my lord, and that is Angelo, 200
Who thinks he knows that he ne'er knew my body,
But knows he thinks that he knows Isabel's.

ANG. This is a strange abuse. Let's see thy face.

MARI. My husband bids me; now I will unmask.

[Unveiling.]

This is that face, thou cruel Angelo,
Which once thou swore'st was worth the looking on;
This is the hand which, with a vow'd contract,
Was fast belock'd in thine; this is the body
That took away the match from Isabel,
And did supply thee at thy garden-house 210
In her imagined person.

DUKE. Know you this woman?

LUCIO. Carnally, she says.

DUKE. Sirrah, no more!

LUCIO. Enough, my lord.

ANG. My lord, I must confess I know this woman:
And five years since there was some speech of marriage
Betwixt myself and her; which was broke off,
Partly for that her promised proportions
Came short of composition; but in chief,
For that her reputation was disvalu'd
In levity: since which time of five years 220

217-218 *her promised . . . composition*] her promised portion or dowry
tell short of the agreement. Cf. *Two Gent.*, II, iii, 3: "I have received
my proportion."

219-220 *her reputation . . . levity*] her good name was depreciated owing
to her loose behaviour.

SCENE I MEASURE FOR MEASURE

I never spake with her, saw her, nor heard from her,
Upon my faith and honour.

MARI. Noble prince,
As there comes light from heaven and words from
breath,

As there is sense in truth and truth in virtue,
I am affianced this man's wife as strongly
As words could make up vows: and, my good lord,
But Tuesday night last gone in 's garden-house
He knew me as a wife. As this is true,
Let me in safety raise me from my knees;
Or else for ever be confixed here,
A marble monument!

230

ANG. I did but smile till now:
Now, good my lord, give me the scope of justice;
My patience here is touch'd. I do perceive
These poor informal women are no more
But instruments of some more mightier member
That sets them on: let me have way, my lord,
To find this practice out.

DUKE. Ay, with my heart;
And punish them to your height of pleasure.
Thou foolish friar; and thou pernicious woman,
Compact with her that 's gone, think'st thou thy oaths, ²⁴⁰
Though they would swear down each particular saint,
Were testimonies against his worth and credit,

²³⁴ *informal*] crazy, irrational; an uncommon usage, though "formal" is frequently used by Shakespeare in the sense of "rational." Cf. *Ant. and Cleop.*, II, v, 41 "Thou shouldst come like a Fury . . . Not like a *formal* man."

That 's seal'd in approbation? You, Lord Escalus,
Sit with my cousin; lend him your kind pains
To find out this abuse, whence 't is derived.
There is another friar that set them on;
Let him be sent for.

FRI. P. Would he were here, my lord! for he, indeed,
Hath set the women on to this complaint:
Your provost knows the place where he abides, 250
And he may fetch him.

DUKE. Go, do it instantly. [*Exit Provost.*
And you, my noble and well-warranted cousin,
Whom it concerns to hear this matter forth,
Do with your injuries as seems you best,
In any chastisement: I for a while will leave you;
But stir not you till you have well determined
Upon these slanderers.

ESCAL. My lord, we 'll do it throughly. [*Exit Duke.*
Signior Lucio, did not you say you knew that Friar
Lodowick to be a dishonest person? 260

LUCIO. "Cucullus non facit monachum:" honest in
nothing but in his clothes; and one that hath spoke most
villanous speeches of the Duke.

ESCAL. We shall entreat you to abide here till he
come, and enforce them against him: we shall find this
friar a notable fellow.

243 *seal'd in approbation*] ratified or certified by proof. The seal is the
final mark of legal validity.

253 *hear . . . forth*] hear out, hear to the end.

261 "*Cucullus . . . monachum*"] This familiar Latin proverb has been
already quoted by Shakespeare in *Tw. Night*, I, v, 50. It is translated
in *Hen. VIII*, III, i, 23: "all hoods make not monks."

SCENE I MEASURE FOR MEASURE

LUCIO. As any in Vienna, on my word.

ESCAL. Call that same Isabel here once again: I would speak with her. [*Exit an Attendant.*] Pray you, my lord, give me leave to question; you shall see how I'll handle her.

271

LUCIO. Not better than he, by her own report.

ESCAL. Say you?

LUCIO. Marry, sir, I think, if you handled her privately, she would sooner confess: perchance, publicly, she'll be ashamed.

ESCAL. I will go darkly to work with her.

LUCIO. That's the way; for women are light at midnight.

*Re-enter OFFICERS with ISABELLA; and PROVOST
with the DUKE in his friar's habit*

ESCAL. Come on, mistress: here's a gentlewoman denies all that you have said.

280

LUCIO. My lord, here comes the rascal I spoke of; here with the provost.

ESCAL. In very good time: speak not you to him till we call upon you.

LUCIO. Mum.

ESCAL. Come, sir: did you set these women on to slander Lord Angelo? they have confessed you did.

DUKE. 'T is false.

ESCAL. How! know you where you are?

DUKE. Respect to your great place! and let the devil

278 *light at midnight*] A favourite quibble with Shakespeare. Cf. *Merchant of Venice*, V, i, 129: "Let me give *light*, but let me not be *light*."

Be sometime honour'd for his burning throne! 291
Where is the Duke? 't is he should hear me speak.

ESCAL. The Duke's in us; and we will hear you
speak;

Look you speak justly.

DUKE. Boldly, at least. But, O, poor souls,
Come you to seek the lamb here of the fox?
Good night to your redress! Is the Duke gone?
Then is your cause gone too. The Duke's un-
just,

Thus to retort your manifest appeal,
And put your trial in the villain's mouth 300
Which here you come to accuse.

LUCIO. This is the rascal; this is he I spoke of.

ESCAL. Why, thou unreverend and unhallow'd
friar,

Is 't not enough thou hast suborn'd these women
To accuse this worthy man, but, in foul mouth,
And in the witness of his proper ear,
To call him villain? and then to glance from him
To the Duke himself, to tax him with injustice?
Take him hence; to the rack with him! We'll touse
you

Joint by joint, but we will know his purpose. 310
What, "unjust"!

DUKE. Be not so hot; the Duke
Dare no more stretch this finger of mine than he

299 *retort . . . appeal*] refer back to Angelo your deliberate appeal to
the Duke against Angelo.

SCENE I MEASURE FOR MEASURE

Dare rack his own: his subject am I not,
 Nor here provincial. My business in this state
 Made me a looker-on here in Vienna,
 Where I have seen corruption boil and bubble
 Till it o'er-run the stew; laws for all faults,
 But faults so countenanced, that the strong statutes
 Stand like the forfeits in a barber's shop,
 As much in mock as mark.

320

ESCAL. Slander to the state! Away with him to prison!

ANG. What can you vouch against him, Signior Lucio?
 Is this the man that you did tell us of?

LUCIO. 'Tis he, my lord. Come hither, goodman
 baldpate: do you know me?

DUKE. I remember you, sir, by the sound of your
 voice: I met you at the prison, in the absence of the
 Duke.

LUCIO. O, did you so? And do you remember what
 you said of the Duke?

DUKE. Most notably, sir.

330

LUCIO. Do you so, sir? And was the Duke a flesh-
 monger, a fool, and a coward, as you then reported him
 to be?

313-314 *his subject . . . provincial*] I am not the Duke's subject, nor
 amenable to the jurisdiction of the ecclesiastical authorities of the
 province or district.

317 *stew*] In this culinary metaphor "stew" seems used for the "stew-
 pan," or contents of a saucepan, with a quibbling allusion to "stews,"
i. e., brothels.

319 *the forfeits in a barber's shop*] lists of petty fines or forfeits, often of
 farcical character, which hung on the walls of a barber's shop. They
 were playfully intended to keep order among the customers.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE ACT V

DUKE. You must, sir, change persons with me, ere you make that my report: you, indeed, spoke so of him; and much more, much worse.

LUCIO. O thou damnable fellow! Did not I pluck thee by the nose for thy speeches?

DUKE. I protest I love the Duke as I love myself.

ANG. Hark, how the villain would close now, after his treasonable abuses! 341

ESCAL. Such a fellow is not to be talked withal. Away with him to prison! Where is the provost? Away with him to prison! lay bolts enough upon him: let him speak no more. Away with those giglets too, and with the other confederate companion!

DUKE. [*To the Provost*] Stay, sir; stay awhile.

ANG. What, resists he? Help him, Lucio.

LUCIO. Come, sir; come, sir; come, sir; foh, sir! Why, you bald-pated, lying rascal, you must be hooded, must you? Show your knave's visage, with a pox to you! show your sheep-biting face, and be hanged an hour! Will 't not off? 353

[Pulls off the friar's hood, and discovers the Duke.]

340 *close*] Cf. *Troil. and Cress.*, III, ii, 47: 'an 't were dark, you 'ld close [*i. e.*, come to terms] sooner." The suggested change to *gloze* is quite needless.

345 *giglets*] Cf. 1 *Hen. VI*, IV, vii, 41: "a *giglot* [*i. e.*, wanton] wench."

352 *sheep-biting face . . . hour*] Cf. *Tw. Night*, II, v, 5: "rascally *sheep-biter*" and note. A "sheep-biter" is a sneaking cur that worries sheep. "An hour" seems here an emphatic synonym for "a while." Cf. *As You Like It*, I, ii, 31, "be naught awhile," and Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair*, II, i: "be cursed awhile."

SCENE I MEASURE FOR MEASURE

DUKE. Thou art the first knave that e'er madest a Duke.

First, provost, let me bail these gentle three.

[*To Lucio*] Sneak not away, sir; for the friar and you Must have a word anon. Lay hold on him.

LUCIO. This may prove worse than hanging.

DUKE. [*To Escalus*] What you have spoke I pardon: sit you down:

We'll borrow place of him. [*To Angelo*] Sir, by your leave.

Hast thou or word, or wit, or impudence,
That yet can do thee office? If thou hast,
Rely upon it till my tale be heard,
And hold no longer out.

361

ANG. O my dread lord,
I should be guiltier than my guiltiness,
To think I can be undiscernible,
When I perceive your Grace, like power divine,
Hath look'd upon my passes. Then, good prince,
No longer session hold upon my shame,
But let my trial be mine own confession:
Immediate sentence then, and sequent death,
Is all the grace I beg.

370

DUKE. Come hither, Mariana.
Say, wast thou e'er contracted to this woman?

ANG. I was, my lord.

DUKE. Go take her hence, and marry her instantly.

362 *can do thee office?*] can do thee service?

368 *passes*] The word here is almost equivalent to "trespass." But there is an allusion to the passes (*i. e.*, tricks) of jugglery.

Do you the office, friar; which consummate,
Return him here again. Go with him, provost.

[*Exeunt Angelo, Mariana, Friar Peter, and Provost.*]

ESCAL. My lord, I am more amazed at his dishonour
Than at the strangeness of it.

DUKE. Come hither, Isabel.

Your friar is now your prince: as I was then 380
Advertising and holy to your business,
Not changing heart with habit, I am still
Attorney'd at your service.

ISAB. O, give me pardon,
That I, your vassal, have employ'd and pain'd
Your unknown sovereignty!

DUKE. You are pardon'd, Isabel:
And now, dear maid, be you as free to us.
Your brother's death, I know, sits at your heart;
And you may marvel why I obscured myself,
Labouring to save his life, and would not rather 390
Make rash remonstrance of my hidden power
Than let him so be lost. O most kind maid,
It was the swift celerity of his death,
Which I did think with slower foot came on,
That brain'd my purpose. But, peace be with him!
That life is better life, past fearing death,

381 *Advertising . . . business*] Counselling, and faithful to your affairs.

384 *employ'd and pain'd*] given trouble to, given cause for labour. "Pain-ful" is frequently found in the sense of "laborious."

390 *rash remonstrance*] hasty demonstration, manifestation, display.

394 *brain'd my purpose*] knocked my desire on the head. Cf. *Tempest*, III, ii, 84: "thou mayst brain him."

SCENE I MEASURE FOR MEASURE

Than that which lives to fear: make it your comfort,
So happy is your brother.

ISAB. I do, my lord.

Re-enter ANGELO, MARIANA, FRIAR PETER, and PROVOST

DUKE. For this new-married man, approaching here,
Whose salt imagination yet hath wrong'd
Your well-defended honour, you must pardon 400
For Mariana's sake: but as he adjudged your brother,—
Being criminal, in double violation
Of sacred chastity, and of promise-breach
Thereon dependent, for your brother's life, —
The very mercy of the law cries out
Most audible, even from his proper tongue,
“An Angelo for Claudio, death for death!”
Haste still pays haste, and leisure answers leisure;
Like doth quit like, and MEASURE still FOR MEASURE.
Then, Angelo, thy fault's thus manifested; 410
Which, though thou wouldst deny, denies thee vantage.
We do condemn thee to the very block

399 *salt imagination*] Cf. *Othello*, II, i, 237: “His *salt* [*i. e.*, lustful] and most hidden loose affection.”

402-404 *Being criminal*. . . *life*] The language is here irregular. The meaning is Angelo was guilty of two crimes: first, of violating sacred chastity, and then of breaking the promise given on condition of that violation to preserve the brother's life.

409 *Measure . . . for Measure*] A proverbial expression equivalent to “tit for tat.” Cf. 3 *Hen. VI*, II, vi, 55: “*Measure for measure* must be answered.”

411 *Which . . . vantage*] The denial of which is no advantage to thee. Cf. *Wint. Tale*, III, ii, 84: “Which to deny concerns more than avails.”

Where Claudio stoop'd to death, and with like haste.
Away with him!

MARI. O my most gracious lord,
I hope you will not mock me with a husband.

DUKE. It is your husband mock'd you with a husband.
Consenting to the safeguard of your honour,
I thought your marriage fit; else imputation,
For that he knew you, might reproach your life,
And choke your good to come: for his possessions, 420
Although by confiscation they are ours,
We do instate and widow you withal,
To buy you a better husband.

MAR. O my dear lord,
I crave no other, nor no better man.

DUKE. Never crave him; we are definitive.

MARI. Gentle my liege, — [Kneeling.

DUKE. You do but lose your labour.
Away with him to death! [To Lucio] Now, sir, to you.

MARI. O my good lord! Sweet Isabel, take my part;
Lend me your knees, and all my life to come
I'll lend you all my life to do you service. 430

DUKE. Against all sense you do importune her:
Should she kneel down in mercy of this fact,

421 *confiscation*] Thus the Second and later Folios. The First Folio reads *confutation*, which has been explained to mean "conviction," "confutaire" being found in the sense of "to convict" in post-classical authors. No example of this usage of "confutation" has been discovered.

422 *instate and widow*] confer as the dower or jointure of a widow.

432 *in mercy of this fact*] by way of pardoning this deed or crime. For "fact" in this sense cf. IV, ii, 129, *supra*.

Her brother's ghost his paved bed would break,
And take her hence in horror.

MARI. Isabel,
Sweet Isabel, do yet but kneel by me;
Hold up your hands, say nothing, I'll speak all.
They say, best men are moulded out of faults;
And, for the most, become much more the better
For being a little bad: so may my husband.
O Isabel, will you not lend a knee? 440

DUKE. He dies for Claudio's death.

ISAB. Most bounteous sir, [*Kneeling.*
Look, if it please you, on this man condemn'd,
As if my brother lived: I partly think
A due sincerity govern'd his deeds,
Till he did look on me: since it is so,
Let him not die. My brother had but justice,
In that he did the thing for which he died:
For Angelo,
His act did not o'ertake his bad intent;
And must be buried but as an intent 450
That perish'd by the way: thoughts are no subjects;
Intent, but merely thoughts.

MARI. Merely, my lord.

DUKE. Your suit's unprofitable; stand up, I say.
I have bethought me of another fault.
Provost, how came it Claudio was beheaded
At an unusual hour?

PROV. It was commanded so.

449 *His act . . . intent*] Cf. *Macb.*, IV, i, 145-146. "The flighty purpose
never is o'ertook Unless the deed go with it."

DUKE. Had you a special warrant for the deed?

PROV. No, my good lord; it was by private message.

DUKE. For which I do discharge you of your office:
Give up your keys.

PROV. Pardon me, noble lord:

460

I thought it was a fault, but knew it not;

Yet did repent me, after more advice:

For testimony whereof, one in the prison,

That should by private order else have died,

I have reserved alive.

DUKE. What's he?

PROV. His name is Barnardine.

DUKE. I would thou hadst done so by Claudio.

Go fetch him hither; let me look upon him. [*Exit Provost.*]

ESCAL. I am sorry, one so learned and so wise

As you, Lord Angelo, have still appear'd,

Should slip so grossly, both in the heat of blood,

470

And lack of temper'd judgement afterward.

ANG. I am sorry that such sorrow I procure:

And so deep sticks it in my penitent heart,

That I crave death more willingly than mercy;

'T is my deserving, and I do entreat it.

*Re-enter PROVOST, with BARNARDINE, CLAUDIO muffled,
and JULIET*

DUKE. Which is that Barnardine?

PROV. This, my lord.

DUKE. There was a friar told me of this man.

Sirrah, thou art said to have a stubborn soul,
 That apprehends no further than this world,
 And squarest thy life according. Thou'rt condemn'd: 480
 But, for those earthly faults, I quit them all;
 And pray thee take this mercy to provide
 For better times to come. Friar, advise him;
 I leave him to your hand. What muffled fellow's
 that?

PROV. This is another prisoner that I saved,
 Who should have died when Claudio lost his head;
 As like almost to Claudio as himself. [*Unmuffles Claudio.*]

DUKE. [*To Isabella*] If he be like your brother, for his
 sake

Is he pardon'd; and, for your lovely sake,
 Give me your hand, and say you will be mine, 490
 He is my brother too: but fitter time for that.
 By this Lord Angelo perceives he's safe;
 Methinks I see a quickening in his eye.
 Well, Angelo, your evil quits you well:
 Look that you love your wife; her worth worth yours.
 I find an apt remission in myself;
 And yet here's one in place I cannot pardon.

481 *But . . . all*] But for those faults punishable on earth, cognizable by
 temporal power, I forgive them all.

490-491 *Give me . . . brother too*] These lines are somewhat elliptical.
 The Duke seems to mean that provided Isabella give him her hand,
 Claudio will then be his brother too. Isabella expresses no emotion
 by word of mouth on finding Claudio alive. Much is here left to be
 supplied by the gesture of the actors.

494 *your evil quits you well*] your ill-doing lets you off easily.

496 *an apt remission*] an inclination to pardon.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE ACT V

[*To Lucio*] You, sirrah, that knew me for a fool, a coward,
 One all of luxury, an ass, a madman;
 Wherein have I so deserved of you, 500
 That you extol me thus?

LUCIO. 'Faith, my lord, I spoke it but according to
 the trick. If you will hang me for it, you may; but I
 had rather it would please you I might be whipt.

DUKE. Whipt first, sir, and hang'd after.
 Proclaim it, provost, round about the city,
 If any woman wrong'd by this lewd fellow, —
 As I have heard him swear himself there 's one
 Whom he begot with child, let her appear,
 And he shall marry her: the nuptial finish'd, 510
 Let him be whipt and hang'd.

LUCIO. I beseech your highness, do not marry me to a
 whore. Your highness said even now, I made you a
 Duke: good my lord, do not recompense me in making
 me a cuckold.

DUKE. Upon mine honour, thou shalt marry her.
 Thy slanders I forgive; and therewithal
 Remit thy other forfeits. — Take him to prison;
 And see our pleasure herein executed.

LUCIO. Marrying a punk, my lord, is pressing to
 death, whipping, and hanging. 521

502-503 *according to the trick*] according to sportive custom, thoughtlessly,
 a mere "façon de parler."

518 *forfeits*] punishments, penalties.

520 *pressing to death*] This was the cruel punishment, "peine et dure,"
 dealt out, according to English law, to persons accused of felony who
 refused to plead.

DUKE. Slandering a prince deserves it.

[*Exeunt Officers with Lucio.*]

She, Claudio, that you wrong'd, look you restore.

Joy to you, Mariana! Love her, Angelo:

I have confess'd her, and I know her virtue.

Thanks, good friend Escalus, for thy much goodness:

There's more behind that is more grate.

Thanks, provost, for thy care and secrecy:

We shall employ thee in a worthier place.

Forgive him, Angelo, that brought you home

530

The head of Ragozine for Claudio's:

The offence pardons itself. Dear Isabel,

I have a motion much imports your good;

Whereto if you'll a willing ear incline,

What's mine is yours, and what is yours is mine.

So, bring us to our palace; where we'll show

What's yet behind, that's meet you all should know.

[*Exeunt.*]

527 *more grate*] more to be rejoiced at, more worthy of congratulation.

